5-11

CAMP REUNION, 1917. 1917

To begin with, just look at some of the stylish acceptances.

I.

You can show me the Scotchman who doesn't love the thistle,
You can show me the Englishman who doesn't love the rose;
But there ain't, nor there won't be, a true Merryweather
Who'll ever fail to HOP when the old horn blows.

By which I mean to signify I have every intention to be present on the 31st.

S.C.Bennett jr.

II.

Sumer is icumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu!
Cometh Camp Reunion eek,
So I singe too.

Sing Reu.

Cuccu, Reu, well singes thu,

Cuccu:

Ne swinke I naver nu;
Sing Reu, nu, sing Reu,
I'm icumen, too.

Thank you.

Zu.

(We have never had real Early English in the Log before)

III.

Dear Skipper, sir, replying to
The invitation sent by you,
Inviting me to hop along
And join the Merryweather throng,
I only say, though foul or fair,
That I'll be there! Yes, I'll be there!

You couldn't keep me out,by heck,
With German soldiers by the peck--
Though all the Landsturm stood about
And whaled me grimly on the snout--
Though La Follette and Stone stood by
And filibustered in my eye!

At seven-thirty in that place,
With shaven hair and combed face,
I'll step around and greet the folks
And crack some weather-beaten jokes.
So save a seat;turn up a chair,
For I'll be there;yes,I'll be there!

I haven't been so happy since
The late King Edward was a prince--
I makes the game seem worth the fight--
It brightens up the goal a mite
To know that there are friends who care
Whether or not I will be there!

As ever,Joe Garland.

Others were as hearty,if not as poetic,and when the company finally gathered on the eventful night,"C.Thorndike,C.Spinwall, oldUncle Ted Holcombe and all",we were fifty-two Merryweathers!

It was the first reunion for a good many;and there were tall and impressive persons whom we had last seen as little half-past eight Khaki knickerbockers.But they were the same boys,in spite of extra inches and gorgeous apparel.For if one is going on to the

John Richards

1900
S.C. Bennett
John W. Simons

1901
Charles W. Hubbard Jr.

1902
Abbot Stevens.
"Nick Carter"
Philip W. Simons
Samuel D. Stevens Jr.
Wm Amory Gardner

1903
Roger W. Bennett
George Cotton Moore
Barbara Bennett

1904
John R. Abbot

1905
R.G. Henderson
Marcus Morton Jr.

1906
Samuel Endicott Peabody
Henry Howard Hunn
~~Geo. E. Abbot~~

1907
Conrad Chapman –
J. Harris
Russell P. Chase

1908
Alden S. Foss
J. Amory Jeffries

1909
Louis J. Swain
Philip S. Parker Jr.
Oakes D. Ames

1910 Philip Batchelder
Rosamond F. Bennett –
~~Francis~~ Perkins
Richd P. Hallowell 2nd
Hallowell Davis

1911
Bancroft C. Wheeler
Charles F. Batchelder, Jr.
Louis C. Cabot
Augustus Aspinwall
Eleanor W. Browne
Francis W. Willett

1912

Clarence H. Cummings -
Henry W. Harris Jr.
C. Thorndike
Horace B. Davis
J. C. Lawrence
Twining Lymes

1913

Theodore G. Holcombe

1914

J. G. Coolidge II

1915 -

1916

J Farland

Saturday Evening one must dress for the part.

Well, we ate and drank, and some of us smoked, and then we went down to Andy Coggin's. Many who have figured in that immortal work were with us; in fact we had two Clarences, and two Williams, and several other duplicates. Several were able to respond when called on for critical speeches, which added to the fun.

Then we sang. Oh yes, we generallly sing at the end; but here were our dressy brethren leaving early. So for the benefit of these "half-past eighters" we sang gaily, and ended with the "Merryweather Light". That always make us think of things, and this year it is not the easiest song to sing very loud.

Then, the devotees of Terpsichore having retired, we had another story, to get our wind for "Boston".

As to that stirring sport, we hasten to say that we did not break a single chair. But there were wild times. Perhaps the greatest moment was when Abe felt Dale all over, rumpled his hair, measured every feature, and announced "Nick Carter!"

Then came an innovation, in the shape of "Going to Jerusalem." The train was long and lively. As to who won it is hard to say, because at the critical moment Nick, perhaps reeling from fatigue, grabbed the chair and tipped it over. He sat on one end and Foster on the other, so it had to be called a tie.

Then came more songs. And at last Skipper said "Half-past nine", so we knew it was time for Taps and bed.

So ended the biggest ever. May we all meet again next year!

GRADUATE AND OTHER NOTES.

Sam Bennett was married on April 21 to Miss Elizabeth Jackson Roger was best man, Barbara and Rosamond were bridesmaids, and Chubbard was one of the ushers. Altogether a Merryweather wedding.

Tudor Gardiner was married last fall to Margaret Thomas. They are living in Boston.

Arthur Sweeney was married in October to Miss Mildred Grimes. They live in Lawrence.

Prescott Wellman was married this June to Miss Carrie Giles. Rad Abbot and Russell Chase threatened to do a cake-walk down the aisle ahead of the bride, but we have not heard whether they did it or not.

Otis Russell was married in January to Miss Charlotte Smyth.

Dr. Robertson was married in November to Miss Ruth Allen. He sailed early in June for France.

Eleanor Brown was married June 2 to John Gallishaw, who fought through the Gallipoli campaign, and has published an account of his experiences.

Harry Fay is engaged to Miss Sarah Rimm, of Dayton, Ohio.

Philip Simons is engaged, and I am ashamed to say that I have forgotten the lady's name. But we wish them well, just the same.

Jack Storrow has a son, J.J. Storrow 3d., born in May.

J.H. Hall also has a son, David Prescott, born in December.

Dr. Swaim has a son, Loring T. jr., born in March.

Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins have a second daughter, Rosalind, born in March.

Sydney Biddle is engaged to Miss Olive Caldwell. He has just graduated from the Pennsylvania Medical Sshool.

Emmons Blaine has bought the great stock farm formerly owned by the late Dr. Favell, near Madison, Wisconsin, and plans to devote

himself to agriculture and stock raising.

Charlie Thorndike,Gus Aspinwall,Dick Hallowell,and Gardner Coolidge played on the Harvard freshman team last fall.

George Abbot was captain of the Harvard baseball team, but owing to circumstances the captaincy hardly amounted to more than a title.

Hallowell Davis stood in the first scholarship group at Harvard this year,and was elected to the Phi Beta Kappa.He is now in France.

Francis Parkman and Leonard Oydycke were in the second group,and Oydycke is in the Phi Beta Kappa.

Leonard Oydycke,George Abbot,Alden Foss,Jose Harris,and Henry Minot graduated from Harvard this year.

"Tim"Fearing has graduated from St.Marks.

Sam Hun has been at Exeter this year.

Ham Coolidge,Henry Minot,Jose Harris,and Gus Thorndike were on the Harvard football squad last fall.

Louis Zahner has been teaching at Groton for the past year.

GUY de Warzee passed the highest competitive entrance examinations for Groton this year.

Barbara Bennett is taking the course for nurses at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

Alice Maxcy is nursing in Dr.Grenfell's hospital this summer.

Stephen Wheatland and Harry Mali have graduated from Groton,Harry magna cum laude.This does not often happen.

Ten Eyck Perry has been instructor in English at Sheffield Scientific School.

Jimmy Cooper has been teaching at Mesa,Arizona.

The following Merryweathers are in the Harvard R.C.T.C.:Philip Batchelder,Francis Parkman,Francis Perkins,Gus Aspinwall,Gardner Coolidge,Clarence Corning,"Puffy" Harris,Theodore Holcombe,Bancroft Wheeler,Francis Willett,George Wrenn.

The following are at Plattsburgh:George Abbot,Henry Minot, Harry Fay, and Jose Harris;also Roger Bennett.

Ham Coolidge,Cecil Murray,Charlie Fuller,Jim Cabot,and Tom Cabot are all flying. So is Francklyn Lawrence.

Bill Platt,Gus Thorndike,and Charlie Thorndike are in the naval reserve.Also Gus is engaged to Miss Lowell,a cousin of Pome's.

Chet Ladd is in the New York naval militia.He has been on the Ohio,and the Eitel Friedrich,and hopes to get abroad on a destroyer.

R.C.Evarts,alias Stealthy Stitch,went into the office of Goodwin,Proctor,and Ballantine this year,but has enlisted in the regular army,and is now stationed at Fort Slocum.

Arthur Hayden is doing radio work in the navy,or the naval reserve,we are not sure which.

Conrad Chapman is at the naval training station at Marblehead.

The following have gone,or are shortly going,to France for ambulance work:Radford Abbot,Ripley Cutler,Hallowell Davis,Alden Foss,Davis Kelley,Greg Wiggins,Jack Ladd, Arthur Terry

Dr.Robertson sailed recently for hospital work in France,and Dr.Van Stone sailed in February.

Edward Harding has signed for the duration of the war.The clipping below is from the Harvard Alumni Bulletin.Incidentally at one time this winter his weight was down to 112!

Edward Harding, '11, M.D. '16, however, deserves special notice. Coming like the two last mentioned, direct from the Medical School, he threw himself heart and soul into his work and filled the trying position of assistant and secretary to the chief and secretary of the mess. This latter position made the digestion, and consequently the temper, of the whole Unit depend upon his efforts. That internecine war did not result is largely to his credit. No one else on the Staff worked so many hours a day or days in the month, always to good purpose and getting results.

The University may be congratulated upon being able to give such services to the British Army.

Harold Barton is in France,at the American Ambulance Hospital.

"Jack"Kunhardt is in Battery A.

John Marsh is in the New York cavalry.He did not get back from the Mexican border till December.

C.A.Shaw and H.H.Richards are both in the Home Guard,in Groton.

F.C.Henderson is a captain of railroad engineers,ranking as captain in the reserve.He recruited the Boston and Albany company,and sails shortly for France.

Gardner Aspinwall is in the 4th.Reserve regiment of Engineers.

Russell Chase is with the Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps, Motor Ambulance Section.

Dr.McAusland is with the Orthopedic Unit in France.

Dr.Tobey is a lieutenant at Base Hospital No.6,U.S.A.

Marcus Morton has been at Plattsburgh,and is now in the artillery at Syracuse,N.Y.

H.V.Von Holt is in a machine gun company in Hawaii.He has also started scouting in his old school.

John Richards has joined the Connecticut ~~artillery~~ machine gun corps, and is to report for duty next week.

Ten Eyck Perry has joined the Harvard R.O.T.C.

Laurence McKinney and Jimmy Cooper are at Madison Barracks with the western New York Plattsburghers,in the artillery.

De Witt Peltz is expecting to sail for ambulance work in France this month.

In addition to those mentioned above,Percival Howe and Charlie Ames graduated from Harvard this June.Percy was manager of the crew.

Cecil Murray was elected football manager for next fall.

Gus Aspinwall,Foster Batchelder,Gardner Coolidge,Clarence Cornin Horace Davis,Dick Hallowell,Henry Harris,Theodore Holcombe,George Kunhardt,Fred Lawrence,Charles Thorndike,Bancroft Wheeler,Francis Willett,and George Wrenn entered the freshman class at Harvard last fall.

Philip Parker,Amory Thorndike,John Fay,Arthur Morse,Francis Cummings,graduated from the Country Day School this spring.Is anyone who knew John at Camp surprised to hear that he was on the class tie committee?Cummings left early,to enter the Naval Reserve, but was given his diploma.

Percy Howe is leaving Plattsburgh for the Coast Artillery.

Dale Stevens and Philip Simons are both at Plattsburgh,but Phil means to be married in September just the same..

Oliver Beebe and Fred Lawrence are with the field service of the American Ambulance.

Asher Hinds is in the motor ambulance section of the Medical Engineers,reserve corps.

Oliver Wolcott is a captain in the Massachusetts cavalry.

E.P.Graves has going into the Canadian Flying Corps.He has been trying for some time to get into active service,but has been prevented by bad health.

John Simons is now a first lieutenant in the field ordnance.

Chester Ladd has just come back from Europe on the U.SS. McCall,for two weeks of refitting before going over again.

Gus Thorndike has been honorably discharged from the naval service,on account of his bad knee.He is to enter the Harvard Medical School in the fall.

Conrad Chapman is now an ensign in the naval reserve,and Gus Aspinwall a sergeant in the Harvard R.O.T.C.

1917.

Saturday, June 23.

Arrived by Anderson's motor, via the east side of Messalonskee, Henry Richards Alice M. Richards. Rosalind Richards Dukey. his ♔ mark

The reason for this roundabout trip was that Brother Anderson stuck in a mud-hole on the way in, and we wished to avoid it. The man who pulled him out said "You make the twenty-ninth". Rather profitable, at a dollar for little cars and two for big ones.

We saw many wet fields, in spite of a week of fair weather, and were not surprised to find the water high. The work of the bank squad has held well, and so has the Mammoth stairway.

The grass is heavy, though not such a jungle as it was last year. The sweet fern looks very badly. Is the tall grass too much for it?

Some evergreens have died, but the most important ones are in fine condition.

We found Fred Lord in possession, as the wet weather of last week, and a delay in the matter of shingles, had prevented him from getting through as soon as he expected.

In the afternoon arrived our new secretary,

Tom Veach

Our new cook, whose name is Beel, came too. The cookees, William De Lacy and Irving Holder, came earlier.

The noticeable additions to the establishment this year are an increase in the capacity of the ice-house, a much-needed widening of the back piazza, and L.F.B.'s new house. It is out by the Ouananiche house, and there she can have peace when the storm (and the brethren) roar too loudly.

All the tents are up, and if the big chests would come we should be perfectly happy.

SATURDAY (cont'd.) Strawberries are late,but the mosquito crop is fine and well-developed.We have never heard a more powerful chorus.

Mrs.Cook has fenced a piece of ground for potatoes.Old boys will know why we put this fence in the log.

Turtles are nesting all over the hill;and skunks are dining on turtle eggs,judging from the shells.

Very few people are out on the pond.We have seen some fishing boats,but at night the only lights were up by Ram Island.

SUNDAY, June 24. N.E. Rain a.m. Not a very pleasant day,but by dinner-time it stopped raining,and in the afternoon we were able to go over to the posf-office to telephone intown.

On the way back we coasted along the bay,and inspected our new beach.Yes,we own the beach where we picnic,and the pollywog brook.Isn't that fine?

We went up to the very head of the lagoon,and greatly disturbed a blackbird that had nested in a bush.It is sad to be so unpopular.

Our picnic had to be indoors as it was too damp even for the pine parlor,but it was very cosy round the fire.And by bed-time the clouds had parted,and there was a lovely moon.

MONDAY, June 25. Fair, Warm, Light shower p.m.

Much work done in the store room to-day. We wish flour didn't come in bags. It is much harder to see to.

A.M.F. looked into the matter of strawberries, but found them mostly green yet.

The little pond in the woods is very full, and looking extremely pretty. We must have a picture of it while it is at its best.

Two arrivals this afternoon swelled our numbers to six. Getting to be a big household. Both are at present camping in the South, their own premises not being quite ready for them.

Charles F. Batchelder, Jr.
Richard H. Randall

After supper, as the moon was lovely and the water calm, we all went out on the water. There was fishing, but no fish. Still, when things are so lovely one doesn't mind .

There was a faint aurora during the evening. Are we going to have the wonderful display that we had last year?

We heard the whippoorwill discoursing in great style up behind the pine parlor, and there are thrushes everywhere.

The water is eighteen inches deep over Pickerel Rock. This will relieve the mind of L.C.F. when he takes the Quananiche out. He always likes to know just where that rock is.

TUESDAY, June 26. Overcast, Wind variable.

Skipper went off early this morning,for a hasty trip to Boston.He will be back tomorrow.

Mr.Soule arrived,and tuned the piano.He also removed from its anatomy twelve pencils and a knife.We hope it feels better.

Much work done today.The oars and paddles are in place,the Crow's Nest and the Mammoth are furnished,and the boats and eggs are out;all boats,that is,except the Pantasote,which has a bad leak,and is waiting for repairs.

Incidentally C.F.B. went in,while launching one of the eggs;this frequently happens,but it is sad to have it happen when your trunk is still on the way.Millard took it from the station,but then he waited to plant his cucumbers before he brought it over.It came in the course of time,however.

Again arrivals,as follows:

Louis C. Jaburg
Summer M Roberts -
A W Goodeve

We are getting to be a good deal of the Camp.We had to have two joints of table up at supper.

Our good carpenters,by working till after dark,finished their job and several little extra jobs,and will be off in the morning. It is good to know that there are still workmen who do not keep both eyes on the clock all the time.

A most extraordinary sunset,with the sun appearing suddenly like a ball of fire between two grey clouds.

WEDNESDAY, June 27
Hazy, S.W. to N.W.

A good working day. Much cleaning, inside and out, and consequent improvement in our looks.

Also great swimming. A large squad swam to the Point, and some swam back. "No non-swimmers in Camp."

Skipper came back late in the morning, and stopped long enough at the station to say a few things to the station-master. Perhaps he will take more pains about some things in future.

Just before dinner L.E.R. arrived, by Anderson's Ford. Pretty good to see her? Well, rather.

Laura E. Richards

Along in the afternoon came the two chests for which we have been pining, with the third, which left Gardiner two days later, the book trunk, and the two camp bicycles. Great unpacking and awful devastation of the Infirmary, with piles of blankets all over the bed.

After supper we began "The Voice in the Rice", and read two chapters. Before we could get very far on the third, we heard the murmur of the useful Ford, and in walked our Connecticut machine-gunner, J.R. himself, ready for a swim and supper.

John Richards

Faint aurora again tonight, and a beautiful moon.

THURSDAY, June 28, Fair, N.W.

The wind looked at one time as if it might get up to canoe test pitch, but had not quite the energy. Still, there was a good deal of active practising at swim.

The cup-winners, which were sadly disarranged by the painters, have been rearranged and fastened. It was high time. Next time we have the ceiling painted we will take them down beforehand ourselves.

The new ice compartment in the ice-house has been filled, and is ready for business.

Great progress is observed in the condition of the back yard. Leaves, pine needles, and rubbish have been burned by the bushel. There is still plenty more, however, out beyond the Ouananiche.

The Pantasote has been patched, and we hope that she is now ready to face the waves.

The afternoon train from Boston is a very pleasant train; people come by it, and no one ever goes by it. This time the arrivals were Raymond T. Bennett J. Arnold Lowell, Jr. The number grows.

After supper there was more or less boating, as the moon was bright and the breeze had died down.

Later, after a chapter of "The Voice in the Rice", we settled down for a good council of war, and discussed manners, morals, food, tooth-brushes, and boys in general. In a few days we shall be discussing boys in particular.

We should have mentioned before that Millard plowed the garden this morning. It is the level patch by the pine boudoir; and we are going to plant beans and other things.

FRIDAY June 29, Rain, S.E. We tried to hope for a "rain before seven, clear before eleven" day, but it was no go. We had to make up our minds to "Open and shet is a sign of more wet." It opened and shet in the morning, and there was much picking up done, including the removing of fourteen large oil barrels which were adorning the premises.

But afternoon and evening were really wet.

At noon L.C.Z. started off for Boston, to meet the boys and bring them down. He was planning to take the Portland boat. He must have had a gay night.

We finished "The Voice in the Rice" by way of evening reading, and then had several rounds of "Blackboard Relay", a noble game, but one which cannot be played long at a stretch without permanently spraining the brain. Here are some of the results:

A cat died now at rest.

This dog is a bad beast.

Why do men wear yellow ties?

Why did a cow eat hay?

I saw catfish in the soup.

Who eats green cheese this morning?

See that pig in the grass.

We ended the evening with "Hearts". Sumner won, with minus nine, A.M.R. was at the bottom of the list with twenty-seven.

SATURDAY, June 30. It was a great satisfaction to have a fair day for the big arrival. We have sometimes had the departure in Fair. S.W. the wet, (it was pretty bad last year) but so far the arrival has always been pleasant.

It was a very busy day. We were well ahead with our work, but there is always plenty more to do, and no one seemed to stay unoccupied very long.

At four o'clock, just to show that we were all ready, we had afternoon tea on the piazza, and after a due interval the lookout went up to the big Oak tree. For a good while it was like Sister Anne; nothing but a flock of sheep, or stray automobiles going up the poor-farm hill towards Pine Beach. It really seemed as if the train would never come; and probably the people in it felt the same way.

But at last Anderson's Ford hove in sight, with the advance guard of faculty, and in due time two gallant pedestrians; Auchincloss and Breckinridge. Behind came the two hay-riggings, and in a few minutes most of the bunch had tumbled out, dress-suit cases and all. It might seem simpler to leave the baggage in the wagon, but we prefer not to. Bud Farnsworth had a dress-suit case, a heavy sweater, and a mandolin.

Only a few were without bathing-suits, and there were enough in the Infirmary bureau for them, so there was much splashing and washing. And at last we sat down to supper, not quite an hour late.

After supper there had to be much unpacking, and fitting out with blankets for those unfortunates whose trunks were still on the road. But we had time for one full round of "Jerusalem", won by P. Chase, with Sherburne a close second. Then came an exhibition round by ladies and faculty, won by R.H.R., with T.F.V. close upon his heels.

Samuel S. Hall Jr.
Philip S. Parker, Jr.
H. D. Curtis
George L. Clarke
Clement B Newbold. JR
William M. Breckinridge
Samuel Sloan Auchincloss Jr.
John E. McLean Jr.
Lloyd B Ledyard
George D. Eggleston
Frederick Mead Roberts
Richard Gillis
John Sykes
Sherwood B. Davidge
John B. Corning
Henry W. Putnam
John P Chase
R. A. Liggett.
Morgan H. Harris.
Randolph Burke

Nelson Marble
John A. Andrew 2nd
Franklin Wilson
Thomas G. Wheelock
John H. Sherburne Jr.
Nicholas Biddle
John Gorman Farnsworth
Joseph S. Sylvester Jr.
Philip W. Chase.
Wharton Lowell
Robert Rankin Jr.
Wm S Rayson
Fred E. Dignon Jr.
Pierpont Stackpole.
Towneley Calleo.
John B. Howard
John F. Austin
Franklin J. Hammond
Paul Hartwell III

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) We have not a very large number of half-past niners so far, and the evening was warm, so we settled down to Mythology. We shouldn't have had time to finish, but luckily we remembered to remind Skipper that it being Saturday night we could play till quarter of nine. As the half-past eighters had gone to bed at their usual time, we were able to finish the game.

In the middle of the evening J.R. left us, to catch the night train for Waterville, and so get to Hartford to join his machine gun company. Good luck to him, and to all our boys in the service!

Well, here we all are except Spooner, who is delayed by the performance of "Caliban", in which he takes part. We don't know what part, whether he is Caliban himself, or Miranda, but he can tell us all about it when he comes.

Sherwood Davidge has done the most growing since last year, as far as one can judge without a tape measure. Tommy Wheelock has grown no thinner, and Nelson Mackie hasn't grown enough fatter to show much. Commissioner Andrew is as cheerfully conversational as ever, and no doubt Auck is already planning something queer in the mechanical line.

So begins the season of 1917. May it be a good one in every way!

SUNDAY, Jul 1st.
B.29'
T.66'
Clear,
W.
Light
rain
in
evening.

Ranlet,our first weather boy,certainly gave us a good morning,though a bit rough for swimming tests. Never mind.Thirteen passed it,and a fourteenth did so well that we expect him to pass the first calm day.

Squads of four were sent down,each squad with a boat in charge and a swimmer along side.We have never done it quite so systematically before,and it worked finely.Here are the successful candidates:S.S.H.,Ranlet,Sherburne,J.Chase, P.Collins,R.Collins,Austin,Harris,Hammond,Biddle,Putnam, Sylvester,Howard.More in a few days,we hope.

At afternoon reading we began "The Tempest".So when Spooner comes perhaps he can illustrate it for us.

This morning there was a dish-wiping squad,to help Bill and Irving to get through in time for service.And the grub for the picnic was packed with the able assistance of Harris and P.Curtis.(It may seem unnecessary to put in that initial but it helps to remind us of the joyful fact that in August we shall have two Curtises.)

As the weather was pretty threatening we had"Wolf",in which Biddle and Roberts distinguished themselves,and then a select crew paddled the grub round to Our beach in the Ouananiche. We had time for food,songs,and a compound ghost story,and though there were spatters of rain they were not enough to do any harm.

The company marched home to the strains of "John Brown", and then all gathered for hymns.

Our half-past nine story was "007.

The following are so near fifteen,and so grave and dignified,that they are promoted to the ranks of half-past X

SUNDAY (Cont'd.) niners:P.Curtis,Cornin[illegible],Harris,and R.Collins.If you are in doubt as to which Collins is which,just look at their bathing suits.One is bright red and the other bright blue.Which is the red one?That is for you to find out.

G.E.A. at Plattsburgh.

MONDAY, July 2nd.
B.29, T.62'
Cloudy S.W.
Early rain, shower p.m.

This time our proverb fitted well; it really did rain before seven and clear before eleven. Also it turned very hot.

At morning reading Skipper told us the beginnings of boat-building and cup racing, and then we began Henry Newbolt's "Tales of the Great War". At afternoon reading we began "Lorna Doone".

SQUAD NOTES.

A transplanting squad set out small grey birches on the embankment, to keep the new dirt from sliding. If they take hold well, our path will be safe for keeps.

The baseball squad raked the infield, which has been mowed recently, made a new home plate, and set things to rights ~~rights~~ generally.

H.R. took out a set of navigators. They navigated hard till swim time, but none of them could get round Oak in forty five minutes.

C.F.B., with more or less assistance from his squad, took down the big branch that has hung threateningly over the Ouananiche house for several years. When the job reached the point where it was all sawing up in a tall tree it seemedas if the squad would be safer and more useful on the yard squad, to which they were accordingly transferred.

The yard squad, thus augmented, did much picking up, and in consequence of their labors the ground round L.E.R.'s new house is as neat and tidy as if it had not lately been a howling wilderness of shingles and shavings.

Two more swimmers added to the list to-day, Lowell and McLain. Who will be the next?

MONDAY (Cont'd.) SUNDRY STUNTS.

CORKER.	ABOL.	EBEN.	OUANANICHE.	
C.F.B.	J.A.L.	L.C.Z.	H.F.	
Stackpole	Breckinridge	Austin	Ranlet	Sherburne
Clarke	Corning	Eggleston	Andrew	Lowell
Harris	Hammond	Curtis	Newbold	Auchincloss
			Howard	P.Chase
			Payson	R.B.
			R.R.,Mackie, Gignoux,McLain Brewster	

PANTASOTE.	EREBUS.	TERROR.	IDENTICAL.	YAMMER	SCHOONER.	WILLIWAW.
T.F.V.	P.S.P.	S.S.H.	R.H.R.	S.M.R.		A.M.G.
P.Collins	Liggett	Sylvester	R.Collins	Davidge		Wheelock
J.Chase	Hines	Riddle	Farnsworth	Roberts		Burke
2 bass	Wilson	Haskell	2 bass	Putnam		
	3 bass	1 bass		3 bass		

TOTAL NUMBER OF FISH,11 BASS.

All the row-boats but the Williwaw went fishing,with fair results.Probably the thunder-shower that went by,just brushing us with its tail,did not improve their chances.At least,people here say that fish go to the bottom in a thunder-shower.

The Williwaw went on a coasting trip,along the shore almost up to Goose beach.It is delightful shore,and they came back ready for a swim.The effects of exercise are odd.Tweedles rowed as hard as he could back from Stony Point,and gained a pound in the process.

When Skipper takes the Ouananiche for an afternoon we are never surprised to see her head for Meadow Brook.This time she also took in the northeast lagoon,which is unusually large and navigable just now,the water is so high.They brought back pitcher-plants,Labrador tea,swamp laurel,and sundew,and a number of pairs of wet feet,to say nothing of several striking coats of sunburn.

The three canoes went south,and got more rain then anyone else, as the shower went south too.They spent the wettest part of it on the piazza of the camp on the point south of Pine Island.No one was at home,but they saw enough of the camp and its surroundings to decide that it would be,as one of the party put it,a poor place for a somnambulist,as the bank pitches down very steep on three

MONDAY (Cont'd.) sides. As this delayed them somewhat, they had just time to get to Hamilton Pond. The woods at the south end are being cut, which is a pity, and there is a motor-boat on it. We think of starting a motor-boat in the aquarium, as soon as it is filled, and possibly one in Moab.

The mosquitoes are reported as uncommonly numerous and vicious, so we will not picnic down there just yet.

After supper came Games on the Hill. This is always an exciting event, and the excitement was complicated by the discovery of a large snapping-turtle. We are informed that he was living in a barrel in the woods. Is this the usual habit of snapping-turtles? It was proposed to keep him and name him Diogenes, on account of his dwelling and his disagreeable temper, but T.F.V. killed and cleaned him, and we are going to have him to eat.

Dumb Crambo went well, though the third side out was just trying to think of some quick way of acting the right word when Skipper called "Half-past eight". The three words were plate, snail, and crane.

Then, as it was pretty warm indoors, we adjourned to the float and had a ghost story; or at least, an improbable one.

The turtle was at last dismembered, and put away to keep; and after the table was set, there were sound of revelry in the pond.

TUESDAY
July 3rd.
B.29.50'
T.68'
Overcast
N.

The tutorers are now at work, and a goodly band they are: Howard, Roberts, Austin, Auchincloss, Hines, Breckinridge, and Payson. As for Harris, he has to do algebra by himself. To-day he chose the middle of the float as a handy place to study. Bunrad Bowden used to fancy the middle of the ball-field.

SQUAD NOTES.

The first aquarium squad went on this morning, putting in the new pipe. The old one had to be taken out because someone drove the plug into it so far that it could not be got out.

The fence squad did good work all along the line. It looks as if Mrs. Cook's old spotted cow would have to stay out, next time she wants to come and eat our dish-towels.

The tillers of the soil have a big job on hand, but the turf and grass roots are coming out of that patch fast, and we hope to have beans planted soon.

The ladies'slippers were not quite so botanical as they sound. They put the Sunshine Alley skip in place, to the great joy of all who use it. It is much more convenient than scrambling up and down the bank. Also it is a good landmark for youthful swimmers.

After swim there was extensive baseball practice, but Andrew managed to find time to catch a good bass off the float.

Total number of fish caught, 1 bass.

The afternoon list, when posted, showed that the noble game of fooling the dopesters is as thoroughly understood as ever. In truth it is a grand old sport, and one that we trust our faculty will never allow to languish. When in doubt, fool the dopesters.

But as there is not really room for the list, and I hate to break it in the middle, you will please turn over.

TUESDAY, (Cont'd.)

POTPOURRI.

BRACHIARIA.	MIGHTY CASEYS.	FRAGIARII.
L.C.Z.	R.H.H.,T.F.V.,	R.R.,
C.F.B.	S.S.H.,A.M.G.	R.B.
Andrew	P.S.P.,L.A.L.,	A.M.R.
Auchincloss	S.M.R.	Biddle
Breckinridge	Austin	Farnsworth
Brewster	P.Chase	Haskell
Burke	P.Collins	Hines
Clarke	R.Collins	Mackie
Eggleston	Corning	McLain
Gignoux	P.Curtis	Wilson
Newbold	Davidge	
Ranlet	Hammond	
Roberts	Harris	OCULARII.
Roberts	Liggett	M.D.H.
Howard	Sherburne	Stackpole.
	Lowell	
	Payson	
	Putnam	
	Sylvester	
	J.Chase.	

Great was the buzzing.Casey we knew,of course.Where should he be but at the bat?Finally someone puzzled out the first list,and reduced Brachiaria to signalling.But the Fragiarii,being small,had no idea what was to happen to them till they saw cups and pails.Then it began to dawn on them that they were to pick something;and judging by the time of year,it was more likely to be strawberries than anything else. As for Stack,his oculist came to see him,and fill his eyes with curious things.The doctor's name being Hill,the initials were invented,as above.

Well,Casey swung his bat,and caught his flies,and disported himself in true sporting style.

The signalers divided into two squads,experienced and inexperienced;but rumor hath it that some who thought they belongd in the latter class are hardly ready for active service yet.

TUESDAY, (Cont'd.) The strawberry squad picked over five quarts, which is doing very well when you consider how small and soft the berries are. As for the suggestion that some of the squad were small and soft, we scorn it. We got more than have ever been brought into camp before, and as there were not enough to go round, we are to have them in a short-cake tomorrow.

The event of our evening meal was the appearance of the big snapping-turtle, reduced to soup and croquettes. Both were extremely good. How would it be to have a turtle squad, to extend the bill of fare? Why not a "patriotic dinner", produced by our own efforts? Here is a suggested menu.

Snapping-turtle soup.

Fried frogs' legs.

Roast woodchuck, with turtle egg-sauce.

Dandelion greens.

Turtle croquettes.

Wild strawberry shortcake.

Birch beer.

Labrador tea.

Wouldn't that make the Plaza sit up?

Games on the Hill were the order after supper, and we are credibly informed that "we won." We generally do.

Then came "Spin the Platter", and much redeeming of forfeits. Mackie tried to ride on C.F.B., but didn't get very far. Eggleston beat Haskell in the spider race. In the match race Howard led for a good distance, but P. Collins, whose form was better, sprinted and beat him. Auck's oration, Wheelock's dancing, and Ranlet's serenade, were all fine, and we were all trying the Hottentot tackle when half-past eight was called. And then the half-past niners began "Greenmantle", a new story.

WEDNESDAY, July 4, B.29. T.66' Clear, W.

All things considered it did not seem as if this year we could keep the Fourth in quite the usual way. It is all very well in times of piece to run about and make a racket with fire-crackers; in fact it is great fun. But now, when we are involved in the greatest war of all time, we ought to be busy with something more serious. At the same time, of course, it should not be simply a day of harder work than usual. So we had a combination.

Besides our usual reading of the Declaration of Independence, we had parts of the President's Flag Day address. Then after good singing we went about shelling peas for dinner, while L.E.R. read us "Zadoc Pine." We generally have it in the afternoon, but some of the faculty wanted to have it when they could hear it. Certainly Zadoc is one of the best men to know.

Then came squads. The boiler went to work for its first turn, and besides other necessary squads a great gang went to work under Skipper's direction and planted the bean-patch. So we are adding our bit to the food supply, and hope for a good crop.

We were warned to listen for a long toot about half-past ten, and when it brought all hands scurrying, we lined up for a big parade. The line of "march" was round Oak Island. When the flag ship got back she anchored at Pickerel Rock, while the fleet passed in review. It was a very pretty sight, and in the main the line was well kept. We did not have so many canoes out as on the anniversary of Noah's birthday, which we observed with due ceremony several years ago, but seventeen boats of all sorts made a line not to be sneezed at; and so

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) far as we know nobody sneezed.

ARGONAUTICALS.

1.OUANANICHE.		2.HECUBA.	3.SQUANNACOOK.	4PINK.	5.GRAYLING.
	H.R.	L.C.Z.	C.F.B.	P.S.P.	J.A.L.
Ranlet	Auchincloss	A.M.R.	R.R.	R.B.	P.Chase
Andrew	Sherburne				
Newbold	Eggleston	6.SANDPEEP.	7.ROB ROY.	8.CHUB.	
Liggett	P.Collins	Davidge	Corning	R.H.R.	
Putnam	Austin	Clarke	Breckinridge	Brewster	
	L.E.R.				
Lowell	Gignoux	9.HORNPOUT.	10.ARKLET.	11.WOBBLER.	
		A.M.G.	S.S.H.	T.F.V.	
		Biddle	J.Chase	Stackpole	
			Mackie		

12.YAMMERSCHOONER.	13.IDENTICAL.	14EREBUS.	15.WILLIWAW.	16.PANTASOTE.
S.M.R.	Payson	Hammond	Wheelock	P. Curtis
McLain	Burke	Howard	Sylvester	R.Collins
		Hines	Haskell	Wilson

17.TERROR.
Harris
Roberts
Farnsworth

All this made swim rather late, so cubicles were not made up till after dinner. This, again, shortened reading. We had "the American Flag", and the story of Thermopylae, and then one chapter of "Lorna Doone". And then it was time for baseball.

FIRST SENIOR BASEBALL AFTERNOON.

RIFFS VS. RAFFS.

A remarkably good game for the first one, with very little of the loose play which sometimes makes us wish that seven innings was the rule instead of nine. Some errors, of course, are to be expected, but there were very few.

Haystacks in the outfield might have made a good deal of difficulty, but fortunately the ball mostly avoided them.

We began with an accident, as we did last year, and again it was a knee; but fortunately not so bad a one as Carey's. A.M.G. put his knee out trying to get to second; and though he finished the inning, he retired to umpire the bug league, and C.F.B. came up and took his place. Let us hope that this is our last casualty.

A.M.G. heads the batting list, with 1,000 for his single appearance. P.S.P. comes next, with .666. There were a number of good two-baggers, and Hammond made a one-hand catch in the eighthwhich made

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) everybody sit up, especially the batter, who had every reason to think it a safe hit.

In the matter of strike-outs the two pitchers were very even, P.S.P. with thirteen, S.S.H. with twelve. In the matter of bases on balls, however, the former had the advantage.

BUC LEAGUE GAME.
WAGS VS. WIGS.

We do not post this score, as it was not given in much detail. The Wags won, 42-16. It sounds more like a football score than baseball. The hitting was heavy on the winning team, and Payson made a home run.

Riffs vs. Raffs of July 4 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
3	4		1	Davidge	4	K	4-6		P 1-3		K	1B 2-3						5	0	0
0	0		2	Sherburne	7	6-1		P 1-3			P 1-2		P 4-3					4	0	0
0	6		3	P. S. P.	1				P 1-3				H O					3	1	2
1	0		4	T. F. V.	5	K		K 2-3		P 3-4			P 3-4					5	0	1
14	2		5	S. M. R.	2		K	P 4-3			K							3	1	0
9	1		6	L. C. J.	3		1-2 O			K 2-3								3	2	1
0	0		7	P. Chase	6							K						3	2	1
0	0		8	Curtis	9				K	K		K						4	0	1
0	1		9	Corning	8													3	1	1
			10																	
			11																	
27	14		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	0	0	1	1	0	1	2	3	1	4	2	6	33	7	8
Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
	1			3	13	1-b. on errors.													3	

Raffs vs. Riffs of July 4 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
9	0		1	Harris	3	4-3		K			1B		K					4	0	0
0	0		2	R. Collins	9	K			2B		K		K					4	0	1
1	4		3	S. S. H.	1	1-3		2B			K		2-3					3	0	0
10	3		4	J. A. L.	2		K							K				4	1	1
3	1		5	Hammond	4		2-3							K				3	1	1
0	0		6	R. N. R.	5		4-3		K					1-3				3	0	0
0	0		7	Pickman	7			1-3		K								3	0	1
1	0		8	A. W. G.	6			3-4										1	0	1
0	0		9	Wheelock	8					K		1-3						2	0	0
0	0		10	C. F. B.	6					9-3		K						2	0	0
			11																	
24	8		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	2	0	2	31	2	5
Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				7	12	1-b. on errors.													2	

+ Injured, retired after this inning.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) At supper we had the strawberry short-cake,and it was a wonder.Every member of the squad must have felt amply paid for his toil.We also had fireworks.We did not buy any this year,but as these had been left from last year it seemed a pity not to use them.There was some doubt as to whether they would go,but they went with a fine bang.scattering paper flowers to the four winds.

After supper,as there was much rehearsing to do,there was no definite sport,but much swinging,and a good deal of promiscuous scrapping.

FIRST SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

1. Overture,"Fra Diavolo",.....A.M.R.
2. Piano Solo.....P.Curtis.
3. The Merryweather Orchestra....T.F.V.,P.S.P.,Harris, P.Collins,Wheelock.
4. Choruses.....Merryweather Chantey,John Peel, Camptown Races.
5. Stunt,"Hop when the Horn Blows"....A.M.R.,L.C.Z., P.S.P.,P.Curtis,Wheelock,Farnsworth.
6. Solo and quartette.....T.F.V.,P.S.P.,Harris, P.Collins.
7. Stunt,"Baden-Baden".....C.F.B.,P.S.P.
8. America to the Rescue.....R.R.,R.B.,L.C.Z.,C.F.B., R.H.R.,P.S.P.,S.M.R.,T.F.V.,J.A.L. P.Curtis,Biddle,Sylvester,Howard,Stackpole, Hammond,Davidge,Harris,Wheelock.

CAMP SONG.

We miss our Chopsticks team dreadfully,but "Fra Diavolo" is good fun.If you ever have a chance to hear the opera,and like a fascinating bandit,go and hear it.

P.Curtis has grown since he gave us his first solo,but it is always a pleasure to hear him.In August we shall have a Curtis duett.

An orchestra of such variety as is with us now the Camp has never known before.Think of a flute,two mandolins,a violin,a drum, and the possibility of a ukalele.(One small brother says "Do you

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) play the eucalyptus?" We don't very often.)

Most of the time Wheelock played the drum, on the head of the old banjo, but in "Plattsburgh" Harris took it; and the last repeat of the chorus they all sang. It was fine.

Our choruses went well. It looks as if we were going to have much good singing this year.

How long have we had "Hop when the Horn Blows?" Well, P.S.P. was a small boy singing soprano; and that is some time ago. But the point of it is just the same as it was then; do it now.

"Baden-Baden" is always a joy, though it is hardly an encouragement to cleanliness to see two gentlemen suffer so over their shower-bath.

The second appearance of the orchestra, minus Wheelock, was in accompaniment to T.F.V., who first played his flute and then sang for us. We want more of both, and a good deal more.

The four scenes of "America to the Rescue" were as good as they were appropriate. First came R.R. as Europa, surrounded by the Allies; Biddle at the last gasp as Belgium, J.A.L. in Zouave uniform as France, Curtis as England, Sylvester and Howard, as Russia and Italy in the foreground. Europa stretched out her arms as if in appeal to Columbia, the rest were in the act of firing.

The second scene showed Columbia (R.B.) asleep. As she slept there passed before her as in a vision the Spirit of '76: L.C.Z. carrying the flag, T.F.V. playing "Yankee Doodle" and Stackpole with the drum. She rose from her sleep and followed them.

In the third scene Columbia was leading her forces, army

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) commanded by C.F.P.,navy by R.H.P.With their guns and oars they looked ready for anything;and though there were only four in each group,they filled our stage.

Last we saw all the united forces,facing the enemy.It made a splendid finish to one of the best opening sing-songs we have ever had.And the news that Russia had just captured 20,000 Germans added a thrill to it.

Half-past nine Boston kept us on the jump till bed-time.The playing was in the main very good;but we fail to see the resemblance that two people found between P.Curtis and P.Collins.We also had an idea that P.S.P. was bigger than Payson.He certainly looks bigger.

So ended a fine Forth.And next year we hope that the world will be in such a condition that we can go back to our old gay celebration,but have an added meaning to it because of this year.

A whippoorwill was singing loudly on the point late at night. They don't often come so far down from the woods.

THURSDAY, July 5th.
B.29.
T.62'
Clear
N.W.
Slight shower
p.m.

This morning Skipper began to tell us something about prehistoric times, beginning with the ice ages. It is a comfort to know that there will not be another one due for fifty thousand years or so. Life when the ice age is coming near must be far from pleasant.

This morning the beans were all planted. Now we will see.

The first witch-grass squad went out, and did great things. Some day we shall get that patch cleared.

Have we ever had strawberry picking for a regular job? Francis Perkins would tell us. As he is not here to settle the matter we venture to say no. It was a good squad, and with a little extra time on the part of A.M.R. and R.R. we got what will we hope make another short-cake.

Andrew got a fish off the Ouananiche slip this morning.

Number of fish for the day, 1.

EXPEDITION TO TRACY'S BLUFF.

ABOL.	EBEN.	CORKER.	OUANANICHE.	
C.F.B.	P.S.P.	J.A.L.	L.C.Z.	
Sherburne	Austin	Clarke	Andrew	Brewster
Stackpole	P.Chase	Eggleston	Breckinridge	R.Collins
Auchincloss	P.Curtis	A.M.R.	Corning	Howard
			Newbold	Ranlet
			Roberts	Putnam
			Lowell	
			Wilson	
			Davidge	

PANTASOTE.	WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.
R.H.R.	S.M.R.	T.F.V.
P.Collins	Liggett	Wheelock
Farnsworth	R.B.	J.Chase
Haskell	Riddle	Hines

YAMMERSCHOONER.	EREBUS.	TERROR.
R.R.	A.M.G.	S.S.H.
Hammond	Sylvester	Harris
Payson	Burke	Gignoux
Grub	Mackie	McLain

BACONIANS.

A.M.R., Burke, Howard, R.R.,
A.M.G., Farnsworth, Davidge, Wilson.

We were delayed in our start, partly because a little

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) shower was uncertain as to whether or not it would grow to be a big one, and partly because a rowlock block in one of the boats had broken. It could hardly help it, having been made of birch, and rotten at that. But a boat with three oars is as bad as a man with one leg; and the making of a proper oak block took time. But the shower cleared, the wind it had brought died, and the block was put in place, and off we started.

We made our landing in fairly good time, and all but the Baconians started up the mountain. The view was fine, but like the good old Duke of York, they mostly had to march up a very high hill and then march down again.

The Baconians? Why, they fried the Bacon, and had it all ready for the climbers. Also they warmed up a big kettle of chowder. We don't often have chowder on a picnic. And the bacon fat seemed too useful to throw away, so we had fried bread all round. Altogether it was a good feed.

Some gloomy souls had prophesied a head wind home, and such things have been known, but this time all was well, and what breeze there was helped us nicely.

When we got home we found our missing camper, whose signature follows: Ralph Spooner

The monkey was in sight for the little time that remained before half-past eight, and then we settled down peacefully to "Greenmantle."

And no one told me till next day that Johnny Hines had passed the swimming test. Hurrah for the Frog!

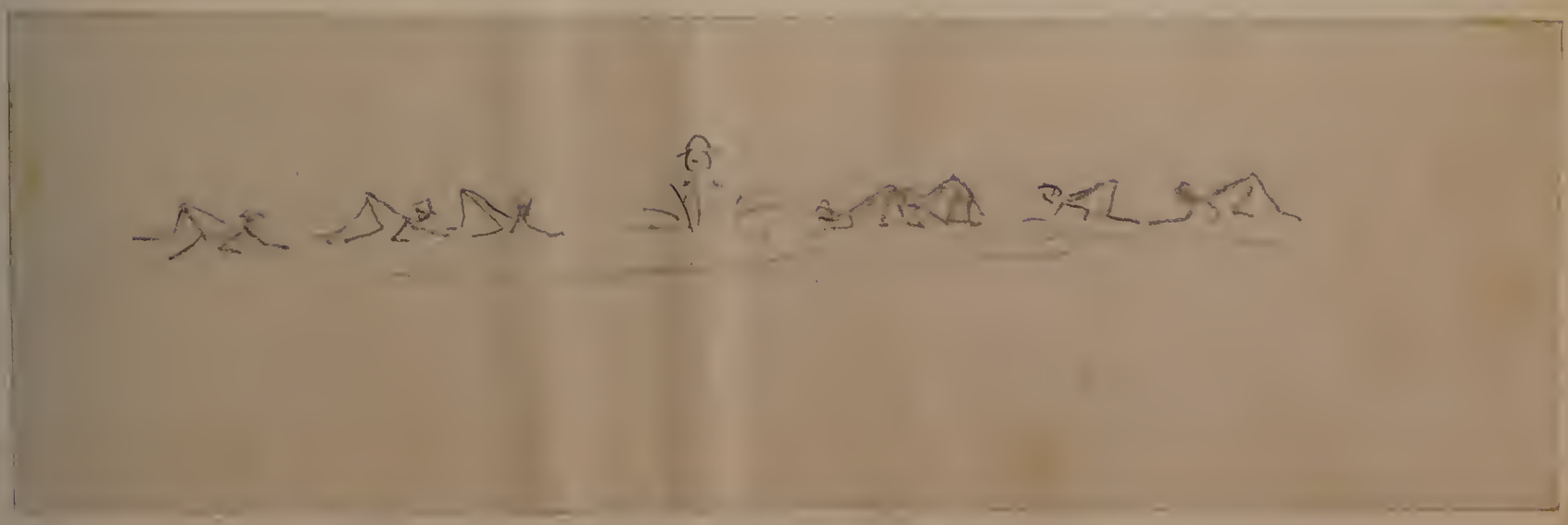
FRIDAY, July 6th. B.29' T.64' Clear N.W. It begins to look as if our barometer was a little too steady to be true. Is it like Mark Twain's which was stuffed with tin-foil instead of filled with mercury. or is the weather-man in need of instruction? Light shower. This morning the sand was put into the aquarium. Water tomorrow, we hope, and then P.S.P. will spend all his odd minutes in the lagoon with a net and a pail.

A good job is being done in re-grading the ground near faculty coffee. It was buried deep in loam by last fall's finishing touches to the bank. It is now being cleared to its proper surface, and then pine needles will be brought.

The good ship Pie-plant was launched this morning. She seems to be in very good repair after her season on shore.

Of our six non-swimmers, Brewster swam more than half-way to the Ouananiche slip this morning. The other five are not so far along, but they are jumping off the slip in great style. Can we get them all through by August first? Let us hope so.

ALL HANDS
SKOWHEGAN
MILLARD'S PASTURE.
START AT 3.00
P.S.P. & J.A.L. Chuse up sides when we git thar.



Batsmen	1	2	3	Batsmen	1	2	3
J. A. L.			×	P. S. P.		×	
T. F. V.	×		×	S. W. R.			
R. H. R.			×	Sigma	×	×	×
S. S. H.		×	×	Hall			
Hammond		×	×	[illegible]		×	×
P. Collins	×	×		[illegible]		×	×
Hadlee	×		×	[illegible]	×	×	×
Lowell	×	×	×	[illegible]			×
Roberts			×	[illegible]	×	×	×
P. Chase	×			Harris	×	×	×
J. Chase	×			R. Collins	×	×	×
[illegible]		×	×	[illegible]			×
[illegible]	×	×		[illegible]			
[illegible]		×	×	[illegible]	×		
Parsons		×		Bibble		×	×
Wilson	×	×	×	[illegible]	×	×	×
[illegible]		×	×	[illegible]		×	×
Pollock	×		×	[illegible]		×	×
[illegible]			×	[illegible]			
Brooks	×			[illegible]	×	×	×
Brooke	×	×	×	[illegible]	×	×	×
Eagleton	×		×	[illegible]			
	12 7 2	11 10 3	14 21 5		7 13 1	15 9 0	27 11 4

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) We do not generally get to Skowhegan so soon, but the sooner the better. It is a good start for scouting, for the essentials, honor and a flat crawl, are identical. He who assumes the attitude shown in the picture on the other side, he who stretches the facts, he who has temporary fits of deafness, he who uses a machine gun, needs a course in the smaller game before he is fit for the full glory of the real thing.

A.M.R. acted as starter and timer, L.C.Z. and C.F.B. were coaches and official observers.

As will be seen, there was great deal of carelessness. In no game did shots and deaths tally. When fourteen men report themselves as dead, and only eleven shots were fired to kill them, someone has blundered. But we are catching on, and next time things will go better.

The Blackfeet had the advantage every time in runs, though in the first game their loss was the heavier.

Davidge and P. Collins each made two runs.

Haskell killed eight men, Sherburne and J, Chase six each.

All hands got home in time for a swim, which was much needed. One can get very dirty, even in three short games.

A very pretty little shower added a shower-bath, and gave us our first rainbow.

After supper we had Digestion Club, with "Hermann's Revenge" and "Helen's Babies".

Then came "Quiet Games", whereat the mythology table roared mightily, and finally Clumps; a fine game, though strenuous.

Arrived by the evening train,

Edith T. Henderson

Lauren J. Henderson

SAT'RDAY, July 7th.
B.29.35
T.61'
Clear
N.W.

We were a little previous yesterday is saying that the water would go into the aquarium to-day. The arch had to be built; for without that, where would the pickerel lie in wait to eat his fellow pickerel?

The squad posted as Great Bears sounded mystic, but their useful, if not graceful task was to dip grease out of the cesspool. And the Dipper is part of the Great Bear, as any astronomer will tell you.

Brewster swam to the Ouananiche this morning. Spooner to the point.

A great time before dinner making out fishing licenses. The law of Maine now is that every non-resident of the state over fourteen must have a license. So there was as much filling in of blanks as if we had all been German ambassadors going home with our trunks full of contraband of war.

FIRST TRACK AND FIELD AFTERNOON.

No handicaps ths afternoon, of course, as we have no line on the new boys, and last year's data in regard to the old boys could not perhaps be accurate any longer. Liggett, Eggleston, Sherburne, and Wilson were out of it; the first three for various disabilities, the last because he was off a good deal of the afternoon with his father. Davidge did not jump.

CLASS A.	CLASS B.	CLASS C.
P.Collins	Andrew	Brewster
P.Chase	Auchincloss	Biddle
Corning	Austin	Burke
Curtis	Breckinridge	J.Chase
Hammond	R.Collins	Clarke
Harris	Davidge	(Eggleston)
Payson	Howard	Farnsworth
Spooner	(Liggett)	Gignoux
	Putnam	Haskell
	Ranlet	Hines
	(Sherburne)	Lowell
	Stackpole	Mackie
	Sylvester	McLain
	Wheelock	Newbold
		Roberts
		(Wilson)

SATURDAY (Cont'd.)

Class A High Jump.

Name.	Height.
Hammond	4'9"
Spooner	4'5"
Harris	4'2"
Payson	4'2"

Hammond was well ahead of the rest, though below the record. Payson and Harris tied.

Class A Broad Jump.

Name.	Distance.
Hammond	15'10 3/4"
P.Collins	12'5 1/2"
Corning	12'4"

The record in this event is 18'6".

Class Shot Put.

Name.	Distance.
Hammond	26'
Payson	22'6"
Spooner	22'2 1/4"

Harris had been expected to get a place in this event, but Spooner led him by nearly a foot. The rest were all under twenty feet.

Class A Hundred.

First Heat.

Name.	Time.
P.Chase	14 1/5 s.
Corning	
P.Collins	
Curtis	

Chase led Corning by about 5 feet. Collins was a good deal farther behind, with Curtis a yard in his rear.

Second Heat.

Name.	Time.
Hammond	13 s.
Harris	
Payson	
Spooner	

A much faster heat. Hammond had two yards over Harris, who led Payson by about a yard. Spooner was well in the rear.

Final Heat.

Name.	Time.
Hammond	12 4/5 s.
Harris	
P.Chase	
Corning	

Hammond cut a fifth off his previous time, and led Harris

SATURDAY (Cont'd.)

Second Heat.

Name.	Time.
Lowell	15 4/5 s.
Gignoux	
Hines	

A faster heat. The closest contest was for second place, Hines pressing Gignoux hard.

Third Heat.

Name.	Time.
McLain	16 3/5 s.
Roberts	
Biddle	

McLain was four feet better than Roberts at the tape, with Biddle a little farther behind Roberts.

Final Heat.

Name.	Time.
Lowell	15 3/5 s.
J. Chase	
McLain	

A satisfactory heat, as the three winners came in order of their previous times. McLain was very close to Chase at the finish.

Altogether, though only one record was broken, it was a very good afternoon. Next time we hope to see the non-competitors in it.

After supper the charade sides organized and planned. There was hardly time for games.

FIRST CHARADE EVENING.

COURTSHIP. The trial scene with which this word opened was a notable one. Corning presided with judicial impartiality, and the jury showed itself worthy of its position. J.A.L.'s thrilling speech for the plaintiff left us all convinced that the man who called Spooner a hippotamus was guilty of the grossest libel, and richly deserved the heavy sentence imposed upon him. For the second syllable we had two ships; a peaceful merchantman, attacked by a wild company of pirates under command of J.A.L. Alas! In spite of a gallant resistance the merchant captain and his men were all com-

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) pelled to walk the plank.The whole word was more cheerful at first,for though Miss Auchincloss was a coy damsel,she finally yielded to the impassioned pleading of the gallant Spooner.But stern fate interfered,in the person of her father,(Brewster was a very stern parent) and the lover was sent flying out the window.

EGOTISM. The first syllable reminded of "Dum Dry",with its country store and its bearded store-keeper.The bargaining for eggs was interrupted by a call of "Fire" which ended the scene.The second and third scenes were consecutive,with a lapse of two months between.R.H.R. was torn from his family and drafted for the navy.(This was "go".) After two months, having decided that he did not like it,he deserted,and was greeted by his dear ones with "'Tis 'im." But here again fate interfered.He was tracked by his fellow-sailors,headed by S.M.R.,a veteran of thirty years service,and dragged back to his ship.For the whole word we had the recalcitrant mariner arguing his case out with the others.It was decided that he was hopeless,being concerned with nothing but himself.

CANNIBAL. Why are all our classes in charades,so bad? We had no recitation this time,but we saw Stack and his accomplices getting ready for their teacher (L.C.Z.) by putting a tack in his chair.His indignation when he landed on the tack was terrible to see,and we do not doubt that the miscreant shuddered in his lair under the bench.He was finally hunted out,and ignominiously "canned." The next two syllables,which went together,were pathetic in the extreme.All the starving family,sharing their last cracker,went to our hearts,but T.F.V. as the mother would have moved a stone.The whole word

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) was wild from the beginning, when Harris, in arranging the scenery, tipped over one of the big lamps. To our amazement the chimney didn't even break. A landing-party was surrounded by howling savages dressed in leaves, and poor Mackie was flung into Moab and boiled. It was truly awful.

DEFEAT. There was probably no doubt in anyone's mind what the first scene was, after C.F.B. and A.M.R had been trying to make each other hear for a few minutes. (He has had practice at the Tink, sitting between Brewster and Lowell for a week. Personally I expect to be deaf if I do this scene again.) "Eat" was a sample of how not to behave at a picnic. They roared, they gobble, they shoved, and were a shocking spectacle generally. The whole word took us to some fort in the war zone, not exactly located. The defenders, under P.S.P. did nobly, and sallying forth repulsed the attacking party under C.F.B, who finally fell in the front rank, carrying down an enemy or two with him.

After all these excitements we relaxed our minds with our story, except one or two who felt that they needed the complete relaxation of bed.

At a late hour in the evening there was a great competition between C.F.B. and R.H.R.; the former eating six cooking crackers while the latter took six glasses of water with a tea-spoon. The water-drinker won, but we gather that he felt so nearly drowned that he took little pleasure in his victory.

SUNDAY July 8th.
B.29.32
T.63
Slight fog,
S.E.

Early in the morning the fog was anything but slight.It was so dense that even the flag on Pickerel was lost.

This morning at swim the aquarium was filled,and two pickerel,a newt,and a dozen mussels put in.

Eggleston caught a good bass just before dinner.

Total number of fish,1 bass.

Speaking of fishing,we have our opinion,and a very poor one,of people who keep large minnows on the ground.They are horrid when they hook into a skirt,and would be much worse if they hooked into a foot.

PICNIC AT GOOSE BEACH.

OUANANICHE.		EBEN.	ABOL.	CORKER.
L.C.Z.		C.F.B.jr.	P.S.P.jr.	J.A.L.jr.
Davidge	Spooner	P.Chase	Stackpole	Auchincloss
Ranlet	Sylvester	Andrew	Putnam	Austin
Howard	R.Collins	Corning	P.Curtis	A.M.R.
Newbold	Breckinridge			
Farnsworth	Roberts			

YAMMERSCHOONER.	WILLIWAW.
T.F.V.	S.S.H.
Hammond	P.Collins
Eggleston(c)	R.R.(c)
Hines	Clarke

L.E.R.	
R.R.	
Sherburne	Brewster
Wilson	Gignoux
Mackie	Biddle

IDENTICAL.	EREBUS.	TERROR.
S.M.R.	A.M.G.	R.H.R.
Payson	Harris	Wheelock
McLain (c)	Liggett (c)	J.Chase (c)
Haskell	Burke	Lowell

The wind was lively when we started,and the canoes did a good deal of coasting,while one rangeley hoisted an umbrella by way of a sail.Altogether we got to Goose Beach in much less time than usual.

Most of the crowd started off at once for the Abbot tree, where they had many sports,including bronco-riding.Meanwhile the fire was going and the bacon frying;and the cooks were nearly smothering in the smoke,for the breeze was strong and so variable that the fire had no right side.Never mind;

SUNDAY) it was good bacon,anyhow.
(Cont'd.)

After supper we gathered round in a close circle and had the two stories which belong to this beach,"The Western Islands" and "The Devil and the Old Man."They grow better every year.

When we started for home the wind had gone down,but there was enough to make the canoes feel happier in shore,and a good many bow paddlers and passengers had to retire and change their clothes.But we had a good half hour for hymns,and many good hymns in it.

Our story tonight was from Kipling's new volume,"In the Presence."

We regret to record that Dr.and Mrs.Henderson left this afternoon.

The half-past eighters are bursting into verse at a great rate. We give some of their productions below.Keep it up,friends,and fire others by your example.

I

Dick Collins,the great athlete,
Is strong and swift upon his feet.
He runs like antelope,bounds like deer,
His fame is heard both far and near.
From crack of pistol to finish line
He leaves the others far behind.
In broad jump everyone he beats,
And is clapped on the back for his wondrous feats.

William Brewster.

II

(Tune, "The Star-spangled Banner.")

Oh thus be it ever!
When Dicky shall run
Between the loved tape
And the Skipper's great gun.
He wins all the races
With terrible zeal,
And that is the way
He earns a square meal.

Pierpont Stackpole.

III

In any atheletic meet
All others can great Stacky beat.
As for jumping he is fine,
For he can jump all three feet nine.
In running he is not excelled,
And more than others clapped and yelled.
The greatest fans all say he is great
To run at such an awful rate.

William Brewster.

(We regret the spelling of "atheletic", but it may be regarded as poetic license, to fit the metre.)

MONDAY July 9th.
B.29.30
T.60'
Foggy
East.

A day of alarums and excursions.Here is the list of unusual things that happened:

1. Aquarium leaked out over night.
2. Skipper fired the cook in the middle of dinner.
3. Mrs.Collins,and Mr.and Mrs.Sherman arrived.
4. Cook left.
5. L.E.R. and R.R. go to find an accommodator.
6. Eggleston develops a temperature.
7. L.C.Z. and T.F.V. paddle across the bay to send a night letter in regard to a new cook.
8. C.F.B. and Hammond paddle across the bay to get Dr.Hardy to come and take a look at Eggleston.
9. Dr.Hardy arrives,and says Eggleston will be all right in a couple of days.

Now isn't that a day for a quiet family?

As for Beek,he wanted to run the camp.Also he was a German, and that perhaps explains some of his temper.We are glad to get rid of him,though he was a good cook.We shall get on,for T.F.V. can always cook us turtles,Hammond is strong on flapjacks,Davidge can fry bacon,and there are many others who can add to our bill of fare.

As for Eggs,he has a touch of bronchitis,and needs a day or two of keeping still,but that is all.

Well,let us get back to our ordinary course of events.Skipper got us to picture-writing this morning,and showed us how men in ancient times wrote their doings,also how we might write some of ours.If this typewriter could draw I would try it for the log.

The grading job out by faculty coffee is done,and very well done.Hammond has been in charge.

MONDAY (Cont'd.) Brewster passed the swimming test this morning.He started to swim to the Ouananiche slip,but kept on,and when Skipper called "half-past eighters ashore" he was so near the point that it was the easiest place to land.Hi for the next one!

Mrs.Collins and Mr.and Mrs. Sherman came just after we had finished dinner.We wish they could have stayed longer, but as they had to motor back to South Harpswell they had to start fairly soon.We hope to see them again.

TRIAL SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

By rights reading should have stopped early,but with all the things that had been happening the faculty could not get things ready till half-past two.Then Skipper explained the points of the game,and play began at half past three.That ended the last game at 6-15,and we were ready for supper at 6-45.

The first game,won by the Sioux,was the quietest of the series.The new players were not quite warmed up,and the old ones were bothered by the heavy grass,which,though perhaps not quite so bad as last year,is bad enough.

The second game was much more lively,with five runs for the Apaches and four for the Sioux,and many killed.

In the third,though there are discrepancies in the score, there is no doubt that the Apaches won, or that the loss of life was very heavy.We hope to get the score corrected,but it is sometimes impossible at the start.

Conditions as to cover are not good.Last year's work with bill-hook and brush scythe shows in places,but much must be done again.Raspberry bushes are particularly vicious

MONDAY (Cont'd.) and there is a patch of thistles north of the boneyard that might be dealt with.

Of course it is too early yet to form an accurate opinion of all the new players, but indications are that many of them are keen as mustard, and ready to uphold the best traditions of the game. And nothing but the best will do, gentlemen all.

As it was late and chilly almost no one swam. Some would fain have dispensed with washing, but we hope they were few in number.

After supper, as it was so late, a big squad cleared up, and we went right to work at the Observation Game. We reversed our usual order, taking the thirty second look before the three second. We give below the list of those who did best:

THIRTY SECONDS.

Name.	Total.
F. Chase	45
Davidge	43
Farnsworth	37
Howard	37
Ranlet	37
Sherburne	37
Wheelock	37
Payson	36

THREE SECONDS.

Name.	Total.
F. Chase	37
Davidge	36
Payson	35

We thought of giving one or two of the poorest, but it seemed rather mean. As for the spelling, it looks as if some of us had better take to picture writing in good earnest to express our ideas.

Those of the faculty and half-past niners who were not dead tired or paddling across the bay had "Greenmantle."

We forgot to mention among our excitements that the Doctor has taken to crutches, as his knee is not doing wel,, and that T.F.V's tooth, which has been bad for several days, was extremely bad to-night.

Sioux

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
L.C.Z.	X			X	•				
R.H.R.	X						X		
J.A.L.		••		X		/	X		
S.M.R.					•••••	/	X		
Auchincloss			/				X		
Austin	X			X	••		X		
Brewster	X	•		X			X		
Burke	X	•		X			X	•	
Chase, J.	X			X			X	••	
Chase, P.					•		X	••	
Clarke		•			••	/	X	•••	/
Collins, R.			/		•		X		
Davidge	X	••		X				•	
Hammond				X	••	/	X		
Haskell	X			X			X		
Liggett				X			X	•	
Lowell		•		X			X		
Mackie	X			X			X		
Newbold	X			X			X		
Putnam				X			X		
Spooner				X			X	•••	
Stackpole	X				••		X		
	11	8	2	15	16	4	20	13	1

Apaches

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
C.F.B.		•		X	••			•	
T.F.V.	X			X					
S.S.H				X		/	X		
P.S.P.		••			•				
Andrew	X	•			••	/	X	•	/
Biddle				X			X		
Breckinridge		••		X	•			•••	/
Collins, P.	X			X	•	/	X	••••	
Corning					••			••	
Curtis		•			•	/			
Farnsworth	X			X				•	
Gignoux							X		
Harris		•		X			X		
Hines	X	•		X	•	/	X	•	
Howard				X			X	•	/
McLain	X			X					
Payson	X						X	•	/
Ranlet				X				•••	/
Roberts				X			X		
Sylvester		•		X	••		X		
Wheelock				X	••		X		
Wilson	X			X			X	•	/
	8	10		16	15	5	13	20	6

TUESDAY July 10, B.29.18' T.60' Cloudy N.E. Light rain p.m.

This morning Mrs.Walter Gleason came down to cook for us for a few days.

T.F.V. went in to Augusta to-day to have his tooth seen to.

The boundary squad went to work on the scouting field to day .This has to be done every year,for either the flags blow down or Mrs.Cook's cows eat them;we suspect the latter.

We have now a lawn-mower in camp.P.S.P. mowed the diamond to-day,and C.F.B. went round the four-forty,outlined the soccer field, and nearly finished the hundred yard dash.The fuur-forty will be appreciated(?) by those who have been happily cutting across in front of the back-stop.

The beans are up! Now comes weeding;but soon,we hope,we shall be gathering our own crop.

FIRST JUNIOR BASEBALL AFTERNOON.
BONEHEADS VS. NUMPSKULLS.

A very interesting game,though a long one.The Numbskulls gained pretty steadily on their adversaries,till at the end of the fifth they had a lead of eight runs,and were hitting Corning freely.A change of pitchers,Hammond taking Corning's place,evened things somewhat,for in the sixth the Numbskulls did not score,and the Boneheads made three.

But the real fun came in the ninth,when C.F.B.,who had knocked off work on the lawn-mower,was put in as a pinch hitter in Payson's place.He singled,scoring Liggett,and made a run himself.After that itwas a merry-go-round,with only one man out,till Hammond's run won the game,18-17.Such a ninth inning is not often seen.

Both Corning and Davidge gave a good many passes,but Hammmond was less lavish in this respect.Davidge fanned more men than the

TUESDAY two opposing pitchers together.
(Cont'd.)

Curtis pulled off unassisted double plays, and Davidge robbed Putnam of what looked like a perfectly safe hit with a startling one-hand catch.

There was much heavy hitting, as the score card shows. The following are the best averages:

C.F.B.	1,000 (one inning)
S.M.R.	.750
Wheelock	.750
P.S.P.	.666
J.A.L.	.600
Hammond	.500

Bonehead vs. Numbskull of July 10 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
2	0		1 Cunning	1	E			1-3									5	6	1
3	1		2 P. Chase	6													6	3	1
8	1		3 J. A. L.	2													5	6	3
8	2		4 Hammond	3													6	1	3
1	1		5 Putnam	4													5	0	0
5	1		6 Curtis	5													5	0	0
0	0		7 R. Collins	7					K				K				4	0	0
0	0		8 Liggett	8													5	1	1
0	0		9 Payson	9													3	1	0
0	0		10 C. F. B.	9													1	1	1
			11																
29	6		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	2	4	6	6	6	7	10	10	12	18			45	18	10

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				8	8	1-b. on errors.		3	

Numbskull vs. Bonehead of July 10 at 19

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
0	0		J. Chase	9													1	2	1		
0	0		2 Stackpole	7	K												5	0	1		
3	3		3 Davidge	1													6	2	1		
12	1		4 P. S. P.	3													6	4	4		
6	3		5 S. M. R.	2													4	5	3		
2	2		6 P. Collins	4													6	1	2		
1	2		7 Harris	6													6	2	1		
1	0		8 Wheelock	5													4	1	3		
0	0		9 Spooner	8													3	0	0		
			10																		
			11																		
25	11		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	3	3	5	8	9	14	15	15	16	16	17		41	17	16		

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
				5	6	1-b. on errors.		5	1		

TUESDAY
(Cont'd.)

FIRST JUNIOR SOCCER.

TATTERS.	VS.	RAGS.
Auchincloss		Andrew
Austin		Biddle
Breckinridge		Brewster
Clarke		Burke
Farnsworth		Gignoux
Haskell		Hines
Howard		Mackie
McLain		Newbold
Ranlet		Roberts
Sylvester		Lowell
Wilson		

R.H.R.

We had not the pleasure of watching this game,being very busy with the score of the baseball game,but it was evidently an exciting one.The score was 4-3 in favour of the Tatters.One difficulty was that everyone wanted to be after the ball all the time instead of playing his position.But time and practise will help this.

Even a doyester could hardly go wrong in guessing Digestion Club;and we pursued the fortune of Budge and Toddie with much sport.

Then came a wild period of "Towel",in which the towel got as dirty as Toddie's dolly.

Then came three games of Clothespins,Come-at-a-bodies vs. Dingwalls.The firest two were played in the usual way,the third sitting,passing the pins behind.The score follows.

Come-at-a-bodies,by 13 pins.
" " " " by 5 pins.
Dingwalls by 1 pin.

Then came fifteen minutes of "Consequences",and so Taps and table-setting.The wild strawberries still hold out.

WEDNESDAY July 11, P.29.08' T.60' Cloudy N.E. Rain at night.

This morning R.H.R. told us some of the things that we ought to know about soccer.Here's hoping that the next game will show the results of his instructions.

HARE AND HOUNDS.

A. Hares.	B. Hares.	C. Hare.
C.F.B.	R.H.R.	S.S.H.
T.F.V.	J.A.L.	
Hounds	**Hounds.**	**Hounds.**
P.Chase	Andrew	Brewster
P.Collins	Auchincloss	Biddle
R.Collins	Austin	Clarke
Corning	J.Chase	Farnsworth
Curtis	Hines	Gignoux
Davidge	Putnam	Haskell
Hammond	Ranlet	Lowell
Harris	Stackpole	Mackie
Liggett	Sylvester	McLain
Payson	Wheelock	Newbold
Sherburne		Roberts
Spooner		

All hands started at the same time.A. and C. had white trails,B.a gorgeous parti-coloured trail.A. and C. were not intended to be of the same length,of course,but that was the way it worked out for some.

The Class C. hare came in at 4-15,and was followed by the hounds at 4-24.They checked a bit on the ball-field,to look for the bag,but in a moment Lowell pointed,and across they came.The five leaders were in the following order:

McLain
Lowell
Haskell
Roberts
Gignoux

The rest followed soon,L.C.Z. steering the rear-guard.

The B. ~~hounds~~ Hares turned up in front of camp at 4-40,but it was a long and weary time before any of the hounds hove in sight.At last the following appeared on the ball-field. They had lost their own trail,but seeing R.H.R.,as they thought,(it must have been S.S.H.) they cut across and came

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) in on Class C.'s white trail; at 5-16:

Austin
Andrew
Wheelock
Ranlet

The rest, oh where were they? Time passed, and Class A. came in, whereof more anon; John McLain came in from fishing, after we had nearly split the megaphone calling him. Supper was ready, and R.H.R. went up the path and P.S.P. took a bicycle along the road. Finally they came in, hot, dirty, and very cheerful. They denied absolutely that they had lost their way, and were not prepared to admit that they had lost the trail. But they must have lost something, else why so late?

The Class A. hares came in at 4-45, after a fine long run. To their disgust they were followed almost immediately by most of the ~~hares~~ hounds, who had picked up the C. trail instead of their own, and come cheerfully home by it. This made the A. run about the same length as the C. run, which was a pity.

But two were missing. Davidge and Sherburne had followed the right trail, or most of it, and appeared at 5-14, going strong. They were certainly the winners. As to which was first, they rolled over with glee when they found the bags, and it was impossible to tell the order of their arrival. The others came as follows:

Payson
Hammond
P. Chase
Curtis
P. Collins

They laid their difficulties to the trail, as people generally do; but Davidge, who followed it a great deal farther than they did, says it was a good trail, and he ought to know.

All these adventures and getting ready for sing-song seemed to make Digestion Club impossible, and it was too wet for anything else; so after a wild time collecting or making swords, guns, wooden legs, and burglars' tools, we gathered for our second sing-song.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.)

SECOND SING-SONG.

1. Overture,"Chopsticks".....Maloney Brothers.
2. Song,"The Star-Spangled Banner"Wilson.
3. Mandolin Duett.....P.S.P.,Harris.
4. Choruses.....Voice of the Bell,Ouananiche, Drink,Puppy.
5. Piano Solo.....Spooner.
6. Hornpipe.....Hammond.
7. Stunt,"And Adventure of Sherlock Holmes." R.H.R.,P.S.P.,S.M.R.
8. Stunt,"Treasure Island",.....L.C.Z.,C.F.B.,T.V.V. J.A.L.,S.S.H.,Hammond,Harris,Payson Stackpole.

Camp Song.

It is good to have "Chopsticks" again. The Maloney Brothers, better known in private life as Hammond and Harris, gave us the good old tune with fine dash, and made a dashing nautical appearance besides.

Franklin Wilson surprised us all by his singing of the "Star-Spangled Banner." By and by he must give us another one.

The mandolin duett was a delightful medley of pretty things. We hope there is more for next time.

Spooner gave us one of the finest of the Chopin preludes.

It is a long time since we have had any dancing at camp, and we have never had a dance like this. It was danced across, over, around and among two crossed wooden pipes, and was really amazing, even if the dancer did break one pipe-stem. It must be particularly hard to do anything so very elaborate and lively in sneakers, on a very ordinary floor.

The first stunt was blood-curdling in the extreme. We always look for trouble when the lights are turned down, and we certainly got it. The first entrance of the burglar, masked and terrible, with his pocket kit of dainty tools in his hand

WEDNESDAY confirmed our worst fears.Here was crime!
(Cont'd.)

We should like to know the name of the maker of that safe. Wrench,blow-lamp,ice-pick,faucet,bicycle pump,all failed to open it.Nothing short of high explosives,lightning up the room with a ghastly glare,could shake it.

And the detectives!With what superb confidence they followed the trail! Nothing could escape their keen eyes,for when they could not find clues they made them.Can human ingenuity go further? At last each seized the other by the leg,sure that he had the burglar;and then the monster,with a fiendish chuckle,raised his heavy weapon and felled them to the earth with one stroke apice. It was truly awful.

"Treasure Island "has its thrills too.Jim Hawkins (Stack) must have shivered in his apple barrel as Silver and his gang plotted death and destruction round him.Perhaps Silver was a little dressy for a sea-cook in this scene,but when a gentleman is trying to mask the fact that he has for the time being three legs,there is nothing for it but a long cloak.And for the scene in the stockade Captain Silver cannot be too dressy.(We hope C.F.B. enjoyed his wooden leg.It looked very fine,but not exactly comfortable.)

S.S.H.,Harris,and Payson were a dreadful trio,ready for any crime.

L.C.Z. made a fine determined Captain Smollett;and though J.A.L. as Trelawney,and T.F.V. as the doctor ,not to mention Hammond as Gray,had nothing to say,they stood to their guns like men,and looked their parts to perfection.

Yes,we ran over time,of course.But we had a good thrilling chapter of "Greenmantle" before we went to bed,to dream of pirates, burglars,and other little excitements.

THURSDAY, July 12, B.28.90' T.60' Rainy, N.E.

Things began with a tooth-brush raid, which scattered a good many. Always look out for a wet day, brothers, if you want to eat your breakfast in peace.

After reading we had our first singing practice for this year. We worked mostly on rounds, with great success.

SQUAD NOTES.

Yesterday a powerful squad cut and piled the kindling wood, including all that had been picked up along the shore.

Yesterday morning our garden was increased by a good planting of lettuce and radishes.

The aquarium was cemented yesterday, and we hope that it is now as tight as Moab.

This morning the first knot squad went to work, with C.F.B.

We had a new squad to-day, sewing on buttons. Everyone sewed on four, and those who did best were promoted to darning barn-door tears.

Ranlet cut his foot on a mussel-shell in swimming this morning, and joined the Doctor on the crutch squad.

Eggleston is getting very chipper, and though he is not up yet he plays parcheesi in great style.

SOCCER.

Auks	vs.	Andrews.
Austin	c.	Stackpole
J.Chase	i.r.	Hines
P.Chase	o.r.	Brewster
Haskell	i.l.	Lowell
Sherburne	o.l.	Roberts
Auchincloss	c.h.	Andrew
Putnam	l.h.	Biddle
Farnsworth	r.h.	Gignoux
Sylvester	r.f.	Harris
McLain	l.f.	Newbold
Wheelock	g.	Clarke, Mackie

This was the line-up as posted, and as given to us

THURSDAY after the game by R.H.R.,who was in charge.But Brewster, (Cont'd.)
or somebody very like him was out in a rangeley,getting plants for the aquarium in the brook beyond the picnic beach.

The Auks won,3-1.Austin shot two of the goals for the winners, P.Chase the third.For the losing team,R.H.R.,playing for Stackpole, shot the goal.The game was a good one,and showed marked improvement over the first one.The great thing was that the fellows played their positions,instead of chasing about gaily wherever they felt like going.This shows that R.H.R.'s talk theother morning has borne fruit.

TREE.	VAMMERSCHOONER.	WILLIWAW.
S.M.R.	P.S.P.	J.A.L.
P.Collins	Spooner	Payson
R.Collins	Ranlet	Liggett
Corning	Wilson	Howard
Curtis		
Burkel[illegible]		

The tree-men went for a good walk,up by the Snake Point road,and home by the shore,picking out different kinds of trees as they went.

The two boats went up to Meadow Brook after plants for the aquarium,and came back with bladder-wort enough to stock a fish-farm.A.M.R. and Brewster went on the same errand,only not so far, and got hornwort,and water crowfoot.

Hammond went surveying.And thereby hangs a tale.For he took no watch;and judging by the sun that he had plenty of time,was just turning home when S.M.R.,who had been sent out as a search-party,found him.He got home just as the table was being cleared.

Digestion Club was followed by 8-30 Poston,and the half-past neners made words out of "chastisement" and procrastinate".

FRIDAY July 13, B.29. T.60' Foggy S.W. Shower p.m.

This morning the scouting list was posted, and the faculty had a dreamy look. No wonder, after sitting up till midnight sorting out Algonquins and Iroquois.

We have never mentioned the arrival of our new cook. He is here, his name is ~~Campbell~~ Carlyle, and he is long and lively.

This morning Mackie swam to the ladies' slip, and after resting a moment went on to the Ouananiche slip.

SUNDRY DOINGS.

OUANANICHE.		YAMMERSCHOONER.	WILLIWAW.	EBENEZER.
A.M.G.		S.S.H.	S.M.R.	P.S.P.
Payson	Davidge	Andrew	Curtis	P.Chase
Newbold	Breckinridge	Burke	Corning	Auchinloss
Ranlet	Gignoux			R.B.
Clarke	Farnsworth			
Haskell	R.H.R.			
Wilson				
Brewster				
Mackie				

ABOLJOCKAMEGUS.
J.A.L.
Sherburne
Stackpole
A.M.R.

CANOE PRACTICE.
L.C.Z.--C.F.B.

WORROMONTOGUS.	RIPOGENUS.	CAUGHCOMGOMOCK.	ALLEGASH.
Liggett	Howard	Spooner	Sylvester
Austin	J.Chase	McLain	Roberts
Biddle	Hines	Putnam	Lowell
Harris	P.Collins	Wheelock	Hammond

The Ouananiche went to the Mills to get the Doctor's hair cut. They failed in the main purpose of their enterprise as the barber was out, but they had ice-cream, and bought shoes and other articles of use or ornament. They waited for the shower to go by, and so were a bit late to supper

The two rangeleys went fishing, but without success. Then the Commissioner went out on the point, and ~~got~~ eleven white perch. Total number of fish, 11 perch.

The Eben and the Abol went to Fog Brook, against a nice little head wind. We found the going in the main good, though some logs that were cut last year had drifted back into

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) the current, and had to be shoved aside or lifted out. We carried round the little fish-coop, and then came tothe real obstacle; a big tree-trunk that lay right across the stream, resting on the bottom and much too heavy for us to move. We were getting near the end of our time anyhow, and a shower was coming up, so we walked till we could see the road, or at least a Ford going by on it, and then turned for home. The shower caught us before we got quite out of the brook, and for a while it rained pretty hard. There was no wind, but the wild sky looked as something might be coming soon. It struck us just before we reached Oak Island; a good stiff head wind that made us work hard for a while. Still, we got home in time for supper, so it was all right.

The four canoes that were out for practice put in a good afternoon, the result whereof we hope to see on the next Sunday trip, and still more when we come to the canoe races.

After supper came Games on the Hill, a little wet but very lively. Instead of prisoner's base it was soccer and touch-football. All hands had to change shoes when they came down, and a few had to change a good deal more.

Then came a variation of the Voice Game, in which the person questioned makes the noise of various animals. A.M.R. had to make a noise like a yellow perch, and was instantly hailed as T.F.V.

We finished the half-past eighters off with "Chicken-me chicken-me". Incidentally C.F.B. pretty well finished R.H.R.'R shirt, by a hasty clutch at the back of it. It will have to go to the repair shop before it will be much of a shirt again.

And then, in spite of mosquitoes, we went on with "Greenmantle".

Friends are affectionately cautioned not to leave garments on the float after bed-time. Their dreams may be interrupted if they do. How about it, Auk?

SATURDAY July 14, B.29.10 T.61' Foggy S.W.

Our first wrestling morning.There were few spectators,but things were very lively.

Putnam and Sherburne were very good,the buut ending in a draw.

P.Chase and Andrew were also evenly matched.

Stackpole and J.Chase went at it hard,Chase getting a fall in about a minute.

The Liggett-P.Collins bout ended in a draw.

Roberts downed Burke.

We hope for more next time the blankets go on the hill.

The first canoe navigators went out this morning,as follows:

Pink.. .....P.Collins,Breckinridge.
Hecuba.....Austin,J.Chase.
Squannacook....Farnsworth,Clarke.

It is well that some of us are sometimes made to go and wash.One young man,who had been sent to get the traces of pea-shelling off his hands before he began to hull strawberries remarked,"This is the first time I have washed my hands since Sunday".Like the Boatswain tight,"He much resembled pig."

Our new map,which was first distributed round the wall in sections,is now complete,just south of the Tincubator. Fafner has had to move,but he looks better than ever walking along the top of the blackboard.

We had a brief call this morning from Gardiner friends; Miss Ruth Richards,Mrs.Robinson,Mrs.Gray,and Hamilton Gray. Hamilton is taking observations,for he says he is coming to camp when he is old enough.

By dinner time all dopesters were hard at work.Some said senior baseball,one or two remarked that the ~~wind~~ wind was good for fishing.At one time,when a fat black shower bore

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) down on us it looked as if it might be progressive ping-pong. But the thunder grew fainter, the cloud went north, and few were much surprised when Skipper appeared at 2-15, like Orlando, to bid us forbear and read no more. We scattered, with the yell that only scouting can call forth.

FIRST SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

Weather conditions wrre very good; enough wind to cover a good deal of noise, yet not enough to drive the guards crazy; enough dampness to deaden noise, yet not enough to make it really wet, except of course in the swamp.

The first game was naturally the most conservative of the series. No one knew the cover, as it changes from year to year, and there is a larger proportion of new players than there has been for years. The game went to the Algonquins, eight runs to two.

The second game was livelier. Firing was heavy, and runs were fewer. The Iroquois won, three to two. In this game Breckinridge did a good piece of work. The guard next to him was killed, so he covered both positions, killing four men.

The last game was one of very heavy firing. Five Algonquins and two Iroquois were the only ones left when "All in" was sounded. Scoring had also been fairly heavy, and the Algonquins won the game and the afternoon, eight to five.

The following scored two runs in the course of the afternoon:
L.C.Z., Howard, J.A.L., Davidge, Farnsworth.

There was some trouble over ineffective shots. The following are "blank cartridges" or dubs, because they are too indefinite to count: John.(9 in camp).Dick(3).Phil(2).Lowell(2).George(2). Franklin(2).Roberts(2).Freddy(2).Tom(2).Billy(3, or 4 if you count Burke).Chase(2).Collins(2).

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
R.H.R.	✕	•		✕	•	1	✕	••	
A.M.G.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
S.S.H.	✓			✕	••			•••	1
P.S.P.	✓			✕	••••		✕	•	
J.A.L		••	1	✓			✕		1
A.M.R.		•		✕			✕		
Andrew		•		✕			✕	•••	
Auchincloss			1	✓			✕		
Burke	✕			✕			✕		
Clarke	✕			✓			✕	•••	1
Curtis, P.	✓			✓			✕		1
Daviage			1	✕			✕	•	1
Farnsworth			1	✓			✕		1
Hammond			1	✕			✕	••	
Harris	✓			✕			✕		
Haskell	✕	••		✕	••		✕		
Hines			1	✕	•		✕		
Liggett			1	✕	•		✕		
Lowell	✕			✕	•		✕	••	1
Mackie	✕			✕			✓		
Newbold	✕			✕				•	1
Putnam	✕		1	✕	•		✕		
Ranlet	✓					1		•	
Roberts	✕	•		✕			✕	•	
Wheelock	✕	•		✕	••••		✕		
	10	8	8	18	16	2	19	20	8

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
L.C.Z.			1	✕			✕		1
C.F.B.	✕			✕	•••	1	✕		
T.F.V.	✓				•••		✕		
S.M.R.	✓				•		✕	•••	
Austin	✓			✕			✕	•	
Biddle	✓			✕	•		✓		
Breckinridge	✕				••		✕		
Brewster	✕	•				1		•	
Chase, J.		•			•	1	✕		
Chase, P.	✓			✕	•		✕	•••	1
Collins, P.		••		✕			✕	•	1
Collins, R.	✕			✕			✕		
Corning		••		✕			✕	••	
Eggleston	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Gignoux	✕			✕			✕		
Howard			1	✕			✕	•	1
McLain	✓			✕			✕		
Payson	✕				•		✕	•••	
Sherburne		•		✕	•		✕		
Spooner	✓			✕			✕	•••	
Stackbole		•		✕	•		✕		1
Sylvester	✕			✕	•		✕		
Wilson	✕	••		✕			✕		
	8	10	2	16	18	3	20	19	5

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) There was also a little machine gun firing reported. Remember that that is absolutely forbidden, as mucker play of the worst sort. Scouting is a game in which we are upon honor from the word go. There is no question of "getting by with it", because an umpire doesn't see you, or any other of the dirty tricks that spoil so many other good games. A man who cannot keep the rules absolutely is no scout. And that in camp means what nidering meant to the Anglo-Saxons; as severe a condemnation as one could think of.

Well, it was a great afternoon, and we ought to have a great season ahead of us. The faculty certainly did a good job when they toiled till midnight over the division of the new players. Short of a tie game it could hardly have been much more exiting.

After supper the two tribes met, each by itself, to talk things over a bit, and then came hasty doping of charades.

SECOND CHARADE EVENING.

DIRECT. We began at once with tragedy. A peasant woman, sitting in some anxiety with her little nephew, is suddenly told that the Germans are in the village. She sends the children to a safe place, but before she can do much herself comes a heavy knock on the door, and four officers stride in, demanding food and drink. She has no food, but the wine is there. She manages to poison it. As she fills their cups the captain (C.F.B.) fixes her with stern and meaning look, and says "Will you not join us?" There is only one thing to do, and she drains her cup. A moment more, and one man pitches out of his chair. The Captain starts to his feet, but before he can half say what he wants to he crashes down on the table, and thence to the floor. The woman herself is the last survivor. (I didn't invent this cheery scene. It is from Aldrich's "Mercedes.") For the second syllable we had a gallant bark, her crew not in very good order,

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) which got out of her course, and ran upon a reef, which split her to pieces, scattering her crew in the billows. For the whole word we had a chorus rehearsal, P.S.P. directing. As everyone sang as badly as possible his task was not a pleasant one, and he finally gave up in despair.

MISTAKE. We had wondered why Froggy had been going round with a black face, and as soon as we saw him peeping through the hole in the bean-bag board we knew. If we had been in doubt R.H.R. told us about it, in delightfully professional style, and a large crowd collected to "hit the nigger". They mostly missed, of course, but Froggy did some lively dodging. "Take" took us to the war zone again, when R.R. and her family, including a pasteboard baby, marked so that there might be no doubt about it, wwere brutally murdered by a band of Germans, under command of R.H.R. For the whole word we had a class, with R.H.R. as teacher. His hat and his falsetto were alike wonderful, but he utterly failed to tell which was Freddy and which was Frankie; and no wonder, for their caps showed plainly that they were twins. School finally broke up in confusion.

TENDED. This was very hard to guess. To begin with, a line of boys came in leap-frogging. Then they each made a bow, turned a somersault, ate a saucer of ice-cream(?), made another bow, and leap-frogged out. (No one thought of counting, but there were ten of them.) "Dead" was truly awful. A procession of monks with candles brought in a shrouded figure (Haskell) and buried him, as thoroughly as you can bury a person in the middle of the floor. We are afraid that the corpse was more

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) or less alive,as his toes wiggled till the last minute.The whole word was a scene in hospital,with R.R. as the nurse and Breckinridge as assistant.J.A.L. was brought in badly wounded by shrapnel (how many times we have scene him hurt or killed!).We expected him to die,but after much pitiful moaning,and sending word home to his mother,he fell asleep,and the doctor said he would recover.

BLUNDERBUSS. Moretragedy,though we did not see it all.T.F.V. was apparently keeping his brother Jack(L.C.Z.) out of his share of some property,and there was rather a row.Jack went off,and a man came in who wanted his pay.T.F.V. refused,and the man shot him.Jack,who most unwisely came back,was seized as the murderer, and though he struggled and denied his guilt,we rather think he was lynched as soon as he got outside.It looked that way.The bus had a wonderful outfit of gongs,all of which rang all the time. We think the conductor was right in refusing to take T.F.V on board,for he had evidently been celebrating,and his blazer alone was enough to make a disturbance in the traffic.For the whole word,we had Stack left alone by hisfather,with orders to hide in the attic if Indians came.But the intrepid boy seized a blunderbuss, and laid out the whole band of savages.

After all these excitements,added to an afternoon of scouting, we lay on the floor and had "Greenmantle".

SUNDAY July 15
Fair S.W.

Perhaps I ate the weather report.At any rate,I can't find it.But it was a fine day,anyhow.

This morning the camp was electrified to see the South, or a large part of it,come to breakfast in hats.We don't mean that they wore them indoors,but they came up the piazza steps in great style.

This was Paul Haskell's birthday.We wished him many happy returns,and at dinner he had a cake with candles.

Alas! Nine pigs in Camp.We might put them all in the shop instead of a dormitory,and christen it the Pig-pen.

The latest game for swim is tying knots under water. There was also some fine water scouting to-day.

At afternoon reading we finished "The Tempest",and began "Richard III."

This afternoon Eggleston was promoted to clothes and the Infirmary piazza.

PICNIC AT HEMLOCK POINT.

OUANANICHE.		ABOL.	CORKER.	EBEN.
L.C.Z.		C.F.B.jr.	J.A.L.jr.	P.S.P.jr.
Andrew	Breckinridge	P.Chase	Sherburne	Roberts
Austin	Newbold	Stackpole	Corning	Putnam
Liggett	Ranlet	R.T.B.	Payson	A.M.R.
Hoeard	Spooner			
Sylvester	Auchincloss			

L.E.R.		YAMMERSCHOONER.	PANTASOTE.	WILLIWAW.
R.R.		R.H.K.	Hammond	T.F.V.
Brewster	Wilson	P.Collins	Wheelock	Harris
Mackie	Farnsworth	Gignoux	Lowell	Haskell
		J.Chase(c)	McLain(c)	Biddle(c)

EREBUS.	TERROR.
S.M.R.	S.S.U.
Curtis	R.Collins
Burke	Hines
Clarke(c)	Davidge(c)

We had enough of a head wind to get most paddlers very wet,but as it was a warm day no one minded.We found the beach beyond our regular landing place thickly inhabited by Pine Islanders in very odd styles of costume,but we went about our business and left them to theirs.

SUNDAY (Cont'd.) We found our picnic place pretty messy with paper and egg-shells, but a fire soon set things right. Then all hands went up for "Wolf" except the ladies, Breckinridge, whose ankle is not yet what it should be, and C.F.B., whose right eye was rapidly being eclipsed behind a fine large bee-sting.

The game was fast and furious, and there were more bee-stings. J.Chase came back with an eye that matched C.F.B's, though at ordinary times the resemblance is not striking.

And in the bushes they found Gordon Abbott's hat, which had been there since 1915!

We had much supper, and many rounds, and then paddled home in a good line, for the first time this year.

After hymns we had "My Lord the Elephant"; one of the best stories in the world.

MONDAY, July 16, B.29.10' T.66' Fair N.E.

The wind soon swung to north west, and we had hope of canoe tests. As it was, there was some very good practising.

This morning L.C.Z. began a series of talks on anthropology, and told us, among other interesting things, about primitive sign languages.

Eggleston came in to reading, and is once more "licensed to run at large. It is good to have him on deck again.

The radishes are up, and the beans look fine.

Andrew caught a chub off the point to-day.

Total number of fish, 1 chub.

Mrs. Howard and Miss Howard came to see John to-day. Later Mrs. Monks came down from the head of the pond in her automobile, and took them up to her camp.

When our guest arrived this afternoon, one of the faculty who knows Roger said "Unmistakably a Bennett". We have noticed a faint family resemblance ourselves. Thomas D. Bennett

SECOND SENIOR BASEBALL GAME. DINGBATS VS. DUEFUNNIES.

Only seven innings were played, for reasons which will appear shortly. The game was an exciting one, though not so close as it might have been. Still, all the scoring was ~~one~~ done in two innings, and again and again a half ended without a man getting to first.

The two pitchers struck out respectively thirteen and eleven men, and there were only three passes given altogether.

J.A.L. batted for .500, but the hitting in general was light.

As soon as Tom Bennett arrived he was put in at left,

MONDAY (Cont'd.) Sherburne moved to right, and Liggett moved out. On the other side Bill De Lacy played a couple of innings in centre field.

Ding Bats vs. Due Funnies of July 16 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
1	0	0	Putnam	7	K												3	0	0
0	0	0	R. Collins	9	K		K			K							3	0	0
11	2	0	J. A. L.	2													2	3	1
0	2	0	S. S. H.	11	K												3	2	2
2	1	0	Hammond	4		K											3	1	1
1	0	0	R. N. R.	5		K		K									3	0	0
0	1	0	Wheelock	6				K	K								3	0	0
6	0	0	Harris	3			K										2	0	1
0	0	0	Cummings	8			K										2	0	0
0	0	0	De Lacy	8						K							1	0	0
			11																
21	6	0	Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	0	0	0	3	2	0							27	6	5

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	1-b. on errors.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				1	11				2	

Due Funnies vs. Ding Bats of July 16 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
0	0	0	Sherburne	7			K										2	0	0
0	0	0	Davidge	4			K										3	0	1
2	0	0	T. F. V.	5													3	0	1
0	2	0	P. S. P.	1	K												3	0	0
3	0	0	L. C. Z.	3				K									3	0	0
13	1	0	S. M. R.	2		K											3	0	0
0	0	0	Curtis	8		K											3	0	0
0	0	0	P. Chase	6		K				K							3	0	0
0	0	0	Liggett	9			K										1	0	0
0	0	0	Bennett	7						K							1	0	0
			11																
18	3	0	Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	0	0	0	0	0	0							25	0	2

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	1-b. on errors.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
	1			2	13					

In the Bug League the Bone Domes beat the Dum-Dums, 10-8. This is a much better score than that of the last game. The amount of playing done with the vocal organs would still appear, however, to be excessive.

The list posted as chicken hunters caused some excitement, but it only meant that they were to hunt for fouls. They did hunt, too. But one hunts more effectively if one watches the ball.

As for the Quercinsularii, it was some time before they found out that Quercus meant oak. It was on their account that both ball

MONDAY (Cont'd.) games stopped early.

They got off just before supper, in three rangeleys, with duffle bags and lanterns and all complete. Austin was elected captain as soon as they landed, and seems to have done finely.

QUERCINSULARII

T.F.V. P.S.P.

Austin
Haskell
Wilson
McLain
Roberts
Gignoux
Chas. T.
Biddle

They had few mosquitoes, and saw an otter with three young ones; a sight that is not often seen hereabouts.

"Games on the Hill" was followed by "Predicament and Cure", and a brief and painful session of "My Brother's come home from China."

Then came Compendium, with S for the letter. L.E.R. scored 15, R.R. 11, and R.H.R. 10, his being mostly various Smiths and one Smythe.

The first pointers of the season went out to-night, with J.A.L. They had so many mosquitoes that they will probably be the last for some time.

Wild strawberries again for faculty supper. There will not be many more, as the big ones are dropping, and all that are left are little fellows, about the size of small peas. But it is extraordinary to have had them so late as this.

NINE JOHNS. (There are really ten)

Johnny Commish
He catches fish.

John Austin's speed
Is great indeed.

John Randolph Burke
He does not shirk.

John Chase jumps high,
Toward the sky.

John Corning's wrist
Did get a twist.

John Farnsworth's tie
Doth please the eye.

John Hines's yell
Beats any bell.

John Howard walks,
But seldom talks.

John Sherburne wears
Shoes not in pairs.

Apologies to John McLain;
I will not leave him out again.

TUESDAY July 17, B.29.20' T.67' Cloudy S.W.

A very early day.T.F.V.,who had to go in to the dentist,came home from Oak Island at about six.At 6-20 C.F.B. rowed over to take his place.At 6-45 L.E.R. and T.F.V. started for Gardiner and Augusta.

The campers got up at half-past four,and the pointers mostly did not sleep at all,so there were a good many naps in reading and at other odd times.

The Oak Islanders came home in good order just before reading.

The first track and field squad went up for practice this morning.They worked on high and broad jump,and shot put.

The work of lining out the soccer field with lime goes heroically on.It looks like a very dirty job.

Today being Skipper's birthday,we paid our respects at dinner.

MOSTLY FISHING.

YAMMERSCHOONER.	WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTE.	FREBUS.
P.Collins	Bennett	R.H.R.	S.S.H.	P.S.P.
J.Chase	R.Collins	Wilson	Liggett	Eggleston
Wheelock	Roberts	Sylvester	Austin	Riddle
			3 perch	8 sun-fish
				3 w.perch
				2 y.perch

HORNPOUT.	TERROR.
S.M.R.	P.Chase
Newbold	Sherburne
Hines	Breckinridge
1 bass	1 bass

Andrew,on point,2 bass,
2 w.perch
Liggett,on point,2 w.perch

Total number of fish,22½.

WIG-WAG-.
L.C.Z.,J.A.L.
Burke,Davidge
Farnsworth,Lowell,
McLain,Putnam,
Stackpole,Haskell,
Brewster,Clarke,
Auchincloss.

OUANANICHE.
C.F.B.
A.M.R., Andrew
R.B. Curtis
Harris Howard
Payson. Ranlet
Spooner Corning
Mackie
Gignoux

SURVEYING.
Hammond.

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) The signal-corps practised industriously, and then had a thrilling game, in which expert sentinels discovered the lurking foe, and reported them by signal to headquarters.

Just how far Hammond got with his surveying we don't know, but at least he got home in time for supper.

The Ouananiche went down along the east shore to the bay beyond Hemlock Point, where her crew landed. Leaving Howard on the shore to take care of his foot, we went along shore till we found a road, and then walked up Belgrade Hill. The road was the one that runs through the "Wolf" field. At the top of the hill we had a good drink all round, and saw a house that had been on fire in the morning. (It started up again at night, and next morning flames were visible from the bay.) We came back to our boat by the Pine Island road, and found Howard and the Ouananiche safe and peaceful, and scudded home before the wind in plenty of time for a swim.

After supper we built a fire by the faculty tree, and had much singing.

Have you ever played "Blind Bell?" If not, don't. At least, don't play with a big crowd of assorted sizes. We didn't kill anyone, but for a while Biddle looked as if he thought he was killed. So we changed to "Still Palm", which went merrily.

It was too hot for a lively game, and we were too sleepy for a thinking game, so we had "Greenmantle." And the mosquitoes sang and bit.

The pointers had no mosquitoes, but they were driven in about two a.m. by the rain.

WEDNESDAY
July 18,
B.29.29
T.61'
Cloudy
S.W.

Much interesting wrestling this morning.

Sherburne downed Putnam in a lively bout of one minute.

The match between Andrew and Wheelock looked one-sided,but Andrew's lively squirming offset Wheelock's weight and the result was a draw.

By this time Sherburne was ready for another,and took on P.Chase.A draw again,after a very active encounter.

Hammond downed Harris in short order.

Hines and Farnsworth were extremely lively,and evenly matched.

J.Chase challenegd Roberts,and held his own nicely,in spite of his smaller size.

The Curtis-Liggett bout ended in a draw,though at one time Curtis had a scissors that made his adversary grunt.

Auchincloss and Andrew made it a draw,thanks to Auk's incessant rolling.

Newbold downed Putnam by superior weight.

Brewster and Burke ended the series with a draw.

The chinning bar was put up this morning,and Class B tried it before swim.Here is the list of those who got above five:

Sherburne	13
Hines	12
J.Chase	10
Clarke	9
Andrew	9
Putnam	8
Auchincloss	7
R.Collins	7
Stackpole	6
Gignoux	6

There were six who couldn't do it at all.Let us hope that the zero list will shorten,and the list above ten grow longer as time goes on.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) This morning at swim L.C.Z.swam under water beyond the Ouananiche to the corner of the rest house.Anybody else want to try it?

Auchincloss has reestablished the ittle tooth-brush slip which he and Johnny Wiggins built last year,just in front of the aquarium.It ought to be handy for belated northerners.

TERRESTRAQUATICS.

Here was really the "Track and Canoe races" which made so much excitement last year.Class A spent the afternoon in canoes,B and C in a track meet.

Sherburne has been promoted to Class A,Spooner,who was not here for the first meet,is assigned to Class B.Liggett and Wilson were both in the field to-day.Davidge had to confine his energy to running,and Wheelock was entered for the runs and the shot-put.

Class B High Jump.

Name.	Height.
Spooner	4'4"
Liggett	4'1"
Andrew	4'

Of course the entrance of Spooner and Liggett changed matters,but Andrew jumped better than this last time,by two inches.

Class B Broad Jump.

Name.	Distance.
R.Collins	12'8 1/4"
Spooner	12'6"
Liggett	12'

Putnam and Austin,who made second and third last time,were not up to their best form at all.

Class B Shot Put.

Name.	Distance.
Spooner	27'10"
Andrew	26'3 1/2"
Wheelock	25'3"

Andrew has come up since last time,and Wheelock has gone down.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.)

Class B Hundred.

First Heat.

Name.	Time.
R.Collins	14 3/5 s.
Andrew	
Austin	

A good heat.Andrew finished three feet behind Collins,and had ten yards over Austin.

Second Heat.

Name.	Time.
Liggett	14 1/5 s.
Davidge	
Putnam	

Till the very last this looked like Davidge's heat but he looked round at the last minute to see where Liggett was,and Liggett passed him.

Third Heat.

Name.	Time.
Stackpole	15 s.
Spooner	
Wheelock	

A very close thing between the leaders,for Spooner was not more than six inches behind Stackpole at the tape. Wheelock was considerably in the rear.

Final Heat.

Name.	Time.
R.Collins	14 s.
Spooner	
Liggett	
Stackpole	

Collins cut three seconds off his previous time. Spooner was two yards behind hime,and Liggett and Stackpole were tied for third,three yards to the rear.

Class B Four-forty.

Name.	Time.
R.Collins	1 m.19 2/5 s.
Liggett	
Stackpole	
Spooner	
Andrew	

A curious race,for the contestants were evenly spaced,coming in at regular intervals of about four yards.

R.Collins was the winner in his class,with fifteen points to his credit.Spooner came second,with thirteen.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.)

Class C High Jump.

Name.	Height.
J.Chase	3'7"
Brewster	3'4"
McLain	3'3"

Clarke and Gignoux, who made second and third last time, did poorly to-day. Chase has done better, too.

Class C Broad Jump.

Name.	Distance.
J.Chase	11'7 3/4"
Lowell	10'6"
Burke	10'2"

Chase has come up a bit. Clarke and Gignoux, on the other hand, have dropped off considerably.

Class C Shot Put.

Name.	Distance.
Lowell	18'10"
Newbold	16'10"
Gignoux	16'2"

Hines did not make a place this time. Newbold, on the other hand, has come up a good deal.

Class C Hundred.

First Heat.

Name.	Time.
J.Chase	16 1/5 s.
Clarke	
Burke	

Chase had about five feet on Clarke, and Burke was about four feet behind.

Second Heat.

Name.	Time.
Lowell	15 s.
Farnsworth	
Hines	

Lowell had a lead of five yards at the tape, with Farnsworth and Hines tied for second place.

Third Heat.

Name.	Time.
McLain	16 2/5 s.
Roberts	
Wilson	

The leaders were arranged at two-yard intervals. This was the slowest heat, but McLain bettered his time for the earlier meet by a fifth of a second.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) Final Heat.

Name.	Time.
Lowell	Watch wouldn't work.
McLain	
J.Chase	

Too bad the time was lost in this.Lowell had made the best time in the preliminary heats.McLain,however, had been slower than Chase.

Class C Four-forty.

Name.	Time.
Lowell	1 m.28 1/5 s.
J.Chase	
Roberts	
McLain	
Hines	

The three leaders were very close.Then came a short gap,and two more,very close together.After them the gap was a long one.

Lowell wins in his class,with eighteen points.J.Chase stands second,with fourteen.

So much for matters terrestrial.The aquatic doings culminated in some thrilling races,which we report in full.

Standing Doubles,Large.

Hecuba	Hammond,Payson.
Pink	Harris,Bennett.

There was enough of a sea on to make this an uncertain proposition,and life-boats were ready in case of need. The course was the canoe test triangle.The Hecuba made the best start,but both men sat down,and Payson lost his paddle. The Pink turned the rock first,and her lead was increased when Hammond lost his paddle.But half way home on the last leg of the triangle the Pink capsized,and the Hecuba won. The crew of the Pink swam home,towing their boat part of the way.

Standing Doubles,Medium.

Hecuba	Curtis,Sherburne.
Pink	Corning,P.Chase.

The boats were close going out,and fairly steady. The Hecuba had three lengths at the rock,owing largely to

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) better form. On the homeward course, (the race was round Pickerel and back) the Pink got pretty wabbly, and the Hecuba won by seven lengths.

Four-Paddle Crews.

Eben.	Harris, Sherburne, Curtis, Bennett.
Abol.	Hammond, P. Chase, Corning, Payson.

Course round the triangle. The Eben won the inside course. The Abol led at first, but the Eben made a better turn at the rock and gained about half a length. From this point there was never open water between the two boats. The Eben won by eighteen inches, with the Abol gaining on her. It was a wonderful race.

We wish it had been possible to keep score of the amount of bread some brothers ate at supper. The bread was fresh, and very good, and Bill was kept running for more till we wonder that some enthusiasts did not sink exhausted under the table. Never mind. It had been a strenuous afternoon, and bread is the staff of life.

After supper we were ready to be a bit peaceful, from the combined effects of races and food, so it was "Go as you please" till the horn blew for our third sing-song.

THIRD SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

1. Overture, "Chopsticks".....Hammond, Harris.
2. Merryweather Orchestra.
3. Songs.....L.C.Z.
4. Choruses.....My Heart's in the Highlands, Merryweather Boys, Scouting Song.
5. Merryweather Quartette.....T.F.V., P.S.P., R.H.R., S.M.R., S.S.H., L.C.Z., C.F.B.
6. Stunt, "Heinrich und Lise".....R.R., L.C.Z.
7. Stunt, "The Smuggler's Leap"...Curtis, Hammond, Bennett.

Camp Song.

-#-#-#-#-#-#-#-#-

Our Chopsticks grows more elaborate. Keep it up, friends. The

WEDNESDAY more the merrier.
(Cont'd.)

Our orchestra was in great form.When they get time to practise we really dom't see,but they deliver the goods.

L.C.Z. gave us two delightful cowboy songs,and we are getting to do the chorus of the second well,though he didn't give us all the hundred and twenty-seven verses to learn on. He finished by reading (by request) "The Gol-darned Wheel."

The first appearance for the season of the Merryweather Quartette was most welcome.Seven members this year,which is a very good-sized quartette indeed.They gave us "Jerusalem Morning",which is a beauty,"Working on the Levee",and the ever-delightful"Australia",with a number of personal and topical verses.

"Heinrich und Lise" is always funny.This Lise was not quite so meek as Chu-Chu,nor was her Heinrich quite so fierce when roused as T.L.,but it was a lovely scene.When the little episode of the jug etc,was settled they gave us some "local color."

The second stunt was a brief and terrible presentment, in what Mr.Mackaye,for reasons best known to himself,calls "colorful pageantry."Exciseman and smuggler galloped long and desperately,till the former's horse staggered and fell. Then Curtis,a sinister figure with his black eyebrows proffered his dun horse in exchange.The crash which followed told of the horrible fate of pursuer and pursued.

As it was really too hot,we then adjourned to the float for songs and a story.

The night was so warm that Duke's mattress was moved to the piazza,and he was peaceful all night.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.)

VERSES TO "AUSTRALIA."

Pyjamas that are blue and pink
Look just like silk when they've been in the drink;
Hurrah for Pud Curtis!

Oh Mr.Batch has one poor eye,
But the bee that did it is like to die;
Hurrah for the bee-hive!

If Wheelock gains another pound
He won't be ablt to creep around;
Hurrah for Tom Wheelock!

Oh don't get in the Doctor's clutches,
If you do he'll have you on short crutches.
Hurrah for the Doctor!

Oh Awky,tell me where's your shirt?
A midnight walk doesn't really hurt.
Hurrah for old Awky!

VERSES TO "HEINRICH UND LISE."

Gee, I've had hard luck,liebe Lise,liebe Lise.
What's the matter,liebe liebe Heinrich?
Liebe Heinrich,what's the matter?

Oh I've got a pig,liebe Lise,liebe Lise.
How'd you get it,liebe liebe Heinrich?
Liebe Heinrich,how'd you get it?

I was feeling all weak,liebe Lise,liebe Lise.
Buck up and get strong,liebe liebe Heinrich,
Liebe Heinrich,get strong.

How shall I do it,liebe Lise,liebe Lise?
Eat dessert,liebe Heinrich,
Liebe Heinrich,eat dessert.

Oh,I can't do that,liebe Lise,liebe Lise.

Warum nicht,liebe liebe Heinrich?

Liebe Heinrich,warum nicht?

Oh,I got a pig,liebe Lise,liebe Lise.

Like Wilson,liebe liebe Heinrich,

Liebe Heinrich,just like Wilson.

My paddle's in the water,lieber Hammond,lieber Hammond.

Get it out,lieber lieber Payson,

Lieber Payson,get it out.

What shall I get it with,lieber Hammond,lieber Hammond?

With the Hec,lieber lieber Payson,

Lieber Payson,with the Hec.

How shall I paddle her,lieber Hammond,lieber Hammond?

With a paddle,litber lieber Payson,

Lieber Payson,with a paddle.

But my paddle's in the water,lieber Hammond,lieber Hammond.

Get it out,lieber lieber Payson,

Lieber Payson,get it out.

(Sorry I did not make my adjective agree with its noun before.It ought to be "lieber Heinrich",of course. If Francis Perkins were here he would tell me so.)

THURSDAY, July 19,
B.29.32'
T.71'
Fair,
S.W.

The warmest morning we have had this year.It was hazy at the time the report was made,but soon cleared.

The navigation squad finished work this morning with a race.

Pink	R.Collins,Clarke.
Hecuba	Wheelock,Newbold.
Squannacook	Ranlet,Breckinridge.

The course was round Pickerel.The crews were arranged in the order that seems less natural;that is,we have given the bow-man first in every case.

The Pink started best,Squannacook slowest.The Squannacook,on the inside course,steered too far to north,or was carried to leeward,we are not sure which.The Pink turned first,though the Hecuba made the shorter turn.The Pink won by three lengths,Hecuba second.The Squannacook was a very slow third,having turned the rock without holding in the bow.

At reading this morning we finished "Tales of the Great War", and as time was nearly up,had two good letters,one from Francis Perkins,the other from T.L.

Mrs.Spooner arrived this morning,and stayed to dinner.

Andrew caught three white perch off the point.

Total number of fish,three perch.

The plan was to run off able and expert swimming tests,but as soon as the wind caught on to the fact it flattened.Perhaps it wanted to make the tests easier for the weaker brethren.But its philanthropy was not appreciated at all.In fact we felt rather cross.

But feeling cross seldom does any good,so we divided into three squads,as given on the next page,and started off for the surrounding hills.After all,a good hill is a good thing,and it is just as important to be a good walker as to be a good swimmer.

THURSDAY. (Cont'd.)	BICKFORD HILL.	BELGRADE HILL.	HOWLAND HILL.
	R.H.R.	C.F.B.	A.M.R.
	S.S.H.	J.A.L.	P.S.P.
	Wilson	Harris	P.S.P.
	Roberts	Liggett	P.Chase
	McLain	Corning	R.Collins
	Mackie	Payson	Curtis
	Lowell	Ranlet	Hammond
	Hines	Sherburne	Putnam
	Haskell	Wheelock	Austin
	Gignoux	Newbold	Andrew
	Eggleston	Farnsworth	Stackpole
	Burke	Spooner	Sylvester
	Brewster	J.Chase	Bennett
	Biddle	Clarke	
		Auchincloss	

We started together, and separated the the Cooks'. The Bickfordites took the road all the way, and reached the top of their noble eminence without difficulty. They found strawberries, blueberries, blackberries, and grapes, (not all ripe, of course) growing against one wall. Rather a nice wall to live near. They also found a good well, and had drinks all round. Then they came home, in time for a swim.

The Belgrade Hill party were able to report on the state of the house that tried three times to burn down. The third time was successful, and there is nothing left of the main part. Certainly putting out a fire that has got a good start in a wooden house must be a big job, when you ~~are~~ have only a bucket line to do it with. The party had the whole story of the fire, and many good drinks of water, from Mrs. Page, whom we called on the other day. And when they got home, there was the pond, so they went in.

The Howland Hillers took the first pasture road to the right, and thus cut off a big corner. It is pleasanter than the highway, too, except perhaps for the Commissioner, who had rashly started in felt slippers. We went to the top of

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) Bickford Hill, and then cut right across. The bog at the bottom was very deep and black, but no one really stuck. We stayed in the big stony pasture till the steers began to find us too interesting, and then turned back, (on the other side of the fence.). We had a few minutes of bending birches, and then started for home. The only event on the way back was drinks and ginger-snaps at Mrs. Wallace's. We had very little time for swimming when we got home, but we weren't really fit to appear as we were, so we swam; and only a few were late.

R.P. and A.M.G. went to Waterville this afternoon, and came back with the cheerful nesw that one must lie as flat and the other keep as still as possible for a week. Isn't that trying? Still, it is good that they found out how they ought to be behaving.

R.B. and a couple of non-combatants went to the station in style, also in Anderson's Ford, to meet the lady whose signature follows: Molly Hill

After supper, in spite of walks, (and some of us groan dreadfully if we have to walk) "Games on the Hill" was greeted with yells of rapture. It always is, no matter what we have been doing.

Then came "Quiet Games", and last but not least, "Greenmantle."

FRIDAY, July 29, Fair, Warm, Westerly.

Yes,I lost the weather report.But the point is that here was our day for the first all-day expedition of the season.Wash?It could be almost done.Log?Finished before breakfast,thank you.Mending? It can go to-morrow.So packing begain,and frying of bacon,and baking of johnny-cake.

ROCKY.

OUANANICHE.

H.R.	
R.T.B.	M.L.H.
Payson	Spooner
Sylvester	R.Collins
Ranlet	Newbold
Gignoux	Biddle

Passengers.

Burke	Eggleston
Wilson	Mackie

ABOL.	IDENTICAL.
C.F.B.	T.F.V.
Putnam	Liggett
Roberts	Lowell
P.Collins	Haskell

WILLIWAW.

S.M.E.	
Wheelock	
Brewster	
McLain	

MUSKRAT.

CORKER.	KREN.	WORRY.
L.C.Z.	J.A.L.	P.S.P.
J.Chase	Sherburne	P.Chase
Corning	Stackpole	Clarke
Bennett	A.M.R.	Curtis

EREBUS.	YAMMERSCHOONER.
Hammond	R.H.R.
Andrew	Harris
Farnsworth	Hines
	Davidge

This left eight stay-at homes, with backs,ankles,knees,tutoring,and other difficulties,but we were a goodly company.

The carry at the Mills grows more cut-off year by year.Mr Hazlemere has now a sign on the place where we put into Long Pond,but as it faces the pond we didn't see it till half the boats were over,and then it was rather late to do anything about it.He is a curmudgeon, anyhow.

We reached Beaver Brook in good order,and began on food with little delay.

After we had eaten as much as seemed advisable,with climbing ahead,we lay round for awhile,and then started,the Muskrats by land,the Mountaineers by water.

The Mountaineers had a very successful time.So far as we know no one fell i ;but then,the Commissioner was on the

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) other trip.They tried signalling to us,but as we were in shadow it was hard to make things out.They had plenty of time on top,but as it was hot they mostly were very peaceful in their enjoyment of their Alpine summit.And a prettier place than the top of Rocky it would be hard to find.

The Muskrats went up Beaver Brook till they reached the pond, and then plunged into the woods.Before long P.S.P. found the trail, which soon brought us to the deserted house.Then we turned up by the other trail,stopping to fill up at the brook.The real climb was as steep as ever,and mortal hot.Bud Farnsworth allowed that he might die soon,but thought better of it,and in due time we all reached the top.The first arrivals saw the Rocky party plainly. Some of us reached a spring on the far side,and brought back drinks in cups and hats.Others found strawberries,blueberries, raspberries,and checkerberries.So we were thoroughly refreshed when it came time to start.

When we reached the road we started to go down through the field again,but as the lady in the farm-house thought it was bad for the hay we followed the brook.And that is the prettiest part of that very pretty stream,especially the old dam,and the long smooth stretches of rock.We longed for bathing-suits,and several got part way in,through accident of design.

The two parties got home almost at the same time,and almost everyone went for a swim.We should have mentioned before that Wheelock,Eggleston,Davidge,and P.Collins,did not climb,but stayed by the grub and the sweaters.

The paddle home was a lovely one.We tried the Central House landing,out of consideration for Mr.Hazlemere's sign,and found it a good bit longer.

An old gentleman on the piazza thought we were Camp Kennebec.

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) A.M.R., who cannot bear that, explained.

Old Gentleman: "Then will you tell me what it says on the bow of the canoe."

A.M.R. (with some pride): "Ebenezer, Aboljockamegus, Caughcomgomock, Worromontogus."

Old Gentleman: "Holy smoke! Give me that second one again. I muffed it."

It isn't surprising that people notice our names, when they are used to Nellie B., and Trixie, and such footling appellations.

We came home slowly in a beautiful line, and while the canoes landed the rangeleys performed mystic and nautical evolutions round the Ouananiche, most effectively.

We found three guests waiting to welcome us, besides our eight stay-at-homes. I shall have to wait for one signature, but here are the other two. Welcome to all three.

Miss Mount. (She left so early I couldn't get it!)

Arthur Dehon Hiss Garland

Monkey in Sight kept us busy till half-past eight, and then we took our pillows and pursued the fortunes of Major Hannay in pursuit of Greenmantle. So ended a wonderful day. And think of doing Muskrat so early in the season!

SATURDAY July 21, B.29.30 T.69' Fair Calm Heavy shower p.m.

Miss Mount, who arrived yesterday, left us this morning; a very short visit.

At morning reading Mr.Hill talked to us about the war, our part in it etc. We only wish that he had not made it so short.

We have begun "The Voyage of the Discovery" which we have not read for several years.

This morning the Jumbo Oak, which has been dead for a good while, began to come down. C.F.B. took down three sections, and he says that though it is dead, it is not rotten enough so that you would notice it much.

Also the little dead tree, into which Dr. Millet walked one day when he was thinking about someting else, is down. That was a simpler matter, as its roots were mostly rotten. A select faculty squad pulled it out like a bad tooth, during morning reading.

Class A Chinning.

Hammond	14
P. Chase	12
Bennett	10
Payson	10
Liggett	8
Curtis	5
P. Collins	5
Corning	4
Spooner	4
Harris	3
Wheelock	3

The heading for the afternoon list, Manupedibrachiarii, made us scratch our heads a bit. Hands, feet, arms; it might be "My brother's come home from China." But The junior ball line-up was clear, and the rest soon resolved itself into soccer, signalling, and a select boat-building squad.

A big shower had been slowly coming up for over an hour, from the south, which is unusual, but we hoped that it would give us the go-by. And so it did for a while. We signalled, batted, planed, and chased the ball merrily. But when it came there was nothing for

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) it but to dash for cover.So we dashed.One stroke of lightning came so near that one Mammoth said it seemed to come right in the door of the cave.Those in the shop were sure that they saw it strike in the soccer field,and all who were in the water felt it.We could find no signs of its striking,but it must have been pretty near.

SECOND JUNIOR BASEBALL AFTERNOON.
MUD HENS VS. PRAYRY CHIQUENS.

No one can say what the result of this game would have been had we played nine innings.If the shower had held off five ~~innings~~ minutes longer it would probably have been a victory for the Chiquens,as they had a man on third and only one down.But there is no use going into might-have-beens.The score was close, though high.Strike-outs were few,hitting pretty heavy,and errors more numerous than we like.Both teams made changes in their line-up.In the second Sherburne moved out to right field,J.Chase taking his place at second.In the fifth Davidge retired from the mound,and Bennett came in from left garden to take his place.

The best batting was as follows:

P.S.P.	.750
S.M.R.	.666
J.A.L.	.666
Hammond	.666
Putnam	.500

Liggett caught a fly in centre field.Outfield catches are so rare in junior games that we feel like mentioning one when it occurs.

We have no particulars of the soccer game,for R.H.R. started for Baltimore just at supper-time,to take a physical examination.We hope to see him back early in the week.

Mud Hens vs. Prairy Chiquens of July 21 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. bits.
2	1		1 P. Chase	6													4	2	0	
1	2		2 Daudge	1													3	1	0	1
3	4		3 J. A. L.	2													3	3	2	
7	1		4 Hammond	3													3	1	2	
0	1		5 Curtis	5													3	1	0	
0	0		6 Bennett	7		K											3	1	1	
0	0		7 Putnam	4													2	0	1	
1	0		8 Liggett	8			K										3	0	0	
0	0		9 Payson	9													3	1	0	
			10																	
14	9		11																	
			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	4	3	0	3	0								27	10	6	

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
	1			7	1	1-b. on errors.		3		

Prairy Chiquens vs. Mud Hens of July 21 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
0	2		1 S. Chase	9													3	1	1
0	0		2 Shurtleff	4													1	2	0
8	2		3 P. S. P.	3													4	2	3
6	2		4 S. M. R.	5													3	2	2
4	1		5 Wheelock	2													1	2	0
1	0		6 Harris	6													3	0	1
1	3		7 Cumming	1													2	0	0
0	0		8 Lowell	8													3	0	0
0	1		9 Stackpole	7													3	1	0
			10																
			11																
17	11		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	4	0	0	6	0								23	10	7

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				1	1	1-b. on errors.		2	1

Mr. and Mrs. Stackpole were here this afternoon, and stayed to supper.

After supper came the usual doping of charades, and collecting of properties. It may seem sometimes as if this were not worth while, but it saves a great deal of wear and tear on the ledders, and improves the pace at which the charades can be run. We have to step lively to get in our four sides, and no one likes to be cut out for lack of time. Experto crede. (If you do not know what that means, ask of the tutoring squad.)

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) But I realize on looking over my notes that I am getting on too fast. A very select ~~party~~ company, Mr. Hill, J.C., and T.F.V., went to Bog Brook this afternoon, and came home so late that only the first-named dared to come in to supper, and he dove through the window and crawled to his chair. The others ate their supper out behind.

There was a good Quananiche paddle round Oak. Not a record-breaker, but good lively work. And now we come to charades.

ACCIDENTAL. Behold Mr. Hill, very terrible as the Lord Chief Justice, with guards, and J.A.L. as headsman. Miss Hill as Anne Boleyn vainly declared her innocence. Sentence was pronounced and a moment later her head was held up above the wall, to show that it had been duly executed. The second scene showed us Mr. Hill in private life, but still terrible. He bullied his daughter beyond belief; and when he woke up from his nap and drove her suitors away, we hope that she eloped with one of them by way of the window and a rope-ladder. It would have served her pa right. The last two syllables went together; and if ever Mr. Hill gives up the law for dentistry, we shall avoid him. One victim after another was given gas, till the supply gave out. Then poor Dome had a horrid time. But finally the tooth came out, and we hope he felt happier. The whole word revealed the short-comings of Curtis as a waitress. He began by spilling the soup a cup at a time, but finally the whole tray came down, in one grand crash.

RUBICON. The hotel piazza hardly need to be marked. Such gems of fashion as Hammond and Liggett could hardly have been found anywhere else. In striking contrast, Harris came in as native, and explained his views on fishing at some

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) length.The second syllable might have been "Rube" too, for we saw the way friend Lowell does his cubicle,and we don't wonder that L.C.Z. was disgusted.He certainly deserved the pig which "E" brings.The debate on the relative speeds of the float and the Pie-plant was spirited,and we should like to give the full text of the speeches.As they were extempore,however,no notes were available.There was no mistaking Caesar when he entered for the whole word,with lictors,fasces-laden,before,and many attendants.The die was cast,and then,in rubber boots,with his trusty water-wings on his shoulders,the mighty conqueror crossed the stream,and cheered his exhausted limbs with the imperial bath-towel.

PURSUIT. The whole of this word kept us in paths of crime.For the first scene,J.G. and his gang,gambling and accusing each other of cheating,were appealed to by R.T.B. as a Red Cross nurse. The purse in which she had already accumulated funds was too much of a temptation for them,and a brutal hand struck her down. S.M.B. also bit the dust.The second scene followed this in purport, for the matter of killing Sumner was taken up,and a hot argument raged,which ended in a general row.For the whole word,J.G. as a burglar was pursued by a furious posse,armed with "rocks and guns and knives."(We are sorry to have such revelations of J.G.'s life since he left us.We used to think him a perfectly respectable young man.)

WATCHMAN. We have never had a finer boxing match than that presented in the first scene.C.F.B. acted as timer and referee, and managed the affair with a skill that spoke of long experience. The two men,Payson and P.Collins,looked unevenly matched,with the weight decidedly in favor of Payson.And in the first round Wild Bill certainly punished his opponent heavily.After a brief interval

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) of sponging and fanning with towels they went at it again,and this time the Cleveland bantam began to get his innings.Bill fought hard,but again and again it was eight before he could stagger to his feet.At last a well-aimed blow landed him in the solar plexus,and he took the full count. With "man" we came to crime again.P.S.P. hid under the bed, and A.M.R. came timidly in to put her dear little family to bed.A sweet sight they were in their pajamas.She then searched the premises for possible burglars,and caught sight of the lurking ruffian.Alarums,excursions!For the whole word,Andrew as a very sleepy watchman was attacked,gagged,and bound to his chair by C.F.B. and P.S.P.,who then broke open the safe and bolted with its contents.

We ended on the dot of 8-45,after as fine a string of murder,robbery,and execution as we have ever had.

THROUGH THE FOG TO BOG.

(A pipe dream.)

It was a wintry summer's day
On which that threesome sailed away-
The Legal Light,and Tom,and me-
The Indianaman,and me,
The Medic,on a sort of spree,
Into the crick,through wind and fog,
That's known as Bog.

"Oh,Medic"(quoth that Legal Light)
"That pipe of yours-disgusting-quite-
Some legal thing-an act in tort-
A simple little act in tort,
Or something legal of that sort
Should throw that pipe of yours,you dog,
Into this Bog.

"You notice that I do not stoke
A briar furnace, spitting smoke-
(A horrid vulgar thing, I swear-
A most disgusting thing, I swear-
It smells a bit like burning hair,
And spreads a most obnoxious fog
Around this Bog."

The Indianaman he strove
To cleave the waves that weaved and wove-
He did not mind that pipe, did he-
(He did not smell the smoke, you see;
The wind was blowing him to me)
Then in that brook we struck a log,
(That's known as Bog.)

We pushed, we pulled, we hauled, (we swore)
With paddle, pickaxe, mast, and oar,
And then that horde came straight away,
Obscuring all the light of day-
Mosquitoes, searching for their prey-
And took a buzzing biting jog
Around that Bog.

"Oh, man of Death, Doom, and Disease,
A dash of citronella, please-
Or, having none, we pray you, then,
Though deafness blot you from our pen,
To smoke that rotten pipe again."
I smoked. Mosquitoes' bodies clog
The Brook of Bog.

J.G.

SUNDAY July 22
B.29.18
T.71°
Calm
Fair.
Shower
p.m.

There was a light spatter early in the morning, but that was when the weather man was still wrapt in slumber.

This morning Mr. Welden, a friend of Eggleston's, came to see how we was making it.

Farnsworth caught a bass before dinner.

Total number of fish, 1 bass.

PICNIC TO SOUTHEAST BAY.

WORRY.	ABOL.	RIP.	CORKER.	EBEN.	TERROR.
J.G.	J.A.L.	C.F.B.	P.S.P.	L.C.Z.	T.F.V.
Roberts	P.Chase	Hines	Austin	McLain	Liggett
Sherburne	Clarke	Corning	Biddle	Brewster	Farnsworth
Bennett	P.Collins	R.T.B.	A.M.R.	Sylvester	Wilson

OUANANICHE.		WILLIWAW.	YAMMER.	IDNTICAL.
A.M.G.		S.S.H.	S.M.R.	Hammond
Spooner	Stackpole	Curtis	Wheelock	Payson
Andrew	Auchincloss	Burke	Gignoux	Lowell
Davidge	R.Collins			
Harris	Newbold			
Howard	Ranlet			
L.E.R.				
Putnam(paddled coming home.)				
J.Chase				
Breckinridge				
Eggleston				

All hands bring sweaters and rubber coats!

You see the weather was very uncertain. A big shower was going east and south, and a second one was trying to form overhead. When it seemd to be making a failure of it we set sail. But though we got no rain from either shower, the wind from the eastern one caught us just between our point and Hemlock point, with a hard blow, and a sort of cross-fire of choppy sea that was most unpleasant. We headed up into it, and worked hard, bow men getting very wet. When it passed we turned south again, into a nice little head wind, so it was prety late when we made our landing. There was no time for any walk so we gathered round a good fire for supper. Shirts on? Surely. If a shirt is soaked, it may be put on over the sweater and looks very distinguished.

SUNDAY (Cont'd.) Another shower paied us a short call,but we ate and sang,and didn't care.And when we started home,it was only a wonderfull towering mass of white and rosy gold in the south.

Much changing of clothes cut our time for hymns short, but what we had were good ones.And our story"His Duty",is a wonder.

The only sad thing to chronicle for the day is that the Hills left us by the afternoon train.

TUESDAY, July 23, B.29.24 T.74' Fair Calm.

Just the same kind of day that has been the fashion for some time, with thunder-showers all round in the afternoon. None reached us, but we were uneasy at times.

The day began very early for some people. At 4-45 a watchful observer might have seen the forms of T.F.V., J.G., and the Commissioner stealing softly down the slip, armed with rods and other tackle. They glided away like ghosts, and were lost round the Point. They came back triumphant, with six good bass. Early fishers do not always fare so well.

Tom Bennett left this morning, to our great regret.

This morning J.G. gave us a talk on anatomy and hygiene.

SQUAD NOTES.

The logging squad toiled manfully to-day, adding to our supply of firewood and tidying up our forest reservation. J.G. got one log which weighed seven hundred pounds; at least, so he said.

O'Grady's Goat as a squad puzzled us; but they dealt forcibly with the tin can question. Cans make poor fuel, and people will put them in the paper barrel, to go up to the bon-fire.

The boat squad washed every boat thoroughly, even to the under side of the bottom boards. (And then we had fishing, and got them all dirty again. Such is life.)

Burke swam to the Ouananiche to-day, and after a pause to breathe swam back. Ready for the Point, Billy?

Eggleston tried an interesting experiment in the line of diving into shallow water. In consequence he is wearing a wonderful melon bandage on his head, most beautiful to see.

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) Andrew and J.Chase caught two bass before dinner.

FISHING.

WILLIWAW.	CHUB.	HORNPOUT.	WOBBLER.	YAMMER.	ARKLET.
S.S.H.	T.F.V.	J.A.L.	P.S.P.	R.T.B.	J.G.
Austin	Corning	Spooner	Liggett	Wheelock	Putnam
McLain	Andrew	Gignoux	Wilson	Clarke	Farnsworth
Brewster	6 bass		Mackie	6 bass	6 bass
2 bass	1 pickerel		1 pickerel	1 pickerel	1 pickerel
			1 w.perch		1 w.perch
			1 sunfish		

IDENTICAL.	TERROR.
Hammond	Howard
P.Chase	Biddle
J.Chase	Hines
1 bass	
1 pickerel.	

Total number of fish,37.

ARBOREAL APES.	SHIP-BUILDERS.
H.R.,C.F.B.,S.M.R.	L.C.Z.
Burke,P.Collins	Auchincloss
Curtis,R.Collins	Breckinridge
Davidge,Lowell	Eggleston
Roberts,Sherburne	Sylvester
Stackpole,Haskell	Payson
	Ranlet
	Newbold

The ship-builders built,with varying success,all the afternoon.

The Apes did not climb trees,but studied trees up along the shore,to the number of about twenty-five different kinds.There seem to be some among us who prefer not to know the difference between a maple and a pine,but there are really few advantages in being ignorant.And it is a good deal more important to know a tree than to be able to distinguish all the makes of automobiles,or to be well up in the batting averages of the Red Sox.

All the fishing boats but two stayed out to supper,so there was only one table."Games on the Hill",however,went on as usual, and then half-past eight Boston.Breckinridge was mistaken for Davidge and Auchincloss,and Davidge was called Brewster.Also C.F.B. was called Beef Parker.

Davidge made a brilliant play,dodging between Spooner's legs. This is not often successful.

Then came a big fish-cleaning party,with a swim all round afterwards,partly as a reward,partly to get clean.

TUESDAY, July 24, Fair, Warm, N.E.

Probably the thumb tacks were needed to post the new table list. At any rate, the weather report was gone before night. What little wind there was died, and it was mostly pretty calm all day.

J.G. left us this morning, alas, but to console us R.H.R. came back; with his hair cut so short that some of the small boys did not recognize him. He passed his physical examination, (this makes four) and is to wait developments.

As long as we are on departures and arrivals, we mention here that T.F.V. went in town to have his troublesome tooth attended to again.

The Skipper is giving us a couple of talks about boats and canoes, and the management and mismanagement of them.

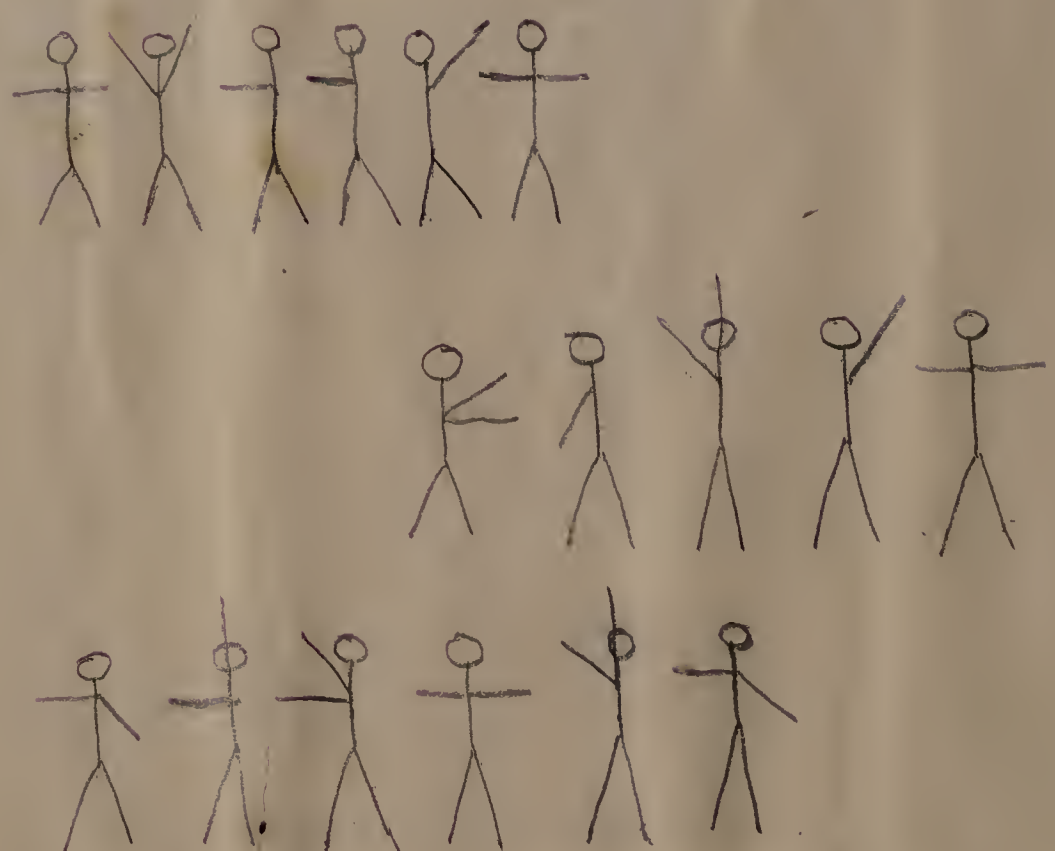
The notice below puzzled a good many, but we have enough signallers in camp to read it, and discover that it meant Rubber Water Sports, though some were in doubt as to what such sports might be, and the word was passed round that the proper costume was rubber coat, hat, and boots. But soon we were ready and armed for the fray.

No, there doesn't seem to be room for it on this page, so it can go on the next. Here is the full list of events:

1. Blindfold race.
2. Enemy in Camp.
3. Hand-paddle Sixes.
4. Crab Race.
5. Gunwale Race.
6. Barrel Race. (not finished.)
7. Tug of War.
8. Relay Race.
9. Moab Race.
10. Hand-paddle Race, Faculty vs. Half-past niners.

The last was the outcome of a challenge, and the tug of war was added to the original schedule when the full difficulty of the barrel race appeared. It was a full afternoon, but we finished before half-past five! Hurrah for efficiency!

A·D·VIII·KAL·AVG·



BLINDFOLD RACE.

Yammerschooner, Newbold.
Williwaw, Hines.
Pantasote, Spooner.
Erebus, Ranlet.
Terror, Auchincloss
Identical, Stackpole.

The course was straight out to Pickerel; at least that was what the contestants were to try for. The first two men, and the fourth, would have rammed the shore at or near the embankment if they had not been stopped. Stackpole headed for Monkey Point, and went much too far. Auchincloss went very fast, and would have steered a very good course if his objective had been Pine Island instead of Pickerel. Spooner went very cautiously, and rowed a good deal with one oar, backing water at intervals. The result was an elaborate series of figure eights, which if straightened out

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) would have landed him on Hoyt's Island.He was very near Pickerel at one time,but as he did not know it,and went away again,it did not do much good.On the whole Stackpole did better than anyone else.

ENEMY IN CAMP.

WORROMONTOGUS.	CAUGHCOMGOMOCK.	ABOLJOCKAMEGUS.	EBENEZER.
P.Collins	Wheelock	Curtis	Payson
#Davidge	Roberts	#Sherburne	#P.Chase
Clarke	#Corning	Farnsworth	Andrew
Hammond	Liggett	Harris	R.Collins

The course as usual was from Pickerel in;the enemy, whose name is starred in every case,to sink the boat if he could by filling her.Davidge got his boat sunk first,though she paddled fast.Sherburne also made good time with the dipper,and downed the Abol.The other two boats got across the line,Eben first,Corker a good second.It was a fine race.

HAND-PADDLE RACE.

YAMMERSCHOONER.	WILLIWAW.
P.Chase	Corning
Brewster	Roberts
Howard	Sylvester
Austin	Farnsworth
Lowell	J.Chase
Ranlet	Pines

The course was from Point to float.Both crews steered remarkably straight,but we doubt if one hand over the side gives quite the power of two.The Williwaw went a little too far in shore,but the Yammerschooner beat her by only four lengths.

CRAB RACE.

PINK.	SQUANNACOCK.	HECUBA.	GRAYLING.
Liggett	Howard	Auchincloss	P.Collins

In this cheerful contest you sit in the stern of your canoe,and paddle it stern foremost,causing it to revolve on its axis with great frequency,if you are not careful.The course was from Point to Float.

The Grayling went over at once.The Squannacook and the Hecuba proceeded in circles a good deal of the time.The

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) Pink, though she did more backing than was quite according to Hoyle, crossed the line first. The Squannacook, which was coming up fast, turned round at the critical moment, and could only make second. The Hecuba did not finish.

GUNWALE RACE.

PINK.	SQUANNACOOK.
Sherburne	R.Collins
Wheelock	Davidge

Both crews were to stand on the gunwales. The course was from the Point to the float. The Pink was very cautious, and no wonder. The Squannacook started well, but went over. After climbing in again her crew brought her along, but she had shipped so much water as to be unseaworthy. The Pink crossed the line, spilling Wheelock out as she did so. It was a fine race.

BARREL RACE.

First Heat.

J.Chase Sylvester Spooner Andrew

The course was from the float straight out to a line between two boats, but no one was able to start. The idea was to sit astride of the barrel, and paddle with a double-bladed paddle; but as soon as the starters on the float released the barrels, everyone rolled, flopped, or slid off. It was a merry sight, but it soon became plain that nothing more could happen. So the race was called off, and there was no second heat.

TUG OF WAR.

HECUBA.	SQUANNACOOK.	GRAYLING.	PINK.
Spooner(p)	Austin(p)	J.Chase(p)	Andrew(p)
Sylvester(f)	Stackpole(f)	Lowell(f)	Newbold(f)

The boats were started about abreast of the Ouananiche slip. The two men faced each other, one paddling for the float, the other for the Point. The first one to reach his goal won. Spooner was gaining on Sylvester from the start, and when the latter fell out his victory was assured.

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) Austin and Stackpole both went out, but Austin got in again, and before Stackpole could catch him was master of the situation. Lowell went overboard, and J.Chase, after heading the wrong way, and reaching the float, finally got to the Point. The Pink did not finish, as neither Newbold nor Andrew could stay in long enough to get much of anywhere.

RELAY RACE.

PINK.	SQUANNACOOK.
Harris	Hammond
YAMMERSCHOONER.	WILLIWAW.
Payson	Curtis

The canoes paddled to Pickerel, where they jumped out. They then got into the rangeleys, and towed their canoes in, the oarsman rowing. The Squannacook showed most speed at the start, but Harris gained on him, and got overboard first. Hammond knocked his paddle overboard in jumping uut, which probably cost him and Curtis the race. At any rate it was a very close finish.

MOAB RACE.

Clarke	1 m.18 4/5 s.
Brewster	1 m.59 1/5 s.

As there is only one Moab, the contestants were launched singly, and timed. Brewster used his double paddle in the usual way, but Clarke used only one blade, sculling in front of his "boat". This developed great speed without diminishing steadiness, and gave him the race. Both men were standing up.

This ended the schedule as posted, but as there was plenty of time, and no one wanted to stop, a great hand-paddle race was arranged, Faculty vs. Half-past niners. The course was from Point to float, as usual. A dramatic touch was added by the sudden arrival of T.F.V. When he appeared the crews were already in position, but he ran down

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) to the Point and swam out to the facility boat. We expected to see her tip over or swamp when he climbed in, for she lay perilously low in the water, but the difficult feat was performed in safety.

YAMMERSCHOONER.	WILLIWAW.
Harris	L.C.Z.
Hammond	C.F.B.
Sherburne	R.H.R.
Payson	T.F.V.
Curtis	S.S.H.
P.Collins	P.S.P.
R.Collins	S.M.R.
Spooner	J.A.L.
Corning	
Howard	

The speed of the two crews was amzing. Both boats were nearly awash, and bets were freely exchanged on the probability of both swamping. The half-past niners steered the better course, and crossed the line, victorious by a brief interval, amid the plaudits of the multitude. So ended as good a water day as we have ever had.

After supper we had Boats, for the first time this year. Some paddled, some landed for fire and stories, and some fished. It was a lovely evening.

Total number of fish, 5 bass.

And later we finished "Greenmantle", with the downfall of both villains, male and female, and the success of the Allies. It is a very good story.

WEDNESDAY
July 25 Wrestling again this morning, though not till
B.29.50.
T.71' a bit late.
W.
Overcast. The encounter between P.Chase and Sherburne was very snappy, and ended in a draw.

The bout for the championship of the Collins family was also a draw, so the championship will to have to be a divided honour for the present.

J.Chase downed Wilson, in spite of the latter's active rolling and extra five pounds.

Harris and Payson also wrestled to a draw, Payson's wriggling making up for Harris's weight.

Auchincloss and Andrew were also closely matched.

Billie Burke is now allowed, under supervision, to jump off the float with the swimmers. He means to pass the test this week.

The non-swimmers had some races between the ropes this morning. Haskell and Wilson each won once.

THIRD SENIOR BASEBALL GAME.
HOWLS VS. GROWLS.

A very close game, which would have been a fast one if there had not been so many lost balls to look after. As it is one ball is in the swamp and another up in the long grass, and the game was finished with one that was picked up somewhere in the bushes, left out from a previous game.

Scoring was light, for at the end of the fourth the count was still 1-1. In the fifth the Howls led by two for their half inning, and by one when their rivals had had their turn. Then not another man crossed the plate till the last half of the eighths, when the Growls struck a batting streak, and three of them came home, as the result of two two-baggers

WEDNESDAY and a good long single. In the ninth the Howls could not
(Cont'd.)
get a man as far as second, so it was all over but the shouting,
which by the way was unusual and picturesque.

J.A.L. batted for 1000, S.S.H. for .500; otherwise the batting was light. S.S.H. fanned thirteen men and P.S.P. fourteen, but the latter gave four passes.

Putnam made a good catch in left field, and Corning at centre made one which put two men out and ended the inning. Good for the outfield.

Grants vs. Howls of July 25 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base bits.
0	0		1 J. Chase	9	F7		K				5-4	F5					5	0	1
0	1		2 Dunlap	4					K								4	0	0
14	6		3 J. M. K.	2	F2				4-3								4	1	0
0	2		4 P. S. P.	11	K												4	1	1
3	1		5 T. F. V.	5				K		K							4	2	1
10	0		6 L. C. J.	3		K				1-3		3-1					4	0	1
0	1		7 P. Chase	6				K		F5							4	0	1
0	0		8 Curtis	8		K					K	K					4	1	1
0	0		9 Putnam	7		K			K		4-3						3	0	0
			10																
			11																
27	11		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	2	0	2	0	3	36	5	6
Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base bits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
	2			4	14	1-b. on errors.													2	

Howls vs. Grants of July 25 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
2	0		1 Corning	8	4-3 2-3	K			2-3		K		6-4 0				4	0	0
1	0		2 Putnam	7	K		K				F2		3-4 0				5	1	0
14	0		3 J. A. L.	2			5-3										2	2	2
1	1		4 S. S. H.	1			4-3				F3						4	0	2
1	2		5 Hammond	4	1-3				K			2-4 0					3	0	0
2	1		6 R. H. R.	5		03		1-3		(K) 2-3		K					4	0	0
3	1		7 Harris	3				K		K							2	0	0
0	0		8 Wheelock	6		K		K		03		2-3					4	0	0
0	0		9 R. Collins	9					K				K				2	0	0
			10																
			11																
24	5		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	1	0	1	0	1	2	3	0	3	0	3	0	30	3	4
Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base bits.	3-base bits.
	1			0	13	1-b. on errors.													1	

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) SOCII COLEOPTERII.

BUGS. vs. PUTS.

Some were rather alarmed at the heading, but it is only the way Julius Caesar expressed himself when he wanted to say Bug League, as he often did, no doubt.

The game was pudding-ball this time, and seems to have been a lively one. The Bugs had ten men up in the first inning, and made six runs, but after that things tightened. The nextreally heavy scoring was in the eighth, when the Puts went round the bases for four runs. We don't give the score card, because, though tidier than any we have had from the Bug League this year, it still leaves a good deal to be desired, and also because pudding-ball is distinctly a minor sport.

After supper it was cool enough for Games on the Hill, and then came the

FOURTH SING-SONG.

1. Overture, "Chopsticks".....Hammond, Harris.
2. Violin Solo, "Adoration" .....P.Collins.
3. Songs... .....Harris.
4. Choruses.....The Cameron Men, Lilliburlero, The Merry Merryweathers.
5. Stunt.....L.C.Z., C.F.B.
6. Song... .....T.F.V.
7. Stunt, "Ka-foozle-um".....R.H.R., S.S.H., Harris Howard, Spooner.

CAMP SONG.

Our good old overture continues to thrive, with new elaborations every time. Oh thur be it ever.

Our first violin solo for the year was delightful. It certainly must not be the last.

Harris gave us two good songs, the first very pretty, the second extremely funny. No one would have guessed in what a

WEDNESDAY sinister light he was soon to appear.
(Cont'd.)

The first stunt was a brilliant display of mental and physical development.L.C.Z.,a Polish nobleman who had taken up the show business to restore the fallen fortunes of his house,had with him a very wonderful Crow Indian;the best Crow,barring none,who was naturally an expert at the crowbar dance.Never have we seen this startling rite,or orgie,whichever it is,more startlingly rendered than it was to-night.We felt that at any moment the noble savage might pick up a crowbar in each hand,and run amuck through the audience.As he could speak no English except numbers,the conversation of the two was carried on in the Crow dialect.(Where did they learn it?Why,we had an old Crow in camp for a while last summer.Ask C.F.B.,if you don't believe me.)

There was an amazing display of mind reading, the Indian chief telling in his own forceful mother tongue the names of articles which he could not see.Then came hair-raising feats of strength, culminating in the lifting of a huge barrel,which had been filled with rocks so heavy that each one was a load for a strong man.

T.F.V. sang us "Drink to me only with thine eyes",giving us a brief interval of music between two hair-raising experiences;for though the second stunt went to music,and he sang it,the music was perhaps hardly the main consideration there.The drama turned our minds from the softer art.

With the first verse appeared Harris as the Turk;and imposing indeed he was,with his two scarlet slaves behind him.A moment later the fair sad heroine of the play glided into the room,gleaming in purple and gold,like the Assyrian,but half veiled in white,like the moon seen through fog.(A neat simile? I think so.)Then came the "perfect lamb".Ask his pupils if this is the impression they

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) get.We hardly think it.At any rate,he was a most picturesque figure,in blue and white,with the necessary three hats adorning his manly brow. No wonder the maiden fell a victim to his charms at once.Then came the terrible conclusion;the discovery,the bow-string--and,in a ghastly red light,the two hapless ghosts,still clasping each other fondly. It was very moving.

After all this we still felt energetic,so we played telegrams.The words was Arabesques,the subject "The Boston Tea-party.Here are some specimens.

King George to General Howe.

All rotten Americans belong elsewhere send Quincy unless enemy suspects.

To his Majesty George III,Buckingham Palace.

Awful report assassins bunk eatables.Ham quietus unmercifully eclairs smeared.

Jedediah Thompkins,SS.Ka-fooze-um.

Captain to King George.

Awful red assassins bust every slab.Quacking upstarts end show.

To a patriot,from one of the party.

All render aid.Batchelder enlightens secrets;quenches usurper's endless strength.

Neptune's Daughter to Neptune.

Awful reek at Boston estuary.Strange queasiness usurps every subject.

Neptune to his daughter.

Am rushing Aeolus.Be easy.Squall quells usual everyday smells.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) A Royalist to Editor of Transcript.

Antediluvian riots bestial.Evident simpletons quake under estimable sovereign.

King George to Parliament.

Am really at best entirely stuck.Quickly use every soldier.

Owner to Partner.

All ruined.American boors,evading British energy,swamp quietly,unbeknown,elegant Souchong.

Captain to King George.

Avast,royalty.Apache brutes exenterate ship quite unexpectedly,expelling Souchong.

A Tory lady to a friend.

Alas,reprehensible aborigines bundle exquisite spicery quickly under eternal sea.

THURSDAY, July 26, B.29.34' T.75' Clear calm.

Fortunately it did not stay calm, or we should have had a hard day of it. A good southwest blew most of the day.

T.F.V. and his gang of pointers went fishing early, and caught one bass.

The first camping trip of the season started off this morning, heading apparently for Long Pond. We shall hear all about it by and by.

Burke is now a full-fledged swimmer. Mackie swam alone to the float, and Wilson to the ladies' slip, so we are coming along well.

A good letter to-day from J.R., who is now in New Haven with his company.

The second Quercinsularii went off at three, for their wild and lonely isle. We saw their lights during the evening, and wished them well.

SUNDRY STUNTS, CHIEFLY FISHING.

PANTASOTE.	IDENTICAL.	ARKLET.	CHUB.	HORNPOUT.
R.H.K.	T.F.V.	P.S.F.	Liggett	Payson
Eggleston	P.Chase	Auchincloss	R.Collins	Newbold
Wilson	Biddle	Gignoux	J.Chase	Austin
8 perch	1 bass	38 perch	1 bass	
1 bass		2 bass		

Total number of fish, 52.

I know that doesn't add up right, but I have included the bass that the early fisherman caught. Of course the Arklet did not break a record, but it was first-rate fishing. Too bad that others did not strike the same luck

Camping Trip
July 26th

Corning
Harris
Ranlet
Sherburne
Wheelock

C.F.B.

Yammerschooner
Williwaw

QUERCINSULARII · II
A·D·VII·KAL·AUG·

Brewster
Burke
Clarke
Farnsworth
Hines
Lowell
Putnam

J.A.L. jr. S.M.R.

Identical
Pantasote

3 P.M.

THURSDAY (Cont'd.)

GUANANICHE.

L.C.Z.
A.M.R.
Andrew
P.Collins
Curtis
Hammond

S.S.H.
Howard
Sylvester
Spooner
Breckinridge
Davidge
Roberts
Stackpole

The objective of this company being the Caves, we went right over to the little beach behind Hoyt's.

Our path was made easier by the fact that L.C.Z. had thoughtfully ordered the hay cut in both fields, so we only had to walk round a small garden patch, where we found a patriot at work.

The apple tree over whihh J.G. suffered so was in its place, and we had no trouble with the path. It was hot, but raspberries and blueberries helped us to hold out, and soon we were on the big shelf overlooking Long Pond.

It was too breezy for a good echo, but we explored the Caves a good deal, and found them very cool. We might move in, if this hot spell continues.

We paddled home in good time, and had a most welcome swim.

After supper a band of experts (more or less) cleaned the fish, and the garden volunteers watered the beans.

Then came "Towel" for the juniors, in a smaller circle than usual. It seems queer to have fifteen people out at once.

The half-past niners adjourned to the float, and played "Earth, air, and water." Of course throwing a handkerchief is not safe, so we hailed each other instead. It worked very well.

Camp "Imagainontagain."

On Thursday, the 26th of July, the first camping trip of the season embarked for the wild shores of Long Pond. After a pleasant delay, caused by a hitch in the commissary department, Camp "Imagain ontagain" set out in ye goode shippes "Yammer schooner" and "Williwaw."

The "Williwaw" was manned by Morgan Harris, Tommy Wheelock, and Ranny Raulet. The crew of the "Yammer" were C.F.B. jr., Ian Corning, and Johnny "Sherbin". The last two young ones were a wild pair, and made up, by lightness, the extra weight in the "Willi."

The trip to the Mills was marred only by the discovery of the ommission of our luncheon. We landed at the sinking float, and used the Central House carry. Our carrying time was about fifteen minutes, mostly spent in feeding bait frogs to the enormous bass in the stream. One old bass was so tame that he would take frogs right out of our fingers.

When we had our cargo and ourselves once more in the boats, we started gaily out on Long Pond. We had planned to camp on the last point between the Narrows and the Hotel, and thus get all the possible benefits from any southerly breezes.

with headquarters on this point, we were aiming at Hornbeam Hill, Moose Pond, and perhaps "Virginny mounting." As soon as we had everything shipshape at our camp, we went into the swim. There were a number of goodsized Popple logs scattered along the shore, which were wonderful to swim with. Water scouting, with the pulp logs for floats and cover, was at once instituted. The logs made very mobile cover — in a clockwise direction.

Our objective for the afternoon was Hornbeam Hill, by land. We had decided on the beach near Broad Jump Brook as our lunching place, because I remembered that there was a nice cool little brook there. So we came out of our swim, got in the boats, and rowed over to the said beach. The brook idea was fine; but the brook was dry. We drank pond water. We followed a path up through the pasture to the farm on the Marrows road. This road joins the "road to Rome" and then swings south. We swung. Soon a poorly kept road turns off to the left, running about south over the hills west of the pond. We crossed Broad Jump brook, (in which Ranny wanted to swim — until he saw it) and kept going. Finally we reached the main road from Virginia to East Mount Vernon.

Was it hot? Well, it wasn't exactly <u>cold</u>. We had stopped at a newly-fixed-over house for a drink. Their water had the "meadow" taste that

the water at Andersons has. We did not drink there, but went on to the well-known farm at the head of the woodroad from the Hornbeam Hill landing.

We went up the hill the usual way, past the enormous canoe birches. There are several which measure over six feet in circumference, shoulder high. Most of the spruce on the hill had been cut out last winter, and the slash was much in the way. Where the spruce had been cut, the recent rains had washed away most of the soil. The raspberries near the top were wonders; and we did our best by them. It was so hot that we decided not to try to go "over Vinny way" that afternoon, and, after studying the map, we decided also not to go down to Moose pond, as we would only have to come up again. Most of us just lay and melted, but not so Sher and Baggins, who maintained a running scrap around, over, and on us who were nearly asleep.

At last we came down, and returned to the farm with the well. Here we had more rest, also water. The walk home went quickly enough, with the prospect of a swim on reaching our camp. Ranny regaled us with a long dissertation on Buffalo, Henry Eastman, his gifts to the city, its magnificent parks, etc. etc. At Broad Jump Brook we regretted not having our boats there. To make this walk right, you should go up the brook to the road,

thereby cutting off about a mile at each end.

Soon we reached the boats, got in, and rowed to the point. Buggins and Johnny Sher alternated at the bow sculls of the "Yammer". They changed every time we landed, thus no one but they knew which was due to row, and which to cox. The crew of the "Willi" were more impartial, and seemed to consist of three very excellent coxswains. Even before reaching our landing both coxes were out of the boats and in the pond. We all followed soon. When we came out of our swim, we pitched the tent, and started supper.

After supper, as soon as everything had been seen to— dishes washed, beds made up, skeeto netting put on tent— we decided to go straight to bed. It was hot, and the skeeters were holler. We all took a quick dip, in and out, and then crawled into the tent. By the way, the lantern did not die until we were in bed. This oil was lighter than water, and went up the wick first. But we did not all sleep. The skeets seemed to be able to get into, but not out of, the tent. Strange.

About two o'clock we held a council of war and agreed that there would be fewer mosquitos if we were out in the boats. So we got out of the tent, into the boats, and out on the pond. We ate a round of cold

boiled potatoes, which went just to the right place. As there was no wind, we could stop easily. Each one devised his own position. Here is mine: Head on one gunwale, lying on the middle seat, with legs on the other gunwale. Most of us slept well, until it was light. Moral: Put mosquito netting on the tent before the animals come out at dusk.

Just before sun-up we went in, had a swim, and started breakfast. After a leisurely breakfast we broke camp. As it was as hot as the day before, we were taking things very easily. Eagle Pond, which none of us had ever been in to, was our morning's objective. When we had packed up everything at camp, we rowed across to Broad Jump Brook. The entrance to the pond is slowly being blocked up by the water-lily roots. Eagle Pond is certainly pretty, and wonderfully hidden. Soon we came out again - much to the wonderment of some fishermen who were just off the mouth of the stream. We stopped at the point for the last time, loaded the duffle and grub into the boats, and started toward the Mills. We landed at Mr. Eaton's Point (S.E. of the Mills) to get our luncheon.

Among a glorious litter of old cans and broken glass we found three good fire-places, and, Mirabile dictu, a summer

house with a revolving top table. on this table Buggins immediately devised the following game: one person lies, with his eyes closed, on the table, which the others spin around two or three fast turns. Object: He who is "it" must guess in which direction he is headed. The game was very confusing until a breeze came up, from the Northwest. This wind is a wonderful transformer. It restored all the life which the heat had taken away. We ate our lunch comfortably, and shortly reembarked for the last time — on Long Pond. The Mills carry went in short order, after which we enjoyed a few "necessary purchases" before starting home. The row home went easily, with a brisk N.W. breeze on our port quarter.

At Camp we made all speed to get our duffle and crews out of the boats, and the said crews into the pond. After a trip which seemed like a navigation squad practicing landings, can we be blamed for calling ourselves "Camp Imagainoutagain"?

FRIDAY July 27, B.28.98' T.75' Cloudy S.W.

The worst morning we have had,which is saying a good deal.Everyone was more or less limp,and J. Chase's cold,added to the heat,made him limp enough to retire to the Infirmary with Johnny McClain.

As for the wind,our weather-man had it right at the time,but in the course of the day it was north three times and south three times.

The Quercinsularii came home in good time,gay but sleepy after a night of battle with mosquitoes.The beasts are hanging on unusually long this year.

Franklin Wilson left to-day.Pity that he wasn't here long enough to pass the swimming test,for he could have done it soon.

On the other hand,pleasant arrivals,to wit

Margery Peabody
Dorothy Peabody

It was too hot to do anything very lively.Boat-building, signalling,and trees were the order of the afternoon,the two first-mentioned changing occupations at 4-15.We ought to have some good boats this year,for with the smaller squads better work is done.

Camp Inneganoutegan (we hope that is spelled right) came home soon after five.They climbed Hornbeam,and went to Eagle Pond.As for sleeping--but we will let C.F.B. tell about that in his report.He says that on Long Pondthe wind shifted eighteen times;he counted them.

But by this time it had shifted for business to the northwest,and we were coming to life fast.Sweaters began to come out;and after supper we had "Games on the Hill;"a thing which had not seemed possible a couple of hours before.

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) Volunteers have been asked for to water the bean-patch on dry evenings. About seven will be called on each time, and a third of the patch watered. It is hard work, but the volunteers are numerous, we are glad to say.

Quiet Games were fairly quiet, which is as much as one can reasonably expect.

And the half-past niners began "The Boule Cabinet."

I should have said before that we finished "Lorna Doone" to-day.

A PARODY.

Across the heated patch we flit,
One little Froggie and I,
And fast we gather, bit by bit,
The scattered witch-grass, growing high.
The sun's heat reaches for us nigh,
The cool lake calls and bids us nigh,
As up and down the patch we flit,
One little Froggie and I.

Pierpont Stackpole.

SATURDAY July 28, B.29.06' T.66' Clear N.W.

Some good wrestling again this morning.

Stackpole was too many for Haskell.

Roberts challenged Eggleston;the result was a draw.

Burke got the scissors on Haskell,and had him down inside half a minute.

Stackpole and Putnam were evenly matched,and very spirited.

Burke got the scissors on Eggleston,and downed him.

Curtis bested P.Collins.

Johnny McLain is back among us,to everyone's great satisfaction.Johnny Chase is still in the Infirmary,but it doesn't seem to depress him much .

This morning Nelson Mackie swam to the rest-house.Keep it up,old man.

One arrival this morning.He must not let so many years go by again without a visit.

Lauck H. Whitmore

About noon Mrs.Gignoux,Mr. and Mrs.Payson,and various small Gignoux and Paysons came up,to dine on the point and have a look at Freddy.Too bad they did not get herein time to see him swim.

Class B Chinning.

Sherburne	13
Clarke	10
Andrew	9
Stackpole	9
Gignoux	7
Sylvester	7
Shaw	4
Austin	3
Howard	3
Lowell	3
Roberts	2
Riddle	1
Burke	1
Brewster	0
Haskell	0
Mackie	0
Newbold	0
Hanlet	0

SATURDAY. (Cont'd.) As can be seen by comparison, several have improved since last time.

The wind and the cool held well all the morning, and for once dopesters and faculty agreed; a thing which doesn't often happen.

SECOND SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

There were a great many non-combatants, but that is the fortune of war. And as it happened the sides were more even in number than they are when everyone is in the field.

The first game was rather cautious, with light firing on both sides. The Algoquins won by three runs, and also had less loss of life.

The second game was a good deal hotter. The Iroquois won, eight runs to two, and also made the better showing in Killed. Sherburne murdered one of his own side. There was also a good deal of uncertainty about some stray shooting, but it seems to have been cleared up at last.

In the third game the Iroquois cleared one side of the field, and made runs in large numbers, Payson and Sherburne scoring three apiece. "Three runs are common", says one new player. No, my son, they are not.

The score for the season is now tied, 3-3, so we shall start August with some excitement.

Besides the runs mentioned above, T.F.V. made two in each of the last two games, and several others made two in the third.

P. Collins heads the shooting list for the afternoon with ten shots to his credit.

Next time we hope to have evryone in the field, and the August boys besides.

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
R.H.R.	✓			✕			✕		
A.M.G.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
S.S.H.		•	1	✕	••		✕		
P.S.P.	✕			✕			✕	•••	
J.A.L.	✕	•	1	✕			✕	•	
A.M.R.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Andrew	✕	•		✕			✕	•••	1
Auchincloss	✓			✕			✕	•	
Burke	✓			✕			✕		
Clarke	✓				•••	1	✓		
Curtis, P.		••••		✕			✕		
Davidge		••	1	✕	•		✕		
Farnsworth	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Hammond	✕			☠			✕	••	
Harris	✓			☠			✕		
Haskell	✕			✕			✕	•	
Hines	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Liggett	✓			✕	•		✕		
Lowell	✓			✕			✕		
Mackie	✓			·			✓		
Newbold	✓			✕				•	
Putnam	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Ranlet	✓			✕	•		✕	•	
Roberts	✓			✕			✕		
Wheelock	✓			✕	•	1	✕	•	
	5	9	3	18	9	2	17	14	1

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
L.C.Z.	✕				••	1	✕	•	
C.F.B.		••		✕			✕		
T.F.V.	✓				•	11	✕	••	11
S.M.R.	✓			✓				••	
Austin	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Biddle	✕				•		✕		1
Breckinridge	✕	•		✕			✕	••••	
Brewster	✓				•	1		•	11
Chase, J.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Chase, P.	✓				•		✕		11
Collins, P.	✕	•		✕	•••••	1	✕	••••	1
Collins, R.	✓					1	✕		
Corning	✓			✕	••		✕		11
Eggleston	✕			✕	•		✕		
Gignoux	✓			✕			✕		11
Howard	✕			✕				•	
McLain	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Payson	✕			✕	••				111
Sherburne	✕			✕	☠		✕		111
Spooner	✕	•			••	1	✕	•	1
Stackpole	✓			✕					11
Sylvester	✓					1	✕	•	11
	9	5		10	18	8	14	17	23

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) L.C.Z. gave us a good speech on scouting, and right after supper the two tribes retired for meetings. Add charade doping, and anyone can see that we were busy between supper and seven-thirty.

TRUE ENERGY

Says I to Phil, who was panting still
As if he were ready to burst,
"How about Games on the Hill?" "All right,
If we get a swim in first."

CHARADES.

COUNTERSIGN. Our village store, with Payson in charge, kept almost everything, but like an old friend, he "hadn't any sassaparilly." (We must read "Dum Dry" soon.) "Sign" was a dramatic family scene. A rich aunt (A.M.R.) was wondering what to do with all her fortune. The matter was settled by her undesirable nephew (C.F.B.) who turned up with a will already drawn up in his favor by a corrupt lawyer (P.S.P.). She objected to signing, but what can an elderly lady do when a sinister individual fixes her with an evil look and the muzzle of a pistol, and says "You'd better be careful, auntie dear"? She might protest, but the pistol was very near; and the will was signed. In the whole word it seemed as if P.S.P. was very careful in giving his password; but Roberts, the spy, was under the table, and as soon as the army was asleep, he slipped out, and whispered "Citronella" in the ear of C.F.B. Result, the foe passed the sentry, and the position was taken.

NAPKIN.. The pointers did not seem to get much of a nap, because they squabbled over their blankets, and then fine large mosquitoes, with Stack as a firefly, came and drove them frantic. We had seen no sign of sleep when Skipper called Sunshine Alley.

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) The second scene was an awful warning to young couples with large numbers of uncles. Hardly had Miss Peabody and L.C.Z. settled in their flat when "telegrams collect" began pouring in as fact as the messenger boys could run round the dormitory, each announcing the arrival of an uncle. They came like locusts, till finaly host and hostess ran away. The whole word was a dark sceneof treachery. Hammond, very German, brought a map to his confederate. As they were looking it over, entered a number of men who seemed to be friends, but were in reality secret service men. The map was found hidden under a napkin, and the spies were taken off to jail.

ALIBI. A game of marbles seems a harmless sport, but when Haskell swallowed so many that he rattled, J.A.L. had to be called in, to take him and try to shake them out. (Thiswas two syllables.) "Buy" was a store in Ireland, where L.E.R. sold everything wanted, with appropriate compliments, till it came to tapioca. She promised one man to have a supply the next day, rebuked the second for asking her for such a thing, and we finally discovered that she didn't really know what it was. The whole word was very fine. J.A.L. as judge presided, while Brewster was accused of stealing Curtis's bull-pup. As proof of innocence he declared that he had been quarreling with his wife; and the appearance of the lady (Spooner) certainly looked as there had been a little trouble in the family.

INTERNE. The inn of the first scene was the Admiral Benbow, but we had no pirates, though some of the guests were pretty rough customers. As for the tales told by R.H.R. and S.S.H. we should have to stretch the paper to do justice to them.

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) For "turn" R.H.R. undertook to drill a squad of rookies, and show them turns and facings. We hope that our naval reruits average better than they did. The hospital scene which closed the word was very vivid. Gignoux was a model patient, and R.H.R. performed a difficult operation, involving the use of a bit-stock and a trowel, with neatness and dispatch.

And then we went on with "The Boule Cabinet."

A TRIBUTE.

In early days, ere skill they knew,
The Lamp Squad were an unloved crew!
After a morning's arduous toil
A row of lamps, each dripping oil,
And smeared, and smoke; our feelings tried;
The wicks turned neatly down inside.
"Darn that darned lamp squad! Confound it!"
We cried, as match on match we lit.

But building Rome, the hist'ries say,
Took rather longer than a day!
To-night, by unkind Doctors sent
To rusticate within my tent,
What radiant vision cheers my gaze?
What Pharos sheds benignant rays?
A crystal globe, a lambent flame,
Wick trimmed and true beneath the same;
No finger-marks, nor smoke, nor smear,
Disfigure its bright radiance clear.
Its cheerful shining makes the tent
A place of cosiest content,
And as I burn th'half-past eight oil

I bless the Lamp Squad and their toil!

An unwilling Absentee.

TO C.F.B.jr.

Oh,Rolls-Royce! In my hour of need
The fleetest and the surest steed!
How swiftly,without spur or goad,
How strong you bore me on my road!

The only car I now can vaunt,
Though it can hold me up,I grant,
Yet 'twere a farce to call it slow--
The creature simply will not go!

May the bright day soon gild the plain
When I mount my Rolls-Royce again!

R.R.

SUNDAY July 29
B.29.10
T.66'
Cloudy
S.W.

Measuring went on this morning;till almost everyone was done.Too bad Wilson didn't get measured,but if he had been less changeable in his mind it would have been otherwise.

The great event of the day was Mackie's passing the swimming test.Howard,who went down with him,says that he went a little beyond the Point,and could have gone farther.

Freddy Gignoux,

It's up to you.

Andrew and Davidge went fishing,and caught two bass and a pickerel. Total number of fish,three.

NAVAL OCCASIONS.

PICNIC AT PINE PARLOR.

GUANANICHE.		EBENEZER.	ABOLSCKAMEGUS.
H.R.		L.C.Z.	C.F.B.
M.P.	D.P.	Davidge	Biddle
Lowell	Ranlet	Roberts	Sherburne
Brewster	Spooner	R.Collins	Auchincloss
Andrew	Gignoux		
Haskell			
Mackie			
Shaw			

CAUGHNAWAGA.	MOHAWK.	WAMPANOAGUS.
P.S.P.	J.A.L.	
Farnsworth	P.Chase	
Stackpole	Putnam	
Corning	R.T.B.	

YAMMERSCHOONER.	WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTE.	EREBUS.	TERROR.
W.H.W.	R,H,R,	S,S.H.	T.F.V.	Hammond	Payson
Howard	Harris	Wheelock	Liggett	Curtis	P.Collins
Burke(c)	Clarke(c)	Breckinridge (c)	Austin(c)	Eggleston (c)	A.M.R.(c)

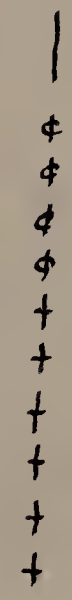
For the plan of the evolutions,which follows on the next page,we are indebted to the Skipper.It tells the whole story.It was a bit hard to get into position sometimes,especially Column Pairs Reverse;and the cox of the Terror wishes to pay here a tribute to her crew.They several times had the longest distance to go,and they had twice as much cox as some of the other boats, but like the jolly young waterman of the old song,they "gladdened

NAVAL OCCASIONS

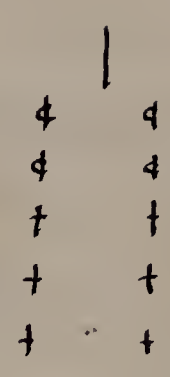
¢ = canoe
† = row-boat
| = Ouananiche (Flag-ship)

All vessels head ↑

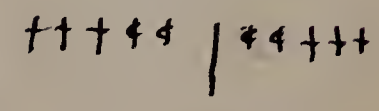
Position I
Line Ahead

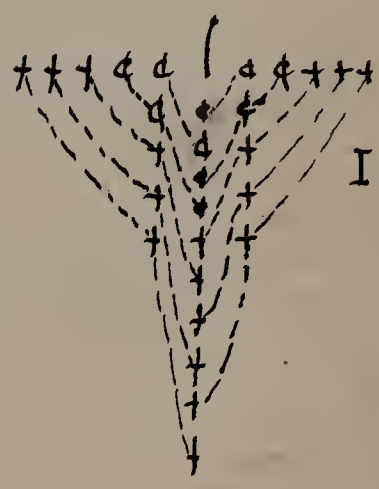


Position II
Columns Pairs



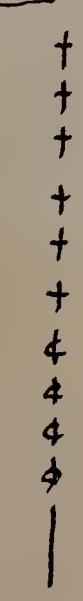
Position III
Battle Front



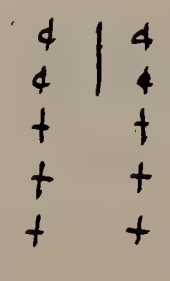


I to II to III

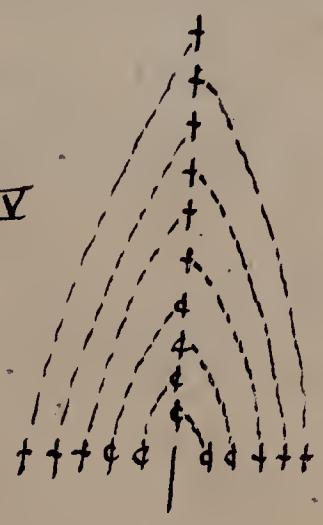
Position IV
Line Ahead Reverse



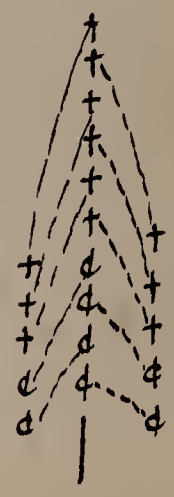
Position V
Columns Pairs
Reverse



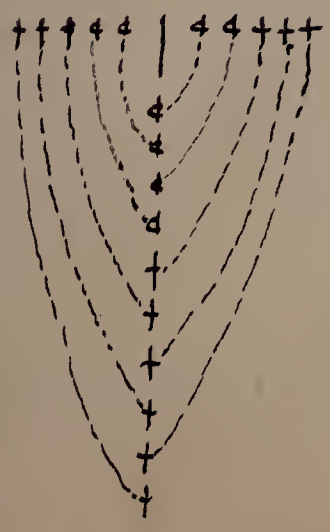
III to IV



IV to V



I to III



V to II

Speeds used

Full speed ahead
Half " "
Dead slow "

SUNDAY (Cont'd.) each heart and delighted each eye."

We ended with a neat circle round the flag-ship. Then canoes landed first, and in a few minutes all were heading for the pine parlor and grub.

We had a good fire, for fun, not for business, and after a bit of scrapping, just to wear off surplus energy, we sat down and ate. We always do pretty well in that line.

After supper we had a ghost story, and then much good singing before lighting up the lanterns and heading for home. There is no better place for a picnic.

This evening we sang our hymns sitting down, as the half hour standing has sometimes seemed a bit wearisome to those who are not used to it.

Our story was "His Private Honour". If you know a better story, as Capt. Fairnsfather says, "Go to it."

It rained a bit in the evening, but nothing to speak of.

A CAMP ALPHABET.

Andrew and Auk,
They love to talk.

Bill Brewster's voice
Makes lots of noise.

P. and J. Chase
Can win a race.

J. Sherwood Davidge
Is sometimes savage. (Sorry, but it's the only rhyme.)

George Eggs's "yolk"

Was almost broke.

Bud Farnsworth's shirt

Is streaked with dirt.

Freddy Gignoux

Will soon get through.(Swimming test, ofcourse)

Morgan Harris

Once went to Paris.(That's where he got the red silk socks.)

And here am I;

To rhyme I try.

Johns have we, nine, (Excuse me, ten,
Whose glories shine. All mighty men.)

Kickers? Oh no;

We don't act so.

Rube Lowell's sleep

Is sound and deep.(It runs in the family.)

Johnny McLain,

His guilt is plain.(What for? Don't know.)

"Out at the plate!"

He slid too late.

Bill Payson's smile

Is free from guile.

Does "Quiet Game"

Deserve the name?(How about it,Mythology?)

Bob Hanlet's head

Is far from red.(We hoped it might be.)

Ralph Spooner's thin

As any pin.(But he has put on several pounds.)

A trail that's blind

Is hard to find.

Union is strong,

So runs the song.

Friend Thomas Veach

Has a long reach.

Wheelock is stout

And roundabout.

X is unknown.

Let it alone.

You all must hop,

And never stop.

L.C.Zahner

Likes a banana.

Camping Trip
July 30th

Andrew
Chase, P.
Collins, P.
Curtis, P.
Stackpole
R.H.R.

Yammerschooner
Williwaw

MONDAY July 30
B.29.
T.71'
Cloudy
S.W.
Showers.

A tooth-brush raid caught many of us napping.

This morning the navigating squad followed up yesterday's manoeuvres, and did all kinds of pretty and complicated evolutions.

There was a heavy shower at swim time, and a southerly breeze, but Freddy Gigaoux swam to the rest house, and back to the Ouananiche slip.

Mr. Whitmore left by the noon train. Here's hoping he had a pleasant journey.

At afternoon reading we began" With Fire and Sword! Once more the Camp will echo to the inspiring cry of "Prince Yeremi Vishnyvetski!"

Johnny Chase and Johnny Frog are still in the Infirmary but they are very gay patients. They play games, and don't have much in bed except their toes. Sumner Roberts, who has been feeling wrong for a couple of days, has also been put on the shelf.

I didn't mention the departure of the campers, but the list tells the story. Good luck to them!

We had a good little singing practice this afternoon, between reading and Hare and Hounds, and got two or three choruses going that we want to sing.

The Latin headings of the list bothered us a bit, but we worked it out finally; hare and hounds in two squads. One had a white trail, the other a spotted trail, so there was no chance for such a mix-up as occurred between A and C last time.

MONDAY (Cont'd.)

PEDIBUS CURRENTIBUS.

A FESTINANTES.	B MORANTES.
L.C.Z. } T.F.V. }	C.F.B. } S.S.H. }
P.S.P., canis ducens.	J.A.L., canis ducens.
Auchincloss	Austin
E.Collins	Biddle
Corning	Brewster
Davidge	Burke
Hammond	Clarke
Harris	Eggleston
Liggett	Farnsworth
Payson	Gignoux
Sherburne	Haskell
Spooner	Lowell
Sylvester	Mackie
Wheelock	Newbold
	Ranlet
	Roberts

The hares started at 3-46 1/2, followed by the hounds five minutes later. The A hares came in at 4-41 1(2, with the B hares at their heels; and close behind, strange to relate, the B hounds. The Ba hares, after all kinds of turning and dodging, through the wood-road by Millard's, round swamps, through swamps, and into Alexander's field, used up their scent. They therefore went back till they met the hounds, who after that followed them instead of a trail. Here are the leaders:

Austin
Lowell
Roberts
Ranlet
Haskell

J.A.L. guarded the rear, and brought Mackie in with a good finish.

The A hounds were out longer, as this time they followed their own trail. At 4-55 Payson appeared, well in the lead. He had taken more or less of a short cut, following the road where the trail did not follow it, but the hares said that he did not really shorten his distance much. He also had good luck in finding the

MONDAY (Cont'd.) bags. Sherburne, who was next up the hill, lost a good deal of time hunting for the bags. The following was the order of the leaders:

Payson
P.S.P.
Hammond
Davidge
Sherburne

Others were not far behind. But when noses were counted, six were still to be heard from. So P.S.P., knowing that they were a good way behind, over by Gleason's, took a bicycle and went back to encourage them, and round them up generally. We don't wonder that he went to bed at half-past eight.

Everyone was in and washed in time for supper, so it was a successful afternoon.

At Digestion Club we finished "Helen's Babies", and began "Tourmalin's Time Cheques." This may not seem so funny at first, but wait till poor Peter gets his cheques really going.

Dumb-crambo filled the time till half-past eight; the second side out acted for thirty-five minutes, and did all sorts of obscure rhymes to "bane". But they never thought of sprain, which was the word.

Many of the seniors went to bed early, but the survivors took pencil and paper, and made words out of disfranchisement. It is the best word for the game, and lists were long.

TUESDAY
July 31
B.29.06'
T.71'
Clear
N.W.

The Peabody ladies left us this morning, bound for North Haven. Sorry to lose them.

Johnny Chase and Johnny Frog are once more running at large, which adds to the liveliness of things. And Sumner, though he is not up yet, is feeling much better.

Miss Robertson came up for a few hours to-day, to see Clem. After dinner she took him and Jack Austin over to Waterville for the afternoon.

Freddy Gignoux passed the swimming test this morning. Our best congratulations.

Radford Abbot, Russell Chase, Asher Hinds, and Jack Ladd, all sailed to-day for ambulance work in France.

THE LAMP-SQUAD.

Oh skilled and noble-minded crew
I wrote my grateful verses to,
Slack not your ardor, nor grow weary;
These last lamps were a little smeary.

A Tent Caterpillar.

FISHING.

IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTE.	EREBUS.	TERROR.	HORNPOUT.
T.F.V.	S.S.H.	P.S.P.	J.A.L.	Howard
Clarke	Brewster	Breckinridge	Biddle	R.Collins
Ranlet	Spooner	Eggleston	Haskell	Farnsworth
11 bass	2 bass	2 bass	2 bass	2 bass
1 perch		8 perch		1 perch

CHUB.	ARKLET.	OUANANICHE.	
Corning	Sherburne	L.C.Z.	
Wheelock	Liggett	A.M.P.	Payson
Gignoux	Auchincloss	Lowell	Sylvester
1 bass	2 bass	Roberts	Hammond
		Harris	Burke
		Shaw	C.F.B.
		McLain	
		Davidge	
		Mackie	

Total number of fish, 32.

The Ouananiche had two errands to do at the Mills; to engage the barber, and to get a piece of wood to repair the deck of the

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) RobRoy, which has at present a hole that Froggy could put his head through.

The barber was found, and is to come Thursday. It is just as well, for if he didn't come soon we should have to set C.F.B. and P.S.P. at work, taking turns with the lawn-mower.

The piece of wood was not to be obtained, however, as the man who keeps such things, a boat-builder of the name of Sola, was off on a trip.

But we laid in a good supply of ice-cream and grape-juice, and thus fortified, climbed the towering slopes of Mt. Jelly. We met many obstacles, chiefly in the shape of enormous blueberries. In fact if our gallant leader had not roused us with the hope of even finer raspberries on top, some of us might have stuck half way up.

It is a very good hill, and the view from the top is a wonder.

As we started on our walk we saw our returning campers, and on the way home we passed themjust beyond Monkey Point. They were very gay. They had climbed Vienna Mountain, and done many other interesting things. Their name is Camp Foolemall.

After supper came boats; a pleasant thing on a calm clear night, with a good moon.

Later the fish were cleaned, and the evening ended on the float for most of us.

But A.M.G. went to Boston for some business, to be back Thursday morning.

And a little after nine, P.S.P. and J.A.L. took the Hecuba, and started round the Horn.

WEDNESDAY
Aug.1
B.29.2
T.74'
Calm
Clear

Shower
p.m.

It was morn at Kerryweather, in the great and gallant days,
And the flying loons were calling, faint and far,
When we heard the swirl of paddles through the early morning haze,
And they landed at the float with ne'er a jar.
She'd a right fighting company, two prefects tried and true,
As gallant lads as ever yet were born;
[illegible]
And we cheered her and her crew, through the early morning dew,
When the Hecuba came back from round the Horn.

As a matter of fact few heard them, for they came in like ghosts at quarter past five. Skipper found them sound asleep in the big room when he woke the dormitories, and J.A.L. was still there at three minutes of seven. In fact they did more or less sleeping through the day, and no wonder.

Here is their time-sheet.

Left camp at 9-45.
Arrived at Mills 10.
Left Mills 10-13.
Arrived at East Mt. Verno Carry 11-55.
Railroad bridge 12-55.
End of stream 2-55.
North Belgrade 3-53.
Ellis Pond 4-35.
Left Ellis Pond 4-47.
Reached Great Pond 4-59.
Arrived at Camp 5-16.

Moon set 2-5.
First gray of dawn 2-55.
Sun rose 4-35.

Wrestling went on for about fifteen minutes.
Roberts and Burke were evenly matched.

Mackie and Haskell did well; result, a draw.

Sylvester and Howard were also so well matched that neither could down the other.

Hammond downed Harris, though it took him longer to do it than it did before.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) The first pebble squad went to work this morning, bringing pebbles by boat. One boat swamped, so it was a good while before the squad knocked off work.

Paul Haskell passed the test this morning. It was his last chance, as he goes to-night. And that clears the slate except for Wilson, who could have done it if he had been willing to try.

Let us put the arrivals here, as there were a good many. Mrs. Haskell was the first. She stayed to supper and sing-song, and then took Paul with her. We shall miss him very much.

Our other four guests are going to stay, so we can get signatures properly. Here they are.

J. B. Thayer
H. Shaw. Francis Rawle Jr Florence Howe Hall
Julia Ward Howe Hall

THIRD JUNIOR BASEBALL AFTERNOON.
JULIANS vs. AUGUSTINES.

A pretty dull game, as it was one-sided from the first. Sumner was very much missed, and what with two players who had been round the Horn the night before, and several more who had got back from a camping trip the day before, things were certainly not up to concert pitch.

The Julians had it their own way from the start, hitting Corning hard and frequently.

J.A.L.	.857
R. Collins	.750
Hammond	.666
Davidge	.600
Putnam	.500

A. L. ... vs. ... of ... at ... 1

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
2	1		1 Pulsifer	4	1-3							P-3					6	4	3	
1	1		2 P. Chase	6								1-2					7	3	2	
9	1		3 J. A. L.	2									1-3				7	6	6	
9	0		4 Hammond	3		0-3			P-3		1-2						6	2	4	
3	8		5 Dawley	1				E				E					5	1	3	
3	1		6 Curtis	5	P-3			3-4		0-3		K					6	1	0	
0	0		7 P. Collins	7		K	K				K		1-3				5	1	0	
0	1		8 Liggett	8		1-2			K	1-3	K		0-3				4	1	0	
0	0		9 Payson	9		K			K	K							6	3	2	
			10																	
			11																	
27	13		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	3	3	6	7	13	2	15	0	15	3	18	3	20	1	21	52	21	10	
Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.														Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
				10	7	1-b. on errors.															4	1	

Augustines vs. Pulsifers of Augs. / at ... 1

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
0	0		1 J. Chase	9	6-4	1-3				0-3		K					4	0	0	
0	8		2 Cummings	1		P-1											5	1	0	
12	0		3 Wheelock	2	K		2-3	1-3		4-3		1-3					4	0	0	
11	1		4 P. S. P.	3				P-3			2-3		1				3	2	0	
0	1		5 Hannis.	6	1-2		1-2		5-4		P-3		0-1				5	0	2	
0	0		6 R. Collins	5							2-6		1-2				4	0	3	
1	0		7 Parkman	4					K								4	0	1	
0	1		8 Lowell	8		K	K		K			K					4	0	0	
0	0		9 Rockfield	7				1-2		0-3							1	0	0	
			10																	
			11																	
24	11		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	2	2	2	1	3	0	3	0	3	0	3	0	3	0	3	34	3	6	
Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.														Earn'd runs.	2-base hts.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
				5	9	1-b. on errors.																	

The other campers were divided into two squads, signalling and boat-building, which shifted at 4-15. This gives variety, and more people have a chance at both kinds of work.

After supper there was a good half hour of Digestion Club, after which we gathered for our fifth sing-song. It was hot, but it was wonderful to see how few mosquitoes there were. Ten days ago we should have been eaten alive.

Let me mention here, before I begin on the programme, that E.R. was out of doors for a good while this afternoon. So she is really coming on.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) FIFTH SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

1. Overture,"Chopsticks".....Hammond,Harris.
2. Merryweather Quartette.....L.C.Z.,C.F.B.,R.H.R.,T.F.V., S.S.H.,P.S.P.
3. Piano Duett.....A.M.R.,P.Curtis.
4. Choruses.....Old Towler,Water Rats,Baseball Song.
5. Banjo and Drum Duett.....P.S.P.,Harris.
6. Stunt,"Lord Ullin's Daughter".L.C.Z.,C.F.B.,Auchincloss Curtis,Payson,Hammond,P.Collins,Sherburne.
7. Stunt.....R.H.R.,S.S.H.

CAMP SONG.

It looks as if this would be the last Chopsticks for a whil,as Morgan leaves us to-morrow.We shall miss it and him.

The quartette was in great form.They gave us two very funny Plattsburgh songs,and then "Moses",with topical verses which we give later.The finale was "The Animals' Fair",each singing a verse alone and slipping out,till T.F.V.was left alone.He went cheerfully on singing "Monkey-monkey-monkey" for some time,then hesitated and looked round.After that he "scattooed",like Budge's goat.

Our duett team was made up of the survivors of two pairs.The Schuberts is great fun,to play as well as to listen to,and perhaps if we feel energetic we will do another some day.

The banjo and drum make a combinationthat we have never had before,and that we should like to have again.

"Lord Ullin's Daughetr" is perhaps the best of all the ballads to recite,and to-night's performance was a brilliant one.

Sherburne was a hardy boatman indeed,and handled Moab with superb steadiness uner the most trying circumstances.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) The ill-fated lovers were a pair for whom any boatman would have risked much;he a chieftain every inch of him, she a tender clinging thing in pink.(When Auky graduates we ought to present him with that pink gingham.)

L.C.Z. as the stern parent changed "from wrath to wailing" in a manner that carried conviction to every heart.And his armed men looked ready to slay and spare not the moment an order was given.

As for Jimmy Thayer,he lay under the briny deep and made waves; a trying job on a hot night.

We don't know what to call the next stunt.They were black, and their appearance was very fine.One of the funniest parts was when they simply sat in silence,each trying to cheat the other over a game of cards.They also sang and told stories,and were in general very absurd.

"By this the storm grew loud apace",and Mrs.Haskell and Paul went off literally in a blaze of glory.We hope they got to cover before the rain broke.It was a soaker while it lasted,and all felt that a bean squad would have been a work of supererogation.

Those who did not go to bed early went on with "The Boule Cabinet,"and saw fiery eyes through the hole in the shutter.

TOPICAL VERSES.("Moses in the Bullrushes.")

Auky in the Miz-tree top.
Newby on the four-forty.
Reuben might have been asleep.
Andrew fishing on the Point.
Haskell swimming to the float.
Joseph bringing up the rear.
Spooner on the fifteenth help.

If asked,Reuben would probably say that he wasn't the only one of his family that might have been asleep

Camp Foolishness

'Twas Monday morn when we set sail,
And we were not far from the dock,
When we spied no ice or rock in the lamp
And our tales substituted by rock.

Camp Foolsmall took its
name from the many little occurances
that came to pass during our trip.

These started with a royal send off.
Twadle stole our frying pan — but
he forgot that we had another in the
camping kit. Mr. Baloholoker misjudged
up all our oars, but — he forgot that
all fourteen foot oars are the same
length. And Mr. Palmer slipped over
in us a trickles, while lantern;

but, — we forgot that a trinity
much like those of Camp Foreman
didn't need us to start a fire out.
However, we must add admit that
Skippie is no cy. He worked off on
us his old rock potato, and, for
the third time in his history, it
got boiled. Hence — Scott rides
having "put me over on the other" —
the name "Foreman".

We got away somewhat late
and rowed to the Bull, via the
Monkey Pond cut-off. Crossing here we
caught no cream and steak, but to
which could be found. The ice cream
was "all" and the fulcher hadn't

paid this week. Others are not
and let a ripping thunderstorm go
by; so ripping in fact that the
telegraph wires crackled and
sparkled (N.B. In proof of above statement
interview the Commissioner).

After this rain he explored
Eatonís point, but, finding it in a
mess, set up camp on the best
point above the narrows, also Mr.
Eatons. Commencing — a monu-ment
fashing. He caught six bass, but
being of an inquisitive nature, put
a large one and a small one back
into the water, to see which a liv-
ve worm better than a small one.
Net result of bass — four. He put

the camp tent swimming.

The camp suffered a good

supper and R. H. P. was forced to

eat two of his three ghost stories. Tapps

at 8-15. Phil Chase "spoke" outdoors, &

but called for his companions in

the tent, when more rain fell.

We were all awakened at

4.45 by Commish pans flashing again.

He bought back a big bass and a fiddler

picker, so we had a fish epicure for

breakfast. Immediately after this repast

about 7.30 we set off "en masse" for

Vienna. The day was hot, but stops

were frequent and we arrived in due

time at this little town, where R. H.

fooled the rest by making them think the mountain lions were Illustrations from. Walking notes:- No Vienna on the map - only Vi- Enny. Slack and Cammack walked without stocking's, by now regretting it. No ice cream to be had in Vi- Enny- Bill Curtis was "slumping" the air because of his moccasins. And Stacky had by now three times spoiled his ambole. Nevertheless we all enjoyed a swim in Flying Arrow and proceeded to Mt. Vernon where we were greeted by two large ice cream signs. We found to our disgust that there had been there - for no ice cream - for two years. So we felt free to break Shepperis rule and indulge in a bottle of Imperial Pilsner

the Comet "got in his licks" by
finishing up every bottle across
as his own. Then we left us. Jupi
ate was the doom fall of Spaniard - and
Hooky. We sent him on ahead, finally,
this we waited and then, though we
ourselves ran, we couldn't catch him
till we reached Manalata Landing.

After another swim in Long Pond
and a three o'clock lunch we repaired
to the Mills. Here we met the Adirondack
fuel of Bear Killers, & say nothing of a
girls camp on shore took. We had a
hard job restraining Phil. Clare and Pam
Collins, but managed to reach camp
ten minutes ahead of our allotted
time.

Richard D. Randall

SENIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR JULY.

NAME.	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	2	3	4	S.O.	B.B.	Ave.
A.M.C.	1	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1.000
J.A.L.	3	8	6	4	2	0	0	2	1	.500
S.S.M.	3	10	2	4	2	0	0	2	1	.400
P.S.P.	3	10	2	3	1	0	0	2	2	.300
T.F.V.	3	12	2	3	2	0	0	5	0	.250
Hammond	3	9	2	2	0	0	0	3	2	.222
L.G.Z.	3	10	2	2	2	0	0	3	2	.200
P.Chase	3	10	2	2	0	0	0	4	1	.200
J.Chase	1	5	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	.200
P.Curtis	3	11	1	2	0	0	0	7	0	.182
Harris	3	8	0	1	0	0	0	5	3	.125
R.Collins	3	9	0	1	0	0	0	8	3	.111
Corning	3	9	1	1	0	0	0	6	1	.111
Putnam	3	11	1	1	1	0	0	4	1	.091
Davidge	3	12	0	0	1	0	0	6	0	.083
S.M.R.	3	10	2	0	0	0	0	3	1	.000
R.M.R.	3	10	0	0	0	0	0	5	1	.000
Wheelock	3	9	0	0	0	0	0	5	0	.000
Sherburne	3	9	0	0	0	0	0	3	2	.000
C.F.B.	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	.000
Liggett	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	.000
Bennett	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	.000
De Lacy	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	.000

Compiled by P.S.P. jr.

JUNIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR JULY.

NAME.	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	2	3	4	S.O.	B.B.	AVE.
W.P.R.	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	1,000
J.A.L.	3	15	13	11	5	1	0	0	1	.733
Hammond	3	15	4	9	4	0	0	1	0	.600
P.S.P.	3	13	8	7	2	1	0	0	2	.600
S.M.R.	2	8	7	4	3	0	0	0	1	.500
R.Collins	2	8	0	3	0	0	0	2	2	.375
Davidge	3	13	5	4	0	0	0	0	1	.308
Putnam	3	13	4	4	0	0	0	1	3	.308
Wheelock	3	10	3	3	1	0	0	0	3	.300
Harris	3	14	2	4	0	0	0	2	0	.286
J.Chase	3	8	2	2	0	0	0	1	6	.250
Sherburn	2	5	2	1	0	0	0	1	3	.200
P.Collins	2	11	2	2	0	0	0	5	1	.182
P.Chase	3	17	8	3	0	0	0	0	0	.176
Payson	3	12	5	2	0	0	0	4	1	.167
Stackpole	3	7	1	1	0	0	0	1	5	.143
Liggett	3	11	2	1	0	0	0	3	3	.091
Corning	3	12	6	1	0	0	0	0	2	.083
P.Curtis	3	14	2	0	0	0	0	2	0	.000
Lowell	2	6	0	0	0	0	0	5	1	.000
Spooner	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	3	2	.000
Bennett	1	3	1	1	1	0	0	1	0	.333

Compiled by J.A.L.

THURSDAY Aug.2 B.29,10 T.83' Cloudy S.W. Showers

We don't believe that the weather report was made at a very suitable time;for though it was a hot day,it was certainly not so hot as that till the middle of the day.

George Eggleston's birthday,observed with good wishes and speech at supper.The speech was brief,but eloquent,and so was Corning's response.

Morgan Harris and Jack Austin left this morning,which was a pity.Morgan carried drum and mandolin,and wore the scarlet silk socks.

The barber arrived,and spent a lively day in the shop. In consequence the majority of us look cooler.The clippings must have made a wonderful color scheme,with Nick Biddle's silver locks at one end,and C.F.B's raven "plumage" at the other.

A.M.G. came back in the middle of the morning,after a trying but successful day in Boston.

Also in the morning came two of our August boys,with their parents.Mrs.Eager and Mr.and Mrs.Donald could not stay long enough to sign the Log,but here are the signatures of the boys. Alexander Donald
Mary Eager.

After dinner the weather proceeded to get up a variety of entertainments for our benefit.It was hot, of course;we are used to that.A shower began to pile up so fast that it did not seem safe to plan anything for a while out of doors, so ping-pong,bean-bags,knot-tying,and quoits were posted. Ping-pong was the most popular posrt,and two tables kept it up most of the afternoon,though it was so hot that the players

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) soon looked as if they had been in the pond. I doubt if they felt so, though.

Just how the score got lost I do not know. There was a good deal of rushing round, with arrivals and a new table shift, and I cannot find it. Davidge won most of the games at Table A, while Hines, Putnam, Lowell, J. Chase, and Brewster won at the second table.

No record was kept of bean-bags, but there were lively games.

In the middle of the afternoon we were enlivened by the appearance of Sumner. He wasn't allowed to do anything more strenuous than get his hair cut, but it is good to have him out.

There had been a plan for some paddling late in the day, but another shower came tumbling up, very black. Just before it broke came the other three Augustines, to wit

Thomas J. Curtis Darwell Gregg Bemis

So now we are a good full camp. Evans Biddle Shipman

As for the shower, it came with a roar of wind, and in a minute the whole pond was slate blue, with great white combes on every wave. When it quieted a little we started expert swimming tests, but there was more or less misunderstanding about the course, and the wind flattened out so soon that it was called off. The wind of a shower is pretty unreliable.

After supper came Digestion Club, and then three fine rounds of Going to Jerusalem, won by J.A.L., Remis, and P. Chase.

And then we sat and lay on the piazza, and listened to "The Boule Cabinet."

FRIDAY Aug.3 B.29.04 T.73' Cloudy N.W.

Nick Biddle's birthday;observed as usual.His speech was appropriate to the occasion, but showed a certain lack of originality.

This morning the Class B people swam to the Point instead of doing their regular 4-40.They looked like so many lucky bugs.

Donald and Shipman passed the swimming test.

SUNDRY STUNTS.

GUANANICHE, H.B.		EREN. L.C.Z.	WORRY. C.F.B.	CORKER. R.S.P.
Andrew	P.Collins	Sherburne	Roberts	Stackpole
Ranlet	Sylvester	Putnam	Hines	Farnsworth
Newbold	Breckinridge	R.T.B.	A.M.B.	T.Curtis
McLain	Jowell			
Hammond	F.B.			
Miss Hall		ABCL.	YAMVERSCHOONER.	WILLIWAW.
Shaw	Mackie	J.A.L.	R.H.B.	T.F.V.
Eager	Brewster	Corning	P.Curtis	P.Chase
J.Chase		Eggleston	Shipman	Clarke
		Thayer	1 bass	5 bass
				1 perch

IDENTICAL.	EREBUS.	PANTASOTE.	HORNPOUT.	CHUB.
S.S.H.	S.M.B.	Payson	Wheelock	Howard
Spooner	B.Collins	Semis	Liggett	Auchincloss
Davidge	Donald	Burke	Biddle	Gignoux
1 bass				1 pickerel

Total number of fish,9.

All the rowboats, with the exception of the Pantasote, went fishing.Luck was not so good as last time.

The Guananiche went up Bog Brook as far as she could. Naturally she cannot go everywhere that a nineteen footer can.The great excitement was seeing an eagle's nest,with the two old eagles circling round it.They werea good deal disturbed by the arrival of visitors,but finally decided that the family must be fed anyhow,and fed them.The family were not visible,as the tree was tall and the nest large. It is good to know that those big nests are not all heron's

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) nests.(Who was it that talked about the "herring rookery?")

The Eben and the Pantasote went to the Caves.They explored farther than we did last time,and found two caves apparently large enough to live in and bring up a family.We might move in if we have any more dog-days,as the Caves are certainly cool when you get inside.

The Abol and the Corker went up the Tiber,which is always a pretty paddle.They went up above the saw-mill,and stopped about thirty yards short of the road.They also made very good time home. The boats went in so many different directions that the wind couldn't play its favorite trick,and give them all a head wind home.

The Worry got off at ten minutes of three,and in half an hour was launching on Ellis Pond.The carry was made from Damren's mill,up the road that leads by the fish hatchery.We went all the way up the east shore of Ellis.which is extremely varied and pretty,with much more in the way of bays and points than appear on the map.We then went up as far as the first good point on the east shore of,McGraw,and climbed a hill,whence we had a splendid view of all the Rome hills,with Blue just showing over their backs.This trip is not often made,because of the carry, but it is a beauty.

When we got home there was a real surprise awaiting us.Whom should we find but Abe Stevens?He was in the neighborhood on business,and ran over for a few hours.Last year was the first time since 1902 that we had not seen him at camp.

Games on the Hill,half-past eight Boston,and the Boule Cabinet.

Abbot Stevens

SATURDAY Aug.4 B.29.25 T.79' Clear N.W. This morning right after breakfast Iroquois and Algonquins were called to ~~#~~ council. The two met separately, to have a word on the giving up of the round-the-house scouting, which has been so rampant lately. It does nothing to develop a good scout, and itmay easily develop a poor one, so we are going to cut it out.

R.H.R. is telling us about trenches, entanglements, and other military matters.

Last evening R.R. came in to supper, for the first time since Dr. Craigin told her to stay in bed. She was brought as far as the piazza on the ironing board, which makes a very good stretcher, by C.F.R. and L.C.Z. To-day she walked in to dinner, and to supper too. So she is emerging from the tent caterpillar stage (it is her own expression) and becoming a butterfly in good earnest.

Harry Shaw now swims to and from the float, and hopes to make the Point before he goes.

TRACK AND FIELD PRACTICE.

A	B	C
Remis	Andrew	Biddle
P.Collins	Auchincloss	Breckinridge
T.Curtis	P.Chase	Brewster
Eager	R.Collins	Burke
Hammond	Corning	J.Chase
Payson	P.Curtis	Clarke
Spooner	Davidge	Donald
	Howard	Eggleston
	Liggett	Farnsworth
	Ranlet	Gignoux
	Sherburne	Hines
	Stackpole	Lowell
	Sylvester	Mackie
	Wheelock	McLain
		Newbold
		Putnam
		Roberts
		Shipman
		Shaw

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) As will be seen, there has been some rearranging. Sherburne, P.Chase, Corning, and P.Curtis are in Class B; and Spooner, who was in Class B the second practice day, is back in A.

Eager did not try anything but the broad jump, and Hammond and Farnsworth were cut entirely. Davidge, as usual, did not jump.

Class A High Jump.

Name.	Height.
Spooner	4'4"
Bemis	4'3"
T.Curtis	4'2"

T.Curtis afterwards jumped 4'5". P.Collins did not jump.

Class A Broad Jump.

Name.	Distance.
Bemis	15'1"
T.Curtis	13'9"
P.Collins	13'2 1/2"

Eager and Spooner were both very close to third place. Hammond has done several inches better than the winning jump.

Class A Shot Put.

Name.	Distance.
Spooner	23' 1/2"
Payson	22'5 1/2"
Bemis	20'7"

The record in this event is 37'7 3/4".

Class A Hundred.

Name.	Time.
Bemis	12 3/5 s.
Payson	
T.Curtis	
Spooner	
P.Collins	

As there were only five, there was no need of trial heats. Bemis led by five yards, and Payson was about two yards ahead of T.Curtis. Spooner was a good way in the rear. P.Collins would have made a better showing if his ankle had not been troubling him.

Class A Four-Forty.

Name.	Time.
Payson	1 m.12 2/5 s.
T.Curtis	
Spooner	
P.Collins	

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) Payson had a good lead by the time he reached third base, and his winning was not in doubt at all. The men were pretty widely spaced by the time they reached the tape.

Class B High Jump.

Name.	Height.
R.Collins	4'3"
Andrew	4'2"
Corning	4'2"
Liggett	4'2"

R.Collins tied second place in Class A, and the tie for second place here tied third.

Class B Broad Jump.

Name.	Distance.
R.Collins	13'1"
Corning	12'8 1/4"
P.Chase	12'6 1/2"

Collins has come up over a foot since last time.

Class B Shot Put.

Name.	Distance.
Wheelock	28'1 1/2"
P.Curtis	26'1 1/2"
Corning	25'4 1/4"

Wheelock was not up to form last time, but is now coming up again.

Class B Hundred.

First Heat.

Name.	Time.
R.Collins	14 1/5 s.
P.Chase	
Andrew	
Auchincloss	

Not a close heat, as Chase was not doing more than enough to qualify for the finals. Andrew also was not extend- himself.

Second Heat.

Name.	Time.
Corning	14 1/5 s.
Davidge	
Liggett	
P.Curtis	
Howard	

The time was the same as that of the first heat, but it was closer, as Davidge was less than two yards behind Corning at the finish.

SATURDAY (Cont'd.)

Third Heat.

Name.	Time.
Stackpole	14 2/5 s.
Sherburne	
Sylvester	
Wheelock	
Ranlet	

Sherburne was evidently saving himself for the finals. Sylvester came forward towards the end, but not enough to qualify.

Final Heat.

Name.	Time.
Corning	13 4/5 s.
Sherburne	
P. Chase	

This time everyone meant business, and it was a very pretty race. It was close all the way, and Corning did not pull into first place till very near the line. He led by perhaps five feet. P. Chase was only a couple of feet behind Sherburne, and R. Collins was a very good fourth. In fact everyon did well.

Class B Four-Forty.

Name.	Time.
Liggett	1 m. 11 2/5 s.
Sherburne	
R. Collins	
Davidge	
Corning	

The finish was so close that it was almost a dead heat. Then came a long gap. R. Collins had third place by about three yards, and Davidge led Corning by rather less.

Class C High Jump.

Name.	Height.
Donald	3'9"
Putnam	3'7"
J. Chase	3'6"

Donald is evidently a man to be reckoned with in this event. J. Chase has done better, but is probably still a little off after his session in the infirmary.

Class C Broad Jump.

Putnam	11'11"
J. Chase	10'10 1/2"
Lowell	10'8 1/2"

Putnam did not get a place last time. Lowell has also improved, though not so much.

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) Class C Shot Put.

Name.	Distance.
Putnam	18'4".
Lowell	18'1 1/2"
Newbold	17'10 3/4"

Lowell has gone off a little. Newbold and Putnam, on the other hand, have come up. Gignoux, who made third last time, was nearly two feet behind his best mark.

Class C Hundred.

First Heat.

Name.	Time.
Clarke	15 4/5 s.
J. Chase	
Burke	

Clarke had a yard over Chase at the tape. Burke was about four yards farther back.

Second Heat.

Name.	Time.
Lowell	14 3/5 s.
Donald	
Eggleston	

Lowell got his place by a good sprint. Donald was hardly more than two feet behind, with Eggleston several yards in the rear. Gignoux almost tied for third place. This was the fastest time made by Class C.

Third Heat.

Name.	Time.
Putnam	151/5 s.
McLain	
Roberts	

Not such a close heat, as McLain was four yards behind the leader at the tape.

Final Heat.

Name.	Time.
Lowell	14 4/5 s.
Putnam	
Donald	

Lowell led only by inches, in a splendid finish. Donald was a couple of yards behind.

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) A very satisfactory afternoon, except for the non-coms. Let's not have any next time.

The best scores for the three classes were as follows:

Class A.....Remis, 13.
Class B.....R. Collins, 11.
Class C.....Putnam, 16.

CHARADES.

PANIETTI. This began with a truly awful scene. L.E.R. as the lady abbess appeared, followed by acolytes with candles, and two stern figures with swords, escorting Johnny Chase, who was solemnly put under the ban for the following egregious offences: "You failed to drink your milk; You did not eat your beans; You upset your plate." The curse was as terrible as the crime. "May pigs squeak and gibber about your pillow; may your plate be always empty and your glass always spilled! The shriek of the victim as he was dragged away by two masked creatures was truly pitiful. The next scene was less awful, but extremely pathetic. J.A.L., "the uncle of Cato Theophilus Jones", serenaded the young Georgiana (Corning); but his love-making was cut short by Thayer as the sternparent, who quenched his aspirations with a basin. The whole word was thrilling, but ended happily. For though corpses strewed the floor, they were those of the ruffians who had beset Breck, a lovely lady, and those two innocent babes, J. Chase and Brewster. It looked desperate for a while, but just in time loyal friends rallied, and virtue triumphed.

DRAMATIC. We do not know whether the bandits in the first scene did much damage or not. They were very gay in their tavern, under command of P.S.P., and finally swaggered off with one last glass to a successful enterprise. "Attius" began with lights down. A sinister figure, masked, and still wearing the stripes in which he had

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) escaped the punishment of his previous crime stole in, and after a stealthy survey of the premises put up a ladder and climbed to the upper story, drawing the ladder after him. Then entered a stout gentleman, in dressing-gown and night-cap, carrying his cash-box under his arm. He also surveyed the premises, but not carefully enough, for he never saw C.F.B. up on the rafters. As soon as he was asleep, (and we go to sleep very quickly in charades) the robber dropped lightly from his perch, and made off with the money. A moment later Tweedle woke himself with a tremendous snore, and discovering his loss rushed out, crying "Fire! Murder! Thieves!" The whole word was also under dim lights. Four ruffians, headed by P.S.P., came in, bent on getting even with C.F.B., whom they had with his hands tied behind him. He struggled hard, but at last they got him down, and bound him to the railroad track. After one or two desperate heaves he gave up and lay as if unconscious, while the fiends made off, remarking that the express would be along soon. The whistle sounded, the noise of the engine was heard, and the headlight gleamed wierdly round the corner. But A.M.R., realizing the duties of the position, rushed in, and cut the rope with his own knife. It was a narrow escape.

GARDEN. The lights were still down, as Hammond, in uniform, paced up and down his lonely beat. He paced a long time. Suddenly, far up on the ball-field, we heard "Corporal of the guard, post No.6!" Sentinel after sentinel took it up, nearer and nearer. There was a rush of hurrying feet, a scattering of pebbles-- and we never found out what it was all about. It was very thrilling, and very tantalizing. For the second scene L.C.Z. and his family came suddenly upon a wild beast of

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) that terrible genus known as Riddle. His growls were so fierce that no wonder they were alarmed. The whole word puzzled us a bit, for Eve at least was rather dressy for her part; but when they began naming the animals we felt sure. What a pity that the Gorgonzola is extinct! Perhaps if it had been named Dingbat, as it came so near being, it would have survived.

BARBAROUS. Next time we want a barber we are going to try R.H.E. He is evidently an expert, and did everyone with a bowl on his head, to make a neat curve. Our barber from the Mills never thought of that. For the last syllable we had Sumner teaching his class in geography. They were better than most of our charade classes, and the map of the U.S. was perfectly recognizable. For the whole word we went back to tragedy. A band of yelling savages tied Howard to a stake and did horrid things to him, ending with a blaze of ghastly green light.

And then we went on with the Boule Cabinet.

SUNDAY Aug.5 B.29.30 T.64' Clear N.W.

This morning Mr.Bayard Cutting,who was here once years ago,dropped in with a couple of friends,and stayed for service.They were on their way to Jamaica Point.

This morning Miss Hall passed the swimming test, and John Howard swam from Oak Island.The first Oak Island swim of the year.

PICNIC IN LORD'S WOODS.

GUANANICHE.	
L.C.Z.	
F.B.	Sylvester
Spooner	Eggleston
Ranlet	Auchineloss
Putnam	Breckinridge
Donald	P.Curtis
Eager	
L.E.R.	Mrs.Hall
Shipman	Miss Hall
Andrew	McLain

EBEN.	WORRY.	CORKER.
P.S.P.	C.F.B.	J.A.L.
Sherburne	Hines	Davidge
Stackpole	J.Chase	P.Chase
A.M.R.	P.Collins	R.T.B.

TERROR.	IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTE.
A.M.G.	S.S.H.	T.F.V.
Liggett	Wheelock	T.Curtis
Brewster	Mackie	Farnsworth
S.M.R.(c)	Lowell(c)	Corning(c)

EREBUS.	YAMMERSCHOONER.	WILLIWAW.
Howard	R.H.K.	Payson
Remis	R.Collins	Thayer
Biddle	Gignoux	Shaw
Clarke(c)	Hammond(c)	Burke(c)

We landed just below the old camp,and walked up a bit to lovely woods close to the shore.Most of the party took to a neighboring field for Wolf,while a few gathered ferns,and saw a rabbit.It is a new picnic place,and a very pretty one.

After supper we had time for a little singing,and then headed for home.It is a good paddle,but we made good time, and nearly finished our hymn list.

Our story was "The Tomb of His Ancestors."We didn't finish it,as it is really too long for one evening.

MONDAY Aug.6
B.29.31
T.60°
Clear
S.W.

This morning C.F.P. constituted himself a squad of one, and went off in the Rob Roy; first to get his sweater, left last night at the picnic, second, to track Mr. Sola to his lair and get a piece of cedar to mend the deck of the Rob. He came back about twelve, with the sweater and the cedar. He also found out all about the break at the Mills which has been taking the water down so fast. It isn't in the big dam round which we carry, but the little water way that goes across by the Central House landing has gone all to pieces. They have put in crib work, and taken other steps, and hope soon to have things in their normal state again.

SUNDRY SUPPER STUNTS.

FERN.	ARCL.	CORKER.
I.C.Z.	C.F.P.	P.S.P.
P.Chase	Clarke	Sherburne
Eggleston	Stackpole	Putnam
T.Curtis	P.Curtis	P.Collins

WILLIWAW.	YAMMER.	TERROR.
R.H.R.	T.F.V.	Andrew
Howard	Ranlet	Bemis
Davidge	Burke	Clarke

EREBUS.	IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTE.
Payson	Thayer	S.S.H.
Spooner	Wheelock	Sylvester
Corning	Donald	Hines
		Brewster
		1 bass

GUANANICHE.	
A.M.G.	
A.M.R.	J.A.L.
F.R.	R.T.B.
Liggett	Auchincloss
Hammond	J.Chase
Eager	R.Collins
Miss	Hall
Shipman	Lowell
Mackie	McLain
Fiddle	Breckinridge
Gignoux	Farnsworth

There were four groups: the three canoes, the Guananiche, the five first-mentioned rowboats, and the Pantasote. Packing was lively, and two baskets had no knives, but we really got off in pretty good time. And one can always butter one's food with a stick, or the handle of a spoon.

The canoes went armed with axes, saws, etc, also with dry clothes. That always means Rog Brook, and they headed south in a smother of spray. (A bit exaggerated, perhaps, but it sounds well, and they looked pretty wet.) They did some effective clearing

MONDAY (Cont'd.) in the first bad log place, and the crew of the Corker walked up to the bridge.

When they got home, the first word was, "Please take that basket. There's an eagle in it." This was about as staggering as if one had said. "Please be careful of my shirt. I have a wild-cat in the pocket." But the way of it was this. They found that some fool or fools had cut the big tree with the nest in it, and the two young birds were among the ruins. One was so lively and firece that they decided to leave him to his own devices. The other was pretty sick and miserable, so they caught him in a shirt, and brought him home, to see if we could liven him up. It appears that after all it was a fish-hawk's nest, not an eagle's, for this bird is a fish-hawk. We hope to cure him, but it is hard to tell.

Well, to go back to the expedition. They had their supper on Mosquito Beach, round a big fire, between two "No trespass" signs. We don't recommend this as a general practice, but no pink chiffon lady came out to warn them off because she kept a cat in the woods, as once happened. They came home in good trim, with Brillig, the fish-hawk, in a basket.

The five rowboats went straight across to the little beach behind Hoyt's, and struck out for the Caves. They did plenty of exploring, and found three little caves which by the removal of a stone became one big one. We hear that you can stand upright in it, but it seems to make some difference who you are. They also hunted far and wide for the Devil's Den, but as they did not find it, they do not know whether he was at home or not. They did find another good rocky place, which we all hope to see some time. They had supper on the

MONDAY (Cont'd.) beach, and caught two bass, which they did not have time to cook. They came home just ahead of the canoes.

The Cuananiche, with nine passengers, went up the Tiber. There we landed, and leaving three of our number to tutor, and otherwise amuse themselves, we set out for the north end of Philip. It is a pretty climb, with bits of ledge cropping out here and there, and when we got to the top we found raspberries, which we extremely refreshing. We came down the usual way, and hit our landing at exactly six o'clock. We had a head wind home, but fortified by beans, ham, cheese, and other foods, we made better time than we did going out, with a stronger wind behind us.

The Pantasote went fishing. Their luck was not very good, but they had a good time, caught one bass, and came home from Otter Island at a fine rate of speed.

When we all got home, there were more people than we had left. Mr. Roberts had come, (that was why Sumner and Fred stayed at home), also Dr. Wynne and Chu-Chu Train. We couldn't get Mr. Roberts's signature, but here are the other two.

Arthur K. Train Hall Wynne

We finished "The Tomb of His Ancestors", and then played Telegrams till bed-time. There were two subjects, the parting of Aeneas and Dido, and the Battle of Manilla. We give a few of the best.

Dido to Aeneas.
Perfidious rascal! Eternal torments endure. Now die I, now, gladly.

From a friend.
Pretty rascally. Elderly toff eloped. Now Dido is <u>no</u> good.

MONDAY Juno to Jupiter.
(Cont'd.)

Phoenissa relinquished effeminate Trojan, exclaims nothing doing indeed, niggardly goat.

Anna to Lord Chamberlain.

"Pius" rapscallion escapes, tearing excited nerves. Dido in negotiations gods.

Anchises to Anna.

Please release egregious Trojan, even nasty Dido is no good. (Rude, but he was probably prejudiced.)

Answer.

Perfectly ridiculous. Every Teucrian expects nice Dido in national group.

Concerning the meeting in Hades.

Phew! Romans expect to expel 'Neas. Do intimidate nasty Ghost.

Dido to Aeneas.

Please return, enchanting Trojan. Expedite nice Dido in new grief.

TUESDAY Aug.7 B.29.39' T.70' Clear N.W. Mr.Roberts certainly is a sport.He came over this morning in time for a swim before breakfast!If we had not had a full house,and one or two sleeping on the floor,we should have had him spend the night,instead of going over to Gleason's.He left by the morning train,to our sorrow,and took Sumner off for a few days' rest.Because he simply won't rest here,and he isn't up to the mark yet.

Our fish-hawk looks more lively this morning,though he does not seem to like any of us very much.

This afternoon there was a great and glorious faculty scrap. We did not see it,being occupied with Skshetuski and Rogun,but we heard the sound of revelry.The extraordinary thing is that no one really went down the bank.It sounded as if they were all going over,horse,foot,and dragoons.

Class A Chinning.

Train	16
Remis	14
Sherburne	13
P.Chase	12
Payson	10

These are the best ones.As people improve,the list will grow longer.

FOURTH SENIOR BASEBALL GAME.
YANKS VS. REDS.

Good to have A.M.C. back in the game again;his first appearance since he damaged his knee.

Also good to have M.M.N.W. in the field,for the first time since 1914.

The teams were a bit uneven,as will be seen by the score,though the Reds made a spirited rally in the seventh,and if the full nine innings had been played,might have won after all.But it was so late that it seemed best to cal the game for darkness,which

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) in this case meant for a swim.

A.M.G.	1,000
J.A.L.	.750
P.S.P.	.500
Thayer	.500
L.C.Z.	.400

Hammond .666

RUG LEAGUE GAME.
DINGWALLS VS. COMEATABODIES.

No detailed score of this great game was kept, but it was by far the best of the season so far. The score was tied in the seventh, and again in the eighth. Then the Dingwalls, by a supreme effort, brought in five runs, and won the game. They played till 5-59 1/2, and some of them were late to supper, but who could call off a game like that?

Batteries: Dingwalls...Payson, T.Curtis.
Comeatabodies ...P.Collins, P.Curtis.

After supper it was boats. C.F.R. caught a bass, and so did Commissioner.

Total number of fish, 2.

L.E.R., L.C.Z., and Mrs. Hall went over to the Red Cross lawn party at the fish hatchery. There were forty automobiles, and the effect was extremely metropolitan. The show seems to have been rather poor, but financially it was a great success.

The Roule Cabinet goes on, with thrills. But C.F.R. and Wild Bill Payson spotted Crochard, even in the guise of Inspector Pigot. "Can't fool me, 'cause I'm too durned spry."

Yanks vs. Rebs of Aug. 7 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
0	0		1 Putnam	8	◇		◇ 3	K		6 F6	4-3						4	2	1
6	0		2 H.M.N.W.	3	K		K	◇ 4									5	3	1
8	0		3 J.A.L.	2	◇												4	4	3
1	3		4 S.S.H.	1	K		2-3	◇			1-3						5	1	0
4	1		5 Hammond	4			2	(K) 2-3									3	0	2
1	3		6 R.H.R.	5	K			F6		1 F1							4	0	1
0	0		7 Train	9		F6			F5	1-3							3	0	0
1	2		8 Whelock	6		F3		◇	K		K						3	1	0
0	1		9 Bennis	7		(K) 1-3		◇	K		◇						3	2	0
			10																
			11																
21	10		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	2 2	0 2	2 4	5 9	0 9	2 11	2 13						34	13	8
Balks.	Hit by pitc. h.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				5-	6	1-h. on errors.												2	

Rebs vs. Yanks of Aug. 7 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
0	0		1 L. Chase	9	F3		1-0	F3									3	0	1
7	0		2 L.C.3.	3	◇				1-0		6-4						5	1	2
2	0		3 T.F.V.	5	F6		K		K	K							4	0	0
1	2		4 P.S.P.	1			K		◇	2-3							4	1	2
0	1		5 Davidge	4	F3				◇		F4						4	1	1
2	0		6 P. Chase	6		K		K	◇		◇						3	1	1
9	3		7 A.M.G.	2				◇			◇						3	2	3
0	0		8 Thayer	8		1-0					◇						4	1	2
0	0		9 Sherburne	7				3		3	F1						3	0	0
			10																
			11																
21	4		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	1 1	0 1	0 1	1 2	2 4	0 4	3 7						33	7	12
Balks.	Hit by pitc. h.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.			+ T.F.V.								Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
	1			5-	11	1-h. on errors.			* L.C.2.									1	

WEDNESDAY Aug.8, B.29.47 T.66' Clear N.E.

There was a flat calm to begin with,and then the wind shifted,till it settled to a good south-wester,with an overcast sky.

A sufficiently early riser might have seen a boat, manned by three fishermen,steal out from our shore.We doubt if anyone could have heard them,they were so quiet.They were M.M.N.W.,T.F.V.,and the indefatigable Commissioner. Their labors were rewarded,and they came in with four bass and four white perch.

Total number of fish,8.

Many departures this morning.Mr.Rawle,Mrs.Hall,Miss Hall,and Harry Shaw all went off at once.Wasn't that sad?

SQUAD NOTES.

A great deal of work has been done lately along the shore,filling in with dirt.This strengthens the shore,and incidentally improves the grade of the road,where the dirt is taken out.

A fence is being built to keep the cows out of the beans.We don't mean to have them eaten,after all our work in planting and watering.

The steps to the Mammoth are being safeguarded by a set of slanting drains down the side where the grass is most worn by erring feet,and turfs are being put in.Keep in the middle of the road,friends.

The Chub has gone into dry-dock,as a result of too strenuous handling by stone squads.She has a rail broken,and four bad cracks in her sided.Did they heave boulders into her?It looks like it.C.F.B. has her in charge,and we hope to see her in her accustomed place soon.

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
R.H.R.	X	•		X	•	/	X	•	
A.M.G.	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o
S.S.H.	X				•		X		/
P.S.P.	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o
J.A.L.	X	••••••		X	•			•••••	//
H.M.N.W.	v					/	X		
Andrew	v			X			X	•	
Auchincloss	X			X			X		/
Bemis	X			X	••••	/	X		/
Burke	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o
Clarke	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o
Curtis, P.	v				•		X		/
Davidge			/	X	•		X	•••	
Eager	v			v			X		/
Farnsworth		•			•	/	X	•••	
Hammond	v			X	•		X	••	
Hines	X			X	••		X	•	/
Liggett		•			••		X	•	//
Lowell	v			X			X	•	
Mackie	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o
Newbold	v			X	••			•	/
Putnam		••		X					/
Ranlet	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o
Roberts	v			v			X		
Wheelock	X	•••		X			v		
Train	v			X			X		//
A.M.R.	v					/			
	7	14	1	13	17	5	16	18	14

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
L.C.Z.	X	••		X	•		X	••	
C.F.B.	X			X				•	/
T.F.V.		••		X			X		/
S.M.R.	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o
Biddle	X			X			X		
Breckinridge	v			X				•	/
Brewster	X			X	•	/		•	/
Chase, J.	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o
Chase, P.	X				•••••			••	/
Collins, P.	v			X	•		X		
Collins, R.	X	•		X			X		
Corning	v			X	••		X		
Curtis, T.	X			X			X	••••	
Donald	X			v			X		/
Eggleston	X			v			X		
Gignoux	v			v			X		/
Howard		•	/	X			X	••	
McLain	X			v			X		
Payson	v			v			X		
Shipman	X			X			X		
Sherburne	v			X	•		X		
Spooner	X			X			X	•	
Stackpole	X			X	•		X		
Sylvester	X			X	•	/	X		
Thayer		•		X				••	/
	14	7	1	17	13	2	18	16	8

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) THIRD SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

Weather conditions were pretty good, as the sun had gone in, and the wind held up well.

Non-combatants were many. S.P.P., of course, is away, and he and J.Chase left the Iroquois two short. On the other hand they had Thayer to swell their ranks.

For the Algonquins, A.M.G. did not like to risk his knee yet. Panlet was just out from a day in the infirmary; Burke, Clarke, and Mackie were all a bit too far off colour for real business; and P.S.P., after heroically pretending for a couple of days that there was nothing the matter with him, was caught by stern fate and the thermometer, and sent to bed. This left the side short, even with the addition of H.M.W. and Train. But one must always remember that while the smaller number means fewer marksmen, it also means fewer targets. And the Iroquois had the smaller side through July.

The first game was fairly conservative. One run was made on each side, and the game went to the Algonquins on shots.

In the second things were more lively. The Algonquins won, five runs to two, and were four shots to the good besides.

In the last game, which was also an Algonquin victory, only nine men were left alive at the end. Runs were pretty numerous too. In fact it was much the most aggressive game of the afternoon. The Algonquins are now three up for the season.

J.A.L. heads the list as a marksman, with twelve shots to his credit. As he also made two runs in the last game, he made a very good showing. Liggett and Train also made two

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) runs each in the last game.

After supper ther wasn't really time for anything but the two scouting meetings, before we gathered for sing-song.

SIXTH SING-SONG:

1. Overture, "Chopsticks"....Hammond, Wheelock.
2. Songs.....S.S.H.
3. A Scouting Song.....A.M.P.
4. Choruses.....Forty Years On, Camp Chantey, In the Morning by the Bright Light.
5. Piano Solo.....T.Curtis.
6. Graduates' Song.....L.C.Z., C.F.B., H.M.N.W, Thayer, Train.
7. Piano Solo.....Train.
8. Stunt, "The Little Man."..JChase, Remis, Sylvester, Gignoux, Hines, Mackie.
9. Stunt, "The Rival Curates. Thayer, J.A.L., C.F.B., Train.

Camp Song.

There had to be some hasty alterations at the last moment, for the absence of the leading mandolin put the orchestra out of commission, but we had a good lively sing-song all the same.

Our new chopsticks team had had no chance to rehearse, but they did themselves proud, and Tweedle's dressy appearance was very impressive. (He got up to his waist scouting in the swamp, in the last game, so he had to do some changing.)

S.S.H. gave us "Oddfellows' Hall," "The Day I Played Base-ball", and for an encore "General Grant." More some other time.

A.M.P.'s scouting song will never be a good chorus, asthe tune bothers most people, but it is a good description of the varied conditions of the game.

Tom Curtis gave us Chopin's "Polonaise Militaire", one of the most delightful things he ever wrote.

Some of the singers of the Graduates' Song were not graduates,

WEDNESDAY but they were all old Merryweathers, and that is
(Cont'd.)
the main thing.

Chu-Chu gave us a lovely Mozart fantasia. So we had more "serious" piano music than we often do.

"The Little Man" is a familiar tale, but it never palls. Johnny Chase was a fine figure in his silk hat, and Mackie was a neat and charming maiden. Bemis and Sylvester rendered the mute but important roles of the cow and the pony with great artistic sympathy; and Hines and Gignoux, as dog and pig, were as canine and porcine as heart could wish. Perhaps Froggy overdid his canine antics at the last moment, but he turned a fine somersault.

"The Rival Curates" was done without any rehearsal, but it has never been funnier. Jimmy Thayer, sipping his curds and whey, and sniffing dreamily at his flower, was a model of mildnes. It was hard to believe that one so gentle could consort, even on week days, wth such minions as C.F.B. and Train. A dark and deadly pair indeed! We should hardly have believed that they could be good on Sunday if the ballad did not say so. As for the transformation of J.A.L. as the Rev. Hopley Porter, it was so complete that we can readily believe that for years he had been seeking an excuse to wink at the ladies. (In fact we cannot swear that we have not seen him do it.)

So in spite of absences and alterations, it was a fine sing-song.

A good many went to bed, and no wonder; but we finished "The Boule Cabinet, leaving Crochard in possession of the jewels. And then we had just time for "Consequences."

THURSDAY Aug.9, B.29.15 T.70' Cloudy S.W. Showers.

Perhaps the first real excitement of the day was after dinner, when we went up to the shop for reading, and found Duke and Drilling, the fish-hawk, out on the soccer field, regarding each other with great interest. Luckily we got them apart before anything happened.

In the middle of reading, also of a smart little shower, Joe Sylvester's father and Uncle, and two friends, came for a call. Too bad they had to hurry off.

After reading we had half an hour of good singing.

EXPERT SWIMMING TESTS PASSED.

P.Chase
P.Collins
R.Collins
P.Curtis
T.Curtis
Howard
Davidge
Spooner
J.A.L.
Wheelock
Sherburne.

The wind was a southerly one, so they started from the float and swam fully dressed to the Point. The majority did not bother about taking off clothes, but one or two did a complete job in that line.

The plan was to have able tests next, but the wind died down.

There was much boat-building, and a good game of soccer; score, 1-1.

We should have mentioned before that four fishing boats went out in the morning. They got two white perch and two bass, one of the latter over two pounds.

After supper came boats; and before supper P.M.N.V. and T.F.V. got 3 bass. Total number of fish, 7.

We ended the evening with a wild game of Boston. Fortunately no one was killed.

FRIDAY Aug.19, B.29.92 T.74' Cloudy S. Rain.

Our first really wet day.It held up at intervals through the morning,but they were short,and it came down harder afterwards.

We sang from half-past ten to quarter past eleven,and those who were swimming,instead of addy-humps , went running;A to the sand-slide,B to Fourway Lodge.Swim was short,but very lively,with much soaping and sliding on the float.If you want to study real grace of pose,watch Ralph Spooner slide off on his back.

A regular party in the Infirmary to-day.P.S.P. and Georgie Clarke have been joined by S.S.H.,and at times they are very lively.Reef is learning the Morse code,and sends telegrams with an alarm-clock to Newby,who is celebrating by himself in the Short.

The morning mail was very late,as the poor mail-man, T.F.V.,had to wait an hour and a half to get a chance to telephone,while some fat man talked to New York.When it came,Chu-Chu decided,after much anguish of indecision,that he had better go home.So he rowed across to Gleason's in the rain,ordered his motor,and got back in time to back before it came.Incidentally most of his clothes were wet,so he went off in Reef's Sunday coat.We wish he could have stayed over Sunday.But Trains have a way of going,we have noticed.

Ping-pong and bean-bags were called for all hands till four o'clock.Ping-pong was a bit intermittent,but we have the following results:

TABLE A.

J.A.L. beat Thayer.
T.Curtis beat J.A.L.

TABLE B.

Lowell beat Breckinridge.
Breckinridge beat Farnsworth.
Lowell beat Breckinridge.
Lowell beat Breckinridge.

FRIDAY (Cont'd.)

GREAT INTER-COLLEGIATE PRAIRIE TOURNAMENT.

SHORT vs. MAMMOTH.

SHORT.				MAMMOTH.			
Corning	1	1	3	J.Collins	3	2	5
J.Chase	3	4	5	Sherburne	2	4	2
P.Chase	3	4	4	Howard	0	1	2
Putnam	4	1	2	Eager	5	1	2
	11	10	14		10	8	11
Total,	35			Total,	29		

SOUTH vs. NORTH.

SOUTH.				NORTH.			
Bemis	2	1	4	Farnsworth	0	0	2
P.Curtis	2	1	2	Riddle	3	0	1
Hammond	4	4	3	Roberts	4	1	0
Davidge	2	3	7	Lissett	1	2	1
	10	9	16		8	3	4
Total,	35			Total,	15		

SOUTH vs. SHORT.

SOUTH.				SHORT.			
Bemis	4	6	4	Corning	7	2	1
P.Curtis	4	2	5	Putnam	3	2	4
Hammond	5	7	4	P.Chase	6	3	5
Davidge	5	5	6	J.Chase	5	4	5
	18	20	19		21	11	15
Total,	57			Total,	47		

Each man threw five small bags and one big one;perfect form would total seven.

Best score for one round,
Corning...7
Davidge...7
Hammond...7

Best score for one match,
Davidge..16
Hammond..16

Best score for the afternoon,
Davidge..28

At four o'clock it was all aboard for Prometheanism;that is all but a select company of nine in the shop,and the four infirms.The latter were under orders to sleep as long as they could.The shoppies worked merrily on their boats.

For the Premethean list we must turn over.Weather was not so severe as last year,as it had stopped raining,but everything was well soaked,so there was material for a very pretty problem.

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) PROMETHEANISM.

A.M.G.	L.C.Z.	C.F.R.	H.M.N.W.	T.F.V.
Remis	P.Collins	R.Collins	P.Curtis	Corning
Auchincloss	Davidge	Fager	Breckinridge	Riddle
Eggleston	Gignoux	Hines	Liggett	Howard
Putnam	Roberts	Shipman	Stackpole	Spooner

J.A.L. & Thayer.	R.H.R.
T.Curtis	Harmond
Donald	Sherburne
McLain	Andrew
Wheelock	Lowell

The contest was to get water boiling; but every group had also potatoes, to boil if they had time. The faculty simply observed and scored.

L.C.Z.'s group went out on the Point, in the lee of the big fireplace rock. Their fire started on the fourth match, but went out regularly till the seventh was reached. By this time P.Collins had urged his assistants to "hunt around for a dead birch-bark tree", and all went well, except for the time when the bark went on so first that alarm was expressed lest it should drown the fire. They got their water boiling in thirty-one minutes and a half, which was the best time made. After they had eaten their potatoes, they went at fire-building again, and had water boiling in nineteen minutes.

R.H.R.'s braves took to the path just south of the pine parlour. They got fire with their first match, a broken one. They struck for white pine, and did good work splitting and whittling it. Their time was thirty-five minutes; and in fifty-six minutes from the start they were eating mashed potatoes with a three pronged fork, made on the spot.

H.M.N.W.'s followers found a berth in the path, farther south, and cut a small dead tree for a pole on which to sling their kettle. They all seemed to appreciate the beauty of

FRIDAY (cont'd.) white pine as fuel, and got it in plenty. They got going with the eighth match, and had water boiling in fifty-seven minutes. In an hour and sixteen minutes they were feeding on boiled potatoes.

A.M.G. and company were observed half way up the bank, with their fire against a big red pine. They piled their fuel on a rubber coat to keep it dry. They stripped bark from a dead birch, and broke their twigs very fine before starting. This of course took time, but they got fire on the third match, and got their potatoes cooked and eaten.

T.F.V.'s gang went a little higher up the bank, and chose a spot very much like the one described above, against a red pine. They were slower, using eight matches before they got a permanent blaze. When they got it going it was a good one; so good that the tree caught fire, and had to be put out with wet pine needles. Their time was an hour and six minutes.

J.A.L. and Thayer, with their bunch, were high up the bank, in a spot where two little stubs looked as if they might be utilized to hold a kettle pole. (They didn't hold it very well, after all.) There was much slow whittling; in fact it is said that Tweedle whittled steadily for forty minutes. One member of the party was using red pine, though he knew that it was poor fuel. They got fire with the sixth match, but almost put it out again, when the kettle stick fell off. Their time was an hour and twenty-two minutes.

C.F.B.'s sports went out on the Point, and camped on the pebbles. Eager and Collins did most of the work, but chose their wood badly, so it was a long time before they got a fire that amounted to enough to sling a kettle over, and their water did not boil.

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) Froggy wanted to know who was going to dig the hole to make the fire in. As for Shipman, he devoted himself first to natural science, and then to the beauty of the scene. After picking up pretty stones, and asking if a pickerel could kill a cat-fish, he sat down on the beach and gazed at the sad sea waves, lost in contemplation. When we want supper cooked, we shall not employ Shippy.

May we remark to various of our frines that there is a place where man or boy may always scratch a match, provided he is not wet? Try your trousers, and stop hunting for dry sides of wet stones.

After supper came games on the hill, and the "Spin the Platter." Forfeits were many and amusing.

Mackie, when called upon to make a speech in praise of his own beauty, said, "I am as beautiful as Tweedle, and that is saying a great deal."

Sylvester and Shipman played a duet with their noses, so ultra-modern that it had no tune at all. It was wonderful.

A fine tug of war very nearly pulled Froggy out of his clothes, but he didn't seem damaged.

P. Curtis beat Eggleston in the nose match, and Eggleston beat Sylvester in the Esquimaux all-fours race.

In the Esquimaux jumping race the contestants went over the course twice, as Gignoux bent his knees. The second time he got the motion, and hopped away from Mackie in great style.

It seemed well to play something alittle less noisy than indoor scouting, as we had made such a racket over Boston, so we had three rounds of clothes-pins, followed by Blackboard Relay.

The clothes-pin teams were the Drilling-birds, headed by

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) L.C.Z., and the Nil-fingers, under command of F.H.S.

First Game, Nil-finger, by two pins.
Second Game, Brillig-birds, by four pins.
Third Game, Brillig-birds, by seven pins.

This would seem to show that the Birds were getting steadily stronger.

As for Blackboard Relay, it is a merry sport. But quiet? Ask Joe Davidge, whose cubicle is just behind the blackboard, how many articles came down on his devoted head, as the writers hurled themselves at the board.

Here are some of the sentences:

I am a nice fellow too.

A dog is a large one.

It was a cat last night.

A horse ran downstairs yesterday.

He ate more pie than I.

A fish is a bad thing.

The rat is a nice fellow. (De gustibus non disputandum.)

Is he green apples in a tree? (Possibly a disguise for scouting?)

SATURDAY Aug.11 B.29.23 T.61' Clear, N.

Four good wrestling matches this morning, every one ending in a draw.

Stackpole and Hines les off, evenly matched.

Roberts and Andrew had it even also.

The match between T.Curtis and Remis was the liveliest of the series. It looked at times as if there might be a fall but neither could quite down the other.

P.Curtis and Payson did a good deal of what one might call open fighting, covering a great deal of ground. Neither could get a fall..

This morning all our invalids got up, and, so to speak, "flew the coop." The tray squad really feels lost without any meals to carry. S.S.H. chinned himself fifteen times, just to show his pupils that he was ready to deal with them again.

Class " Chinning.

Hines	13.
Putnam	12
Stackpole	9
Donald	6
Auchincloss	5
Gignoux	5
McLain	5
Sylvester	5

Only five zeros this morning.

Great excitement this afternoon. Carlyle heard a noise near the shop, and went round to see what was doing. There was friend Brillig, and with him one of the old birds, probably his mother. They flapped and squawked a bit, and then she took a low flight along the field. He flapped and hopped after her, rose slowly, and they both went off into a pine tree! So our chicken is restored to his afflicted family, and we are left--well, perhaps not exactly lamenting, for the question

SATURDAY (cont'd.) of keeping him fed was a serious one, and we never could really hope to "gain his confidence." Besides, he would not have been a pleasant parlor pet. The puzzle is, how did his ma find him? Has she been hunting the neighborhood? Or, like Zadoc Pine, could she smell him a hundred yards?.

This afternoon Miss Bailey came out from Gardiner for a little visit. With her, for a call, came Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Gray, and Miss Ruth Richards. Annie T. Bailey

BOAT AND CANOE PRACTICE.

ARGL.	WORRY.	CORKER.	BREN.	RIP.
R.Collins	P.Collins	Hammond	Payson	Thayer
Corning	Riddle	Breckinridge	Sherburne	Stackpole
Davidge	J.Chase	P.Chase	Putnam	McLain
P.Curtis	Howard	Andrew	Auchincloss	Sylvester
L.C.Z.		J.A.L.		N.M.L.W.

MICMAC.	SQUANNACOOK.	PINK.	GRAYLING.
Bemis	T.Curtis	Wheelock	Liggett
Lowell	Donald	Shipman	Ranlet
	C.F.R.		

YAWMERSCHOONER.	WILLIWAW.
Eggleston	Gignoux
Hines	Roberts
Mackie	Farnsworth
T.F.V.	

These crews paddled and rowed, with much shifting of positions, until about half-past four, when the racing began. It was almost calm, and the only trouble was that the low sun bothered a bit in seeing the flags. All races were out round Pickerel and back, or rather round Pickerel and buoys set in a line with it.

SENIOR FOUR-PADDLE CREWS.

CAUGHCOMGOMOCK.	WOMENTICUS.	PENOBSCOT.	ARGLJOCKAMEGUS.
T.Curtis	Payson	Bemis	Spooner
Stackpole	Sherburne	Breckinridge	Corning
Riddle	Putnam	P.Chase	Eggleston
P.Collins	P.Curtis	R.Collins	Wheelock

The Argol was slow at first, but gained well. The Worry made the best turn, with the ~~Worry~~ Corker close behind. The Argol turned pretty wild, and fell behind. The other three boats were very close.

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) In fact the Eben fouled the Worry all the way in. The Corker came forward with a fine sprint, and won, the Worry second, the Eben third by half a length. Time, 3 m. 2 2/5 s.

The Worry and the Eben were sure they could have won if it had not been for the foul, and immediately challenged the Corker. The race was run after the junior doubles, but we give it here for the sake of clearness.

The Eben made a bad start, the Corker leading. Worry and Corker turned practically together, with the Eben only a shade behind. The Worry steered badly on the home stretch, and dropped to third place. The Eben won by two lengths, Corker second. Time, 3 m. 2 3/5 s.

JUNIOR DOUBLES.

HECUBA.	SQUANNACOOK.	PINK.	GRAYLING.
Liggett	Howard	Sylvester	Andrew
Donald	Panlet	Auchincloss	Roberts

The Hecuba led going out, and turned first, though the others gained on her. The Pink steered a very wild course, and the Hecuba was the only one that really kept stroke at all. Hecuba won by several lengths, Squannacook second. The Grayling was given fourth place, for fouling the Pink near the finish, and cutting across her bows so close as practically to stop her. Time, 3 m. 31 1/5 s.

FEATURE DOUBLES.

SQUANNACOCK.	HECUBA.
McLain	Lowell
Gignoux	Hines

The Squannacook got away in the best form. The Hecuba passed her on the way out, but headed too far north, and tried first to turn the rock, and then to turn the buoy the wrong way. This set her back badly, and the Squannacook won by a long lead. Time, 3 m. 58 4/5 s.

SATURDAY
(Cont'd.)

STANDING DOUBLES.

SQUANNACOOK.	GRAYLING.	PINK.	HECUBA.
T.Curtis	Payson	Ferris	P.Curtis
P.Collins	Wheelock	R.Collins	Thayer

The Pink and the Grayling were wild at the start,and the Pink lost her bow man,but picked him up again.The Grayling led,then the Squannacook came up and passed her.The Grayling turned first, Hecuba second.On the home stretch the Squannacook jumped into first place and won.The Hecuba would have had second place,but at the last moment she went over,giving her place to the Grayling.The Pink was third,and the Hecuba,being pretty full of water,did not finish. Time,3 m.42 4/5 s.

CHARADES.

ANTARCTIC. We ought to have had the "gasping sauerkraut bushes motiv" for the first scene,for there were the bushes,with Corning and Brewster behind them scouting elaborately.Brewster gave himself away by his struggles with ants,and Corning shot him.In the next scene appeared Thayer as Noah and J.A.L. as Mrs.N.,trying to get the animals into the ark.They were annoyed because Ham would not help.Even the call,"First call for second Ham" failed to rouse him.Perhaps,like John the Boatman,he sleeps very sound.Well,in the beasts came:monkeys,guinea-pigs,lions,and elephant.Finally a strange monster hove in sight,with a long neck,and a body so queer that there was doubt as to whether it was one animal or two.It was a dinosaur (or dinosaurs),and stuck in the door like the big hippopotamus.So it is extinct.For the third syllable we had Jimmy Thayer,very happy with his new radium clock,which would enable him to know what time it was all night.But alas! When you are trying to sleep it may not be so nice to know the time;and the ticking of the thing was so loud that he finally smashed it.The whole word

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) was a splendid picture of what we have been having in morning reading.T.Curtis,very tired,led the weary dog-team,while J.A.I. and P.Curtis plied the whips.As for P.M.N.W.,he was too helpless with snow blindness to do more than stagger along with his pack.They made their camp,cooked supper,and played "shut-eye" to divide,with tender memories of the days at Merryweather,when they had third helps,and turned down rice pudding.

SYNCOPATE. R.W.K. and R.T.B. were evidently Adam and Eve,naming the animals.To them entered suddenly Remis,with a long grey length of body behind him,and set forth the joys of apples.In fact everything in the neighborhood except apples was poisonous.Adam looked at his list;"stewed prunes, pineapple,blueberries--no,we can't eat apples." But the apple looked very good,and soon the mischief was done.They were roused from their food by the sudden apparition of Phil Chase as Gabriel,"blowing his trumpet loud",with a sword.He sternly turned them out of the garden,to roam the wide world.(This was "sin".) For "cop" we had a splendid burglary.Davidge and R.Collins almost got away with their booty,when the police rushed in,and haled them off to justice. "Ate" was an exact repetition of the first scene,except that Eggleston,who was the rear half of the serpent,came out of the skin.As someone said,the snake laid an egg.The whole word was a fine rag-time dance,by all the members of the side,with R.Collins as solo performer.

SQUANNACOOK. T.F.V. made a most grumpy Indian chief,and Newby as the squaw had no easy time of it.It is bad enough to have to grind pebbles in a hand-mill,without being scolded all the time,and called to come and fill a pipe."Know"

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) was a scene in Holland, where Hammond was going skating with an infant family and a strong Dutch accent, to say nothing of a pipe. His performance was not up to his boasting; and neither was that of L.C.Z., who laid his downfall to the Dutch skates. He knew all about it, and with a good American pair of skates he would show them. The last syllable took us back to our Prometheanism, with L.C.Z. superintending under an umbrella. The matches fell into the kettle, L.C.Z. was accused of using them up to smoke, but finally the kettle boiled, over the flame of the last match. The final scene, with Ham taking the canoe test in Moab, was very fine. He had a bad time of it, and finally tipped his canoe over in getting in, and had to be rescued.

CANDIDATES. This began with a wild baseball game. Everybody did things wrong, and captain and umpire alike failed to make Tweedle any good, either in playing or in general conduct. He was finally "canned", as he deserved to be. The second scene took us to low lights and tragedy. Meg Merrilies sat in the cave, talking to herself over the evil fate that was hanging over the band, and wondering whose turn would come next. She had not long to wait, for Payson and P. Collins brought in C.F.R, desperately wounded. They laid him down gently, but it was too late to do anything; and he quietly breathed his last, the old gypsy crooning a dirge a the spirit passed. With the third syllable we cheered up. At least, the history class did. Prof. Collins perhaps did not enjoy the lesson so much, for very few knew anything, and beanbags were flying pretty constantly. The only date given correctly was that of the discovery of England by Cicero, in 1828 B.C. The whole word was like an English election in the good old days before the Reform Bill. Both candidates talked at the top of their lungs, and the two crowds of sympathizers did the same. Andrew talked loudest, and

SATURDAY . Roberts talked steadiest,so it was hard to say
(Cont'd.)
which won.

Then we had a good round of Compendium in C.L.C.Z. and R.H. made the best score,with fifteen apiece.We made our lists for D,but did not have time to read them.

SUNDAY Aug.12, B.29.8 T.75' Clear S.W.

A lovely peace ful morning.The only event was the catching of four bass,by H.M.H.W.,T.F.F.,and the Commissioner. Total number of fish,4.

PICHNICH TO MOUNT WHORTLEBERRY.

PANTASOTE.	WILLIWAW.	YAWNERSCHOONER.	IDENTICAL.	FERFUS.
A.M.G.	S.S.H.	T.F.V.	M.F.R.	Payson
R.Collins	P.Collins	Liggett	P.Curtis	Wheelock
Raulet	Brewster	Burke	Davidge	Farnsworth
Biddle	J.Chase	Mackie	Gignoux	

TERROR.	EFFU.	CORKER.	APOL.	GUANANICHE.	
Thayer	C.F.B.	J.A.L.	L.C.Z.	H.M.H.W.	
T.Curtis	Donald	P.Chase	Putnam	Sherburne	Howard
McLain	Corning	Roberts	Stackpole	Eggleston	Spooner
	A.M.R.	R.T.B.	Remis	Auk	Eager
				Sylvester	Breck
				Andrew	Newbold
				Lovell	
				Shipman	
				Hines	

It was an easy trip,for the wind had died,so there was nothing to bother any navigator.We made our landing,and then most of us climbed what is better known to us as Blueberry Hill,J.Chase riding practically all the way,first on T.F.V's shoulders,then on C.F.B.'s.We had time to admire the view and eat raspberries,and then came down to supper.

After much food we sang;though we missed P.S.P. sadly when it came to pies.

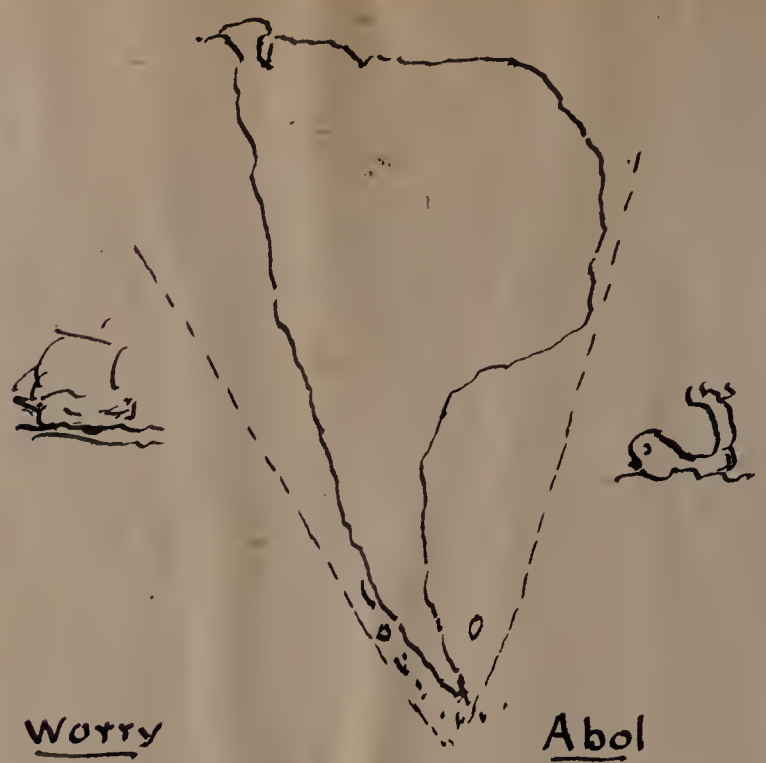
We came home in very good form,and had a full half hour for hymns.

Our story was "A Conference of the Powers",followed by "The Lost Blend";and Billy Payson snored so loud that we thought he was Duke.

At afternoon reading we began "Macbeth."

MONDAY
Aug. 13
Warm,
Fair,
N.W.

Circumcornunavigatores



Worry	Abol
J.A.L.	C.F.B.
Donald	Stackpole
Andrew	Sherburne
Curtis. T.	Bemis

9-30 – 8.15

The weather report is missing, but it was a fine day.

Miss Bailey left us this morning, with a list of shoppings in Gardiner. She is our main link with the great metropolis, when we want elastic, books, tooth-brushes, or any other little comforts.

The noble crews listed above didn't get away on time, as the canoe yokes had to be put in order for the station carry, but they were not very late. We will tell of their adventures farther on.

This morning we began on a system of organized prophylaxis against our friend the grippe bug. All who are in any way likely to spread him abroad are organized into the pest squad; a sort of seventeen plagues of Egypt. They sit together at the Tink, with two contaminacious facticles and a contaminatious prefect in charge. They swim after the rest have gone out, very select and proud.

As for the present the camp will brush its teeth in squads, with

MONDAY (Cont'd.) sails and oars, and prefects in charge, instead of in the pond. Here's hoping that we have got Mr. Pug fooled this time. At any rate, it is pleasant to note that the latest cases are decidedly milder, as if he was getting tired.

Here is a tribute to a very necessary squad:

What flash of blue-bright steel our eyes is dazzling?
What keen-edged sharpness is our tough beef frazzling?
A Crusade sword, that Turkish foes abolishes?
No, it's the knives that our new knife-squad polishes.

R.R.

SUNDAY SUPPERS OUT.

MEADOW BROOK.

ERRN.	COOKER.
L.C.Z.	P.S.P.
Roberts	Putnam
Eggleston	P.Chase
R.T.R.	A.M.M.

DEVIL'S DEN.

VANDERSCHOUER.	TENNER.
R.H.R.	Thayer
Liggett	P.Collins
Davidge	McLain
Riddle	

LITTLE POND.

WILLIWAW.	EREBUS.	IDENTICAL.
A.M.G.	S.S.P.	T.F.V.
R.Collins	Wheelock	P.Curtis
Brewster	Hines	Shipman
Burke	J.Chase	Farnsworth

MONT GUARD,

H.R.
I.F.R.
R.R.
Clarke

Flag Boy.
Clarke

Jumbo Boy.
Clarke

LORD'S HILL.

GUANANICHE.

M.M.I.V.

Payson	Newbold
Harmond	Lowell
Auchincloss	Howard
Breckinridge	Sylvester
Corning	Spooner
Ranlet	Fager
	Gignoux
	Mackie

The Guananiche had no difficulty in finding the right landing, and her crew had no difficulty in finding the hill. From the top they had a splendid view of the ponds, and also of a fire on Hoyt's Island. They thought it a forest fire, but it seems to have been a barn. They had supper at the landing. Some wanted to play "Wolf", but more didn't want to, so they took to the boat again, and after coasting the two south bays came home. They were the first crew in.

MONDAY (Cont'd.) The Devil's Den was found, by following C.W.'s blaze marks. They made a big M on a tree to mark the starting-place for the trip. The Den itself is big enough for A.H.P. to stand by stooping, but it hardly lives up to its very dramatic name. They found a very fine and remarkably cold spring on the hill-side near by, which will doubtless make the trip always popular. "Can we get a drink?" is one of the first questions, always.

The Little Pond boats went up the Tiber to the saw-mill, and then inquired their way. A Roman matron said it was three quarters of a mile, but A.M.G. says it was nearer three miles. They didn't reach the pond, but they followed many interesting paths and lanes, and saw much pretty country; the coughs and colds bringing up the rear. As for J. Chase, he was carried a good deal of the way, being a handy size. They saw a gypsy family in the woods, living in very primitive style, with a pig and a hound. They supped on Crooked Island, keeping very quiet lest the owner come out and object. But he is not that kind.

The Meadow Brook canoes found plenty of water and a strong current. They also found Camp Munoia, five canoes of it, and Put got so excited that he took one stroke right in the nearest of their boats. And then going under the bridge, where you have to lie low and hug the wall, L.C.Z. stuck, and all the Munoia ladies giggled. At the second bridge the gallant captain of the Corker had had enough, being still an active member of the pest squad, so the Wren went on to North Pond alone. They reached it, and got back in very good time. As for the Corkers, P.S.P. tried to take a nap, but was somewhat disturbed by Camp Munoia, who came and had tea on the bridge. The other three crossed the bridge, a thing that will soon be impossible, as the old thing is slumping fast. They

MONDAY (Cont'd.) followed a trail across the fields to a farm on a hill, where they had a good view of North Pond. It looked so near that they asked about getting to it, and were told that the road led right down. But as the woods looked open, they tried a short cut, and got into swamp half way up to their knees. But they reached the open marsh round the foot of the pond, and as it was the same water, they feel justified in saying that they really reached the pond itself. We all had supper in the field by the bridge, and came down the brook much faster than we went up. Near the mouth the swallows were so thick that we could hardly get though, and we saw a shooting star that looked as if landed about ten feet away. We got home at 8-16, in spite of the merry little south wind that sprang up for our benefit.

The bold mariners who had started in the morning came in about two minutes later, after a great trip. They went fairly easy to East Mt. Vernon, as it was a very hot morning, and had a swim near Moose Stream. Dinner was at East Mt. Vernon, and after that they went right along. Someone wanted to shoot the sluice-way at the mill, but it did not seem advisable. The logs were pretty thick at South Belgrade, but though there had to be some log hopping, they did not have to carry. They stopped at the island in Messalonskee, and indulged in dates, for by this time they were aware that they had paddled a good way. Carrying over from the station J.A.L. took one end of the Corker with a yoke, and T. Curtis and Bemis alternated at the other end; in short he was the wheel of the barrow, and they took turns being the handles. As for C.F.B., he took the Abol, and, true to Indian tradition, did not set her down till he put her into Ellis Pond. They came down by way of Damren's stream

MONDAY and built a fire and cooked their bacon and cocoa
(Cont'd.)
on the beach, at our regular picnic rock. An elderly lady came out and told them that the rock belonged to her, but they smiled and were very polite, and let her talk; so she let them eat.

Well, people were pretty sleepy after half past eight, and many went to bed with the juniors. But we began "The House of a Thousand Candles", and only one went to sleep. That one was the Man from Bangor", our gallant Buggins. He didn't stir when we sang "Taps", so C.F.B. just picked him up, all curled up like a dormouse. (But he didn't snore. It takes Sugar to do that.)

I should have mentioned before that Wheelock and Spooner did the Oak Island swim this morning.

TUESDAY Aug.14, B.29.8° T.65° Foggy, S.W. Rain at night

Today is the tenth anniversary of the death of Moulton Bartlett;our dear camper who never grows old,but whose memory remains a bright and lovely one to all who knew him.At morning reading L.F.R. spoke of him,so that all might have some idea of what he was,and what he meant to the camp.

H.M.N.W. has been talking to us this week about various diseases,and the way they are communicated.

P.Chase has been promoted from the pest squad.

SQUAD NOTES.

The bank squad is still hard at work,reinforcing the shore along Sunshine Alley.

The Pomander Walk landing,and the one by Faculty Coffee have been put in place,and C.F.R. says that if they blow away he will eat his hat.

The Chub has come out of hospital,so the Hornpout does not look lonely any more.

L.C.Z. is still clearing out dead pines and other trees. We shall have plenty of fire wood next year.

FOURTH JUNIOR BASEBALL GAME.
BRICKS vs. BATS.

This game lasted two hours and thirty-five minutes.For a while the Bats led,but in the fourth the Bricks struck oil and after that scored freely.In the seventh Corning was moved to first,Hammond occupying the mound in his place,but the merry-go-round continued.In the seventh and eighth the Bricks had ten and nine men up,scoring five and four runs.

One of the liveliest situations was that in the fourth, when P.S.P. knocks a two-bagger,scoring two men,and then kept the whole team so busy catching him between second and

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) think that another run came in. He though he was out, he was directly responsible for three runs.

Batting was pretty heavy on the Bricks. The Bats could not seem to connect much with Davidge, except for J.A.L., who has two triples, a double, and a single, out of five times at bat.

J.A.L.	.8[illegible]
P.S.P.	.8[illegible]
Thayer	.8[illegible]
Sherburne	.5[illegible]

Bricks vs. Bats of Aug. 14 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr hits.
1	3		1 Bennis	6	K		0 2-3				2-3						5	3	1	
3	7		2 Davidge	1	0 3												6	4	2	
11	0		3 Wheelock	2	5-4		1-3			K		1-0					2	2	0	
11	0		4 P.S.P.	3	4							2					3	1	4	
1	0		5 Thayer	5			4-3										5	1	4	
0	0		R. Collins	9		1-3			K	9 6		K					5	1	1	
0	0		7 Donald	8		0 1		1-3	0 3		K						4	1	1	
0	0		8 Sherburne	4		4		0 1-3	2-4 0								4	2	2	
0	0		9 Stanhope	7		4-3				0 1-3	6-8						3	2	1	
			10																	
			11																	
27	10		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	0 0	0 0	0 0	5 5	1 1	6 2	8 5	13 4	17				39	17	16	
Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
	1			5	9	1-b. on errors.												1		

Bats vs. Bricks of Aug. 14 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr hits.
1	6		1 Cornwall	1			K		6-3				0 1-3				3	2	0	
2	2		2 Putnam	4			K		0 1-3		0 1-3						5	1	0	
3	2		3 P. Chase	6	K						0 1-3		1-0				4	2	0	
7	4		4 J. A. L.	2	6-5												5	2	4	
9	1		5 Hammond	3	9 6						9 5		0 1-3				4	0	1	
2	2		6 P. Curtis	5		K	6 0-3		0 1			0 1-3					4	0	0	
0	1		7 P. Collins	7		K		K		K		K					4	0	0	
0	0		8 Leggett	8		0 3		0 3		K							3	0	0	
0	0		9 Payson	9				0 1		0 1-3		0 1					3	1	0	
			10																	
			11																	
24	18		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	2 2	0 2	2 4	0 4	2 6	0 0	2 8	0 8					35	8	5	
Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
				12	5	1-b. on errors.												1	2	

TUESDAY (Cont'd.)

QUERCINSULARII.

R.T.F.

McLain — Brewster
Roberts — Burke
J.Chase — Hines
Biddle — Mackie
Lowell — Shipman

FISHING.

PANTOSOTE.	CHUB.	HORNPOUT.	EELBUS.
T.F.V.	H.M.R.W.	T.Curtis	Howard
Clarke	Eggleston	Breckinridge	Eager
11 bass	Newbold	Gignoux	Spooner
1 perch	2 bass		

Total number of fish,14.Largest 2 1/2 lbs.

The Quercinsularii,went to Hemlock Point,Oak Island being already occupied by Camp Runoia,who were very sure that they did not want any boys,even on the other side of the island.We shall report their adventures to-morrow.

The fishing crews all stayed out to supper,and it was well they did,for some of them started very late.Auk and Andrew tried to catch frogs on the ball-field,but reported the crop as scarce.Spooner got knee-deep in the lagoon,and caught two large bull-frogs.He and the crew he was with started to go out armed with the bull-frogs and one spoon, but were assisted to get more bait.

Auk and Andrew were to have fished,but they were so unwise as to scrap in the shop,and knock the grindstone more or less up.So they dug worms,and then joined the ranks of the chicken chasers.

S.M.R. came back this afternoon,looking as if he had put on several pounds.Perhaps it isn't good to see him.

L.C.Z. and A.M.G. put in an afternoon chopping trees, and R.T.F. joined them long enough to cut down an oak tree. Cheers for our forestress!

C.F.F. devoted himself to the hole in the Terror.In

TUESDAY (cont'd.) consequence it will soon cease to be a hole.

As for S.S.H.,he umpired for two hours and a half,and we hope he enjoyed it.

We were so small a number at supper that the Tink,with all the plagues of Egypt,was merged in the general company.

After supper we had Games on the Hill,and then Tea-kettle. When various people had sprained their brains over this cheerful sport,we made them split their ear-drums with Shouting Proverbs.Some of us don't seem to know any proverbs,which is a pity.There is a lot of good sense.in them.

Then came Mythology,with wild excitement.It is the best game of its kind ever devised.

At supper we had a good letter from J.G.W.,now in France; and with the evening mail came the news that J.R. is now a corporal.He says he must have looked wiser than he feels.

Runoia über alles

THE DEFENCE OF OAK ISLAND.

"Now listen, Miss Runoia,"
(This is what Dicky said, tidy-i)
"We really won't annoy yah."
So haul the hair-ribbon, haul.
Quoth she, "Avast, foul fiend, aroint!"
And she talked his ears right out of joint,
And Dick spent the night on Hemlock Point-
So haul the hair-ribbon, haul.

L.C.Z.

WEDNESDAY Our Oak Pointers,or Hemlock Islanders,whichever
Aug.15
5.29.88 you like,came home in good time,but very sleepy.
T.65'
Misty They had pitched their tent in such a way that all the
S.W.
water in the neighborhood drained into it,so they had
Shower
P.M. been very wet.McLain,who had a poncho of his own,was pretty comfortable outside,but Riddle,who curled up in a duffle bag,did not fare so well,and one or two seem not to have slept at all.

This morning C.F.B. started us on knots.We pair off,two to a piece of rope,and go to it.The first thing was to wind the end of the rope so that it would not frazzle out.Then we did a square knot,two half hitches,and one or two others.

This morning our deputy prefect,Jimmy Thayer,went off on the usual train.It was very good of him to help us out so long,and we surely appreciate it.

This morning C.F.B. took a track and field squad.They worked on broad jump and shot put,and ended with a tug of war.

FISHING.

WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.	CHUR.
H.M.N.W.	T.F.V.	S.M.R.
McLain	Breckinridge	Eager
Hines	Clarke	Riddle
2 bass	6 bass	1 bass
1 pickerel		1 shiner

Total number of fish,11.

SUPPERS CUT.

C.F.B.	A.M.G.
T.Curtis	Payson
Andrew	Auchincloss
Remis	P.Curtis
Roberts	Stackpole
Sherburne	Wheelock

WALK TO SNAKE POINT.

L.C.Z.	R.M.R.
A.M.R.	S.S.H.
R.F.B.	Putnam
Spooner	Sylvester
Burke	P.Chase
R.Collins	Eggleston
Farnsworth	Howard
Liggett	

WALK TO STONY POINT.

P.S.P.	J.A.L.
Davidge	Gignoux
J.Chase	Donald
Lowell	Shipman
Mackie	Newbold
Ranlet	

AT HOME.

Hammond,F.Collins,Corning,Brewster.

No comment is needed on the fishing,except that the pickerel was a very big one,2 1/4 lbs.

WEDNESDAY (cont.d.) The two supper-out squads did a good deal more than sup. They pitched a complete camp, tent and all, and then cooked a complete supper. C.F.R. and his campers went up by Fourway Lodge, while A.M.G. and company settled in the wine parlour. The captains were Remis and T.Curtis. For A.M.G. and his squad Auchincloss was a very good chief cook. The other squad divided the cooking. The menu was the same for both:

Boiled mush.

Potatoes, (fried or boiled)

Bacon

Cocoa
Apple sauce.

The two leaders acted as advisers, but the boys did all the actual work themselves.

The Snake Pointers went a very roundabout way, on the shore of Stony Point, hopping from rock to rock. In some places there are long stretches for short legs, and several got wetter than the scouting rules allow. When we had rounded the point, L.C.Z. took the rear-guard home, and the rest of us went up over the hill to Goose Beach. From there we proceeded to the Abbot tree, where there was a peaceful interval of rolling stones down the bank and jumping up the tree. We came home by the road and the scouting field.

The Stony Pointers went to Stony Point, and also went to school. The little school-house is open, so they went in. And they made such a racket that L.C.Z., coming by with his rear-guard, looked in to see what kind of circus was going on.

As for the home guard, Brewster slept all the afternoon. Corning saw his family, who came for a brief call. Harmond and P.Collins did not sleep, but went pretty easily, and did

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) their best to keep out of mischief.

After supper it was Games on the Hill, except for those who were rehearsing or having colds, and then came our seventh sing-song.

SEVENTH SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

1. Overture, "Chopsticks.....T.Curtis, Wheelock.
2. Drama.....Hammond, Eager, Remis, Stackpole, P.Collins, Spooner, Payson., T.Curtis.
3. Merryweather Orchestra.....T.F.V., P.S.P., Eager, P.Collins.
4. Choruses.....October, Hiram Q., Benzo.
5. Stunt,.....T.Curtis, P.Curtis, Payson, Howard.
6. Stunt.....R.R.'s Historical Pageantists.

CAMP SONG.

Our Chopsticks team was half new this time, but we rejoiced in the familiar strains.

To do justice to the first drama, "The Abduction of the Hohenzollern", we must first give in full the poster which announces this brilliant event.

SING-SONG THEATER.

Mrs. Henry Richards & Co.

present

"The Abduction of the Hohenzollerns".

A Thrilling Melodrama of the WAR.
TONIGHT.

Hickville Clarion says: "An unparalleled thing of its kind. Gripping from beginning to end."

CAST.

M.Lecoq.....Hammond.
S.Holmes.....Eager.
Kennedy.....Remis.
Godfrey.....Stackpole.
U.S.Secret Service.

WEDNESDAY
(Cont'd.)

The Kaiser... .....P.Collins.
Kronprinz.....Spooner.
Von Hindenburg.....Payson.
Von Eisenbaum.....T.Curtis.

ADMISSION.

One Clean Face.

The first scene was laid in the imperial wine-cellar.At first one saw only casks and kegs,but as one's eyes grew used to the dim light one distinguished the lean but sinewy form of Sherlock Holmes,emerging from the sauerkraut barrel, and the keen face of M.Lecoq half hidden behind the pretzels. Their plan was made,and they drank to its success.

The second scene was in the throne room.The Kaiser,a terrible but regal figure,sat on his throne.Beside him sat the Crown Prince,occupied chiefly with his cigarette.Behind stood a row of nobles,a truly impressive sight in their huge helmets.Von Hindenburg was just being rewarded with some order of merit,when Von Eisenbaum,the confederate of the secret service men, asked permission to display a wonderful invention.And he displayed it to such purpose that the whole court sank to the floor,overcome by gas.Lecoq,Holmes,and the rest,who were present in disguise,escaped by hasty adjusting of gas masks, and carried off the fallen monarch and his hopeful heir.It was most thrilling.

Our orchestra varies in number and personnel,but it is always a welcome addition to the programme.

The second drama was a stage version of "The Devil and the Old Man,admirable in action and stage-craft.There was the ship,her canvas drawing,and P.Curtis,a woeful figure,as the seaman who had sold his soul.The selling occurred under

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) dim lights;we did not see the devil,but we heard his awful voice,and the bell which accompanied his arrival. Payson was capital as the Old Man,and Howard carried out all directions with the neatness and dispatch of a model ship's carpenter.At last there came the scund of the bell,and T. Curtis appeared,a truly Satanic figure,in dark cloak,hat,and moustache.The climax was really terrific,as the Devil went sliding out board after the anchor rope.

The historical scenes were also brilliant.In fact their pageantry was more colourful (I thank thee,Mr.Mackaye,for teaching me those words) than that of the two preceding stunts. We were asked to guess what kings were represented,but there could be no doubt.

First came Canute (S.M.H.),a stately figure,surrounded by Payson,Bemis,Sherburne,and P.Collins.The action followed in pantomime;but the superb dignity with which the monarchreuked his unworthy flatterers needed no words to give it weight.

As soon as we saw a Saxon dame (Wheelock) tending a baking of cakes we knew whom to expect;and in a moment L.C.Z. entered, careworn but kingly,his crown only half hidden by the muffling cloak.No wonder that when the good woman saw that lofty brow in all its majesty she fell on her knees,asking pardon for her rash blow.

When J.A.L. came in and sank exhausted and despondent,we could not be sure which king he was,though we knew that he was every inch a king.But what do we see in the corner,climbing painfully up its thread? A Frog? Well,perhaps.But just now it is a spider;and the noble Bruce watches with growing interest and sympathy as the little creature toils again.At last the lucky seventh is reached,and the monarch,himself again,dashes out to

WEDNESDAY rally his followers.

Our fourth king appeared in full regal state,his head held high,his train likewise.The Frog bore that royal garment in an obsequious manner that suggested naught but loyalty.But on the brow of the stern Messire Guillaume de Payesonne there was a rebellious cloud;and the Baron de Bemis, the Comte de Coligny,and the Sire de Sherburne echoed--I mean reflected--that lowering look.At sight of the table,with its pen and ink,the monarch paused,and gazed round with a look which showed his aroused suspicions.A moment later and the hated document lay before him.Will he sign it?Or will he rise from his seat and hurl these rebels to the earth?The drawn swords decide it;and with a scowl and a muttered curse he signs.

Well,we were a little late,but it was worth it.And then we went on with our "House of the Thousand Candles."

THURSDAY Aug.17, 3.30.P.M. Navy B.F. The first logging squad of the season went to work this morning, bringing down the logs that have been cut in the pine parlor and elsewhere.

A new fence is going up round the old pit by third base, to keep ball-players, chicken chasers, and Mrs. Cook's cows from falling in.

We have beans six inches long, and shall soon be eating the fruits of our labors.

To-day was Pom Collins's birthday, and yesterday was J.A.L.'s. Think of our missing that! Pom was sent through the mill in style, and had from home a wonderful cake which was marked "wedding cake." He has kept Mrs. Pom very quiet.

As for J.A.L., the dark dissembler, we wished him many happy returns of yesterday, and presented him with a large plate of fudge, properly decorated with candles.

This afternoon it was too threatening to go far from home, though it didn't really rain at all. A boat-building squad worked in the navy yard, and there was soccer and signalling.

The soccer game was hot and close. We did not hear the final score, but for a long time it was 5-5.

Payson and T. Curtis took out the Pob-tailed Nag, and she went so well that they nearly lost her. They had only one pair of oars, and as Bill pulled and the Nag scudded we all felt like betting our money on her. Fortunately she tipped over, or Bill would have been running yet.

The signallers formed a big circle from the Point to the ball-field, back through camp, as follows: L.P.Z., Warren, Daniel, Clarke, P.S.P., Sylvester. We give the messages in the forms in which they were sent and received, and the time that they took to travel.

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) What do the dopesters give us for to-morrow? After 24 m.47 s. came back "Wait."

"We are too slow" came back correctly after 7 m.2 s. "Bombard Kunoya at midnight" came back "Kunoia at sidnight" after twelve minutes. We are informed that Brother Sylvester was the weak link in the chain.

. . . . At five the Guananiche went round Oak, L.C.Z. steering on the way out, and C.F.B. bringing her back.

Late in the afternoon came two most welcome arrivals:

Nora Coolidge. J. Gardner Coolidge

And with them came a telegram from T.L., even the Chief Musician, that he is coming the twenty-fifth, to stay through. Perhaps that isn't good news.

After supper we had Digestion Club, and then a good half hour of singing, followed by Towel. And then came our story again.

NOCTURNAL ATHLETICS.

This being H.M.N.W.'s last evening, it was to be expected that he would start something. The Guananiche went round Oak with eight paddlers, the Skipper steering. We have not the record of her time. Then came a great tringular contest, as follows: A.M.G. & C.F.B. rowed round Oak.

S.P.M., R.H.F., T.F.V., and J.G.C. ran to the corner.

L.C.Z. and H.M.N.W. caught frogs. They were to have caught ten, but only produced four, one damaged, and a toad. And they caught them on the ball-field, so Henry is justified. The oarsmen came in just before the runners. Great sleeping race to-morrow.

Arrived in the evening, Laurence J. Hutchinson

FRIDAY Aug.17. Did anyone notice a dreamy,far-away look about some of the faculty to-day?That is because,after last night's activities,they got up at five to see F.M.M.W. off by the early train.And then Anderson's alarm-clock didn't go off, so he didn't come.Most of the early birds went back to bed,but a nap from six to half past doesn't make up for what you lose from five to six,especially if you got to bed at one.F.M.M.W. himself took the noon train,which would bring him to St.Johnsbury at midnight!

Reuben Lowell is learning the Siamese war-cry ,and is doing it so nicely that at breakfast we got him to get up and say "O wa-ta-na- Siam!" (Is that the right way to spell it?They didn't have a good course in Suamese when I was a little boy.)The noble sentiment was received with cheers.

Mrs.Brewster came over to-day ,stayed to dinner,and took her Billy off to supper.

Mrs.Wheelock came in the afternoon,and stayed to supper.Tommy got into his running things,and met her along the road.

As for the rain,it rained most of the day,at intervals,though at other intervals it looked as if it was going to clear in half an hour.We had half an hour of singing after morning reading,and swim was very brief.

HARE AND HOUNDS.

A.		B.	
Hares:	L.C.Z.	Hares:	T.F.B.
	T.F.V.		F.H.R.
Canis Ducens:	S.S.F.	Canis Ducens:	J.A.L.
	P.Chase,R.Collins		Andrew,Auchincloss
	Corning,F.Curtis		Biddle,Breckinridge,
	Liggett,Payson		Eggleston,Hines,
	Sherburne,Spooner.		Lowell,Mackie,
			McLain,Newbold,
			Ranlet,Shipman,
			Stackpole.

FRIDAY (Cont'd.)

SUPPERS OUT.

P.S.P.Jr.
P.Collins
Sylvester
Farnsworth
Eager
Howard

S.H.R.
Hammond
Burke
J.Chase
Putnam
Donald
Gignoux

SUNDAY STUNT.

J.W.S..
Clarke
Roberts
Remis

The sundry stunters went to Bog Brook.They had a good paddle,but before they got back the rain came down hard again,and they were soaked when they got home.

The supper-outers did as the last two groups did,and reported most successful camping.We hear tales of merry singing round camp-fires after supper.The rain did not seem to bother them at all.

The two sets of hares got off at 3-33,the hounds five minutes later.B.found the trail in a minute and a half,A.in two and a half.

The A.hares appeared at 4-17,but they ran the trail round the premises for a while,and did not finish officially till 4-24.The first hounds appeared at 4-30,down over the scout?ng field,having cut off a long distance by leaving the trail and going on general principles.This would not seem to be the point.They had a h rd time finding the bags, and almost everyone had a false alarm over the B.bags,which were hidden near by.Before they found them,the others,who had stuck to the trail,appeared,and there was a big bat hunt.They finished as follows:

Payson
M.Collins
S.S.H.
Sherburne
Spooner

Payson and Sherburne were among the short-cutters.

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) The P.Hares came in at 4-17, but it was nearly an hour, and A.had got washed and dry before the P.hares hove in sight. They had lost the trail entirely, so when it began to rain hard J.A.L. rounded them up and sent them in. As it was, they were pretty damp. As there was some misunderstanding about the importance of finding the bagswe give the first five who appeared, and the first five to touch the fence after finding the bags:

Before Bags:	After Bags:
Auchincloss	McLain
Stackpole	Andrew
McLain	Riddle
Andrew	Ranlet
Lowell	Auchincloss

Riddle and Ranlet were tied at the fence. Stackpole did not understand about the bags, and went right down as soon as he came in.

At Digestion Club we finished "Tourmalin's Time Cheques", and plunged into "A Tramp Abroad."

Then came "Quiet Games", except for various early birds, who meandered off to bed at odd times.

The half-past niners had a splendid game of Poston.

A.M.G. and T.Curtis left by the ten o'clock train from Waterville; the former to be best man at a wedding, the latter to have his ear looked at. We hope to see them both Sunday.

SATURDAY Aug.18, B.29.9 T.62° Cloudy N.W.

Dr.Henderson went bythe early train this morning.

Evidently Mr.Anderson's alarm-clock has recovered from its difficulties.

Among our knots this morning we had a Tom-fool knot. Froggy and Johnny Chase were tied up in it very neatly.

Mrs.Wheelock was over again this morning.

All the logs big enough for firewood have now been brought,and the Arklet and the Wobbler have had a much-needed wash.Lumbering is a dirty trade,for boats as well as for fingers.

To-day Per Simons was married.Hurrah for P.W.S!

During the ball-game this afternoon arrived another guest.Too bad he can't stay for the race,and still the Co-Co.

Wm Amory Gardner

FIFTH SKUIS BASEBALL GAME.

PARQUES VS. NIGHTS.

A rather uneven game,as can be seen by the score.The Nights were unable to get a man to first till the fourth inning,and did not score till P.S.P.'s three-bagger in the fifth.At times they held the Parques down,and in the fourth got them out one-two-three,also in the seventh.But a run here and two runs there soon makes a big total.

S.S.H. struck out sixteen men,and gave only one pass.

J.C.C. was a bit wild,and in the seventh he and JA.L. changed places.In consequence three Parques fanned,but it was too late to turn the tide.

W.S.H. and T.F.V. each batted for .5[illegible];the former knocking a two-bagger ,and the latter a three.F.W.P and S.M.H. batted for .25[illegible],but in each case the one hit was a long three-bagger..

Barques vs. Bights of Aug. 18 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
0	1		1 Palmer	7		K		3-0		K		K					3	1	0	
1	2		2 Bemis.	6				K		2-0							3	2	0	
2	2		3 S.S.H.	1	K			K									4	2	2	
16	1		4 S.M.R.	2						E8		K					4	3	1	
2	0		5 Hammond	4					3			0 4-3					5	1	2	
1	1		6 R.H.R.	6	K		4-3		1-3		K						4	0	0	
5	0		7 Wheelock	3	K		0 3				K						4	0	1	
0	0		8 P. Curtis	8		7-5-3			1-3		K						2	0	0	
0	0		9 Corning	9		K	0 1-3										4	2	1	
			10																	
			11																	
27	7		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	3	0 3	2 5	0 5	1 6	3 8	0 8	3 11					33	11	9	

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	1-b. on errors.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
				1	16				1	1	

Bights vs. Barques of Aug. 18 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
0	1		1 P. Chase	6	K			3-0		3-0		3					4	0	0	
8	0		2 L.C.J.	3	K			K				1					4	0	0	
10	2		3 J.A.L.	2	K			6-4		0 2			6				3	0	0	
5	1		4 J.G.C.	1		3				K			6				4	1	0	
1	2		5 P.S.P.	4		K					(K) 2-3		K				4	1	1	
0	1		6 T.F.V.	6		K			K				1				4	0	2	
0	1		7 Dandy	7			K		6-4		0 3		K				4	0	0	
0	0		8 Palmer	8			K				1						3	0	0	
0	0		9 J. Chase	9			K		K			K					3	0	0	
			10																	
			11																	
24	8		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0				33	2	3	

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	1-b. on errors.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
				8	13					2	

BIG LEAGUE GAME.
WHOSIS VS. WHATERS.

This game was also uneven. The Whosis (we follow the spelling on the score-card) started off with three runs, and in the third inning every man scored except Liggett. Hits were many, and strike-outs few. The losing team's best rally was made in the ninth, when they brought in three.

After supper we retired for the customary charade planning, on float, piazza, and other places.

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) CHARADES.

ASPHYXIATE. The first scene was the good old story of the musicians of Krenen.J.C.C. as the ass was driven out by the thieves,a ruffianly band.Then he and his friends came back,and building a pyramid outside the window terrified the bandits with the unearthly crowing of the cock.Froggy was great in the last-named part.Phil Chase split his boat,and then fixed her with ambroid.For the last two syllables,Dick Collins ate a doughnut,very happily and greedily.The scene of the whole work was laid in the trenches.There was heavy firing,and then came the word"Gass attack"! All hands put on their masks,but some were not quick enough,and the stretcher bearers had to carry them off the field.The attack was finally repulsed,and we cheered the Stars and Stripes as they rose above the parapet.

ALTERATIONS. The syllables were acted in pairs.Our first scene was in Carthage,in the temple of--I am not sure of my Carthaginian mythology,so let us say simply in a temple. Two tall priests in scarlet robes,C.F.P. and P.S.P.,came in, followed by acolytes in white,and took their places on each side of the altar.Then entered an imposing procession;Hannibal,in full armour,followed by a slave leading an elephant, whereon was mounted the youthful form of his son Hannibal. The child dismounted,and was bidden by his father to swear eternal hatred to Rome.And his "Delenda est Roma " rang out with a deadly intensity.Just why he preferred to take his oath on the altar instead of in front of it we do not know.The last two syllables took us to a raft in mid-ocean,whereon

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) languished a shipwrecked crew. They were far gone, and even the distribution of rations, when Captain Batchelder passed round the last rubber boot, failed to revive some. When three had given up and rolled overboard, the lookout sung out, "Sail ho!" And exhausted though they were, they struck out and swam for it. For the whole word, Prof. Payson demonstrated his wonderful transformation machine, which would alter anyone to any extent. Roberts, who wanted to put on weight, reappeared in the form of Wheelock, Shipman, who pined for height and black hair, turned into G.F.B., and P.S.P., who found himself too big for scouting, changed into Putnam.

SCHWARD. The first syllable was a veritable Oppenheim novel, with its scene laid in a restaurant. L.G.Z. was a waiter, and T.F.V. "an awful-looking Rube", evidently in disguise. "The gent's a cannibal; he wants some fierce things", said the waiter down the tube. L.G.Z. took a nap, and T.F.V. profited by the chance to dress up as a waiter, in time to receive Burke and Donald, and later Miss Coolidge, at sight of whom he dropped his tray, and then scribbled a note on her menu. "Jack!" she gasped. But before she could go further, Hammond and Liggett, evidently evil-minded foreigners, came in and left a suit-case. As they went out we heard the ticking of the clock-work which would soon set off the bomb and hurl restaurant, waiter, and patrons to glory. But the lazy, Pandora-like, investigated. Her report of what she saw spurred Jack to instant action, and before she realized what was up, the bomb was safe in a pail of water. The fiends came back, only to be downed at one blow by Jack. The second scene was evidently Oriental. L.G.Z., in royal robes, lay on his divan, his brow clouded with care, his hand nerveless, his sword idle. In a moment T.F.V. slipped quietly into the room, and seating himself began to play softly on his flute. Almost instantly the cloud

SATURDAY lifted.The furrowed brow relaxed,the clouded eyes (Cont'd.)
cleared,and the royal hand lifted the sword for action.Saul was himself again.The whole world was "somewhere in the war zone",with L.C.Z. and Miss Coolidge parting from their older sons,who were called to the front.They tried to think that the roar of the cannonade was only a passing thunder-storm, but ere long a shell buried them in the ruins of their home.

RABEL. And now we are in the Highlands.Roderick Dhu (W.A.G.) basks by the fire in his plaid.Enter Fitz-James (a perfectly correct name for J.A.L.),bold and defiant.The hidden clansmen spring to arms,but the king stands with his back against a rock,ready for any number of them.The second scene was at sea.We knew that because of the green plaid,rising and falling in slow waves.The bell on top of the pillows prepared us for the entrance of W.A.G. as Sir Ralph,his heart full of mirth and wickedness.The bell sank to the bottom as he cut it loose.But retribution was at hand;for soon the Rover and his crew joined the bell in the briny depths.The whole world showed us a busy and cheerful scene,with workmen chatting gayly as they plied their task.Suddenly high in the heavens appeared the angel of punishment (J.Chase this time.),and in a moment they were speaking Greek,Russian,Latin,Spanish,Italian,French,German,English,and Chinese.We caught Auk's wild cry of,"Spaghetti!",and someone said "Get out" with great emphasis.Otherwise it was unintelligible.

And then we continued with "The House of a Thousand Candles."

SUNDAY Remember,oh weather-man,that you go on duty Sunday .
Aug.19
Fair . We had a brief call this morning from Mrs.Chase,aunt
a.m.
Rain of our Chases and also of Georgie Clarke.This proves,as
p.m.
someone remarked,that Gerge and the Chases are related.

We had lady butlers at dinner to-day.R.R. could not perform,but with three we got through pretty well.

While afternoon reading was going on Mr.and Mrs.Reinhardt and Mr.and Mrs.Groteclaos (not sure of spelling) came to see Eggs. They though that it wasn't going to rain,but they must have got very wet before they reached the Mills.

The picnic list was posted,but it soon became evident that it must be given up.We tried for Skowhegan,but before the sides were chosen the rain began,so all hands came back for progressive pin-pong.

TABLE A.	TABLE B.
P.Curtis beat Payson.	Lowell beat Newhall.
J.G.C. beat Remis.	Lowell beat Auchincloss.
T.F.V.beat J.G.C.	Lowell beat Hines.
J.G.C. beat S.M.B.	Lowell beat Putnam.
T.F.V. beat Remis (l.h.)	Lowell beat Putnam.
T.F.V. beat Remis.	Hines beat Putnam.
Remis beat P.Curtis	Lowell beat Hines.
J.G.C. beat T.F.V.	Davidge beat Putnam.
	J.Chase beat Auchincloss.
	Hines beat Auchincloss.
	Hines beat J.Chase.

By this time we were ready for supper,so the baskets and the cocoa came in.We didn't spill much,considering,and much food was disposed of.A house picnic is great fun,once in a while.

While we were eating,A.M.G. appeared,very much annoyed at having had to spend an hour and a half at the station.He reports Tom as due back in a few days.His ear doctor wants to watch him a bit,and be sure that everything is all right.

R.R.R. and A.M.R. each told a story,and after hymns we had "
"Bread upon the Waters."

MONDAY Aug.20, B.29.10 T.62' Foggy S.S.W. Heavy showers p.m.

Yes,friends,this is a new type-writer ribbon. The old one was getting a bit pale;but when I ordered a black one I did not know that it would be quite so black.

The dear Coolidges left this morning,by the early train."Everybody's doing it now."

Mr.Gardner left by motor at eight,and with him,horresco referens,went L.C.Z.,to take his physical examination at Adams.He hoped that he could take it in Augusta,but there has to be about so much red tape,and he has to go all the way home.We probably shall get him back Wednesday;and in the meantime we hope we shan't have to scout.

The Terror is once more in commission,with a neat patch where the hole was.

This morning,just before swim arrived the original man from Cleveland,to wit, Laurence James

CLASS B SWIMMING LIST.

Hines	14
Putnam	11
Stackpole	10
J.Chase	8
Clarke	8
Andrew	5
Auchincloss	5
Farnsworth	5
McLain	5
Sylvester	5
Gignoux	4
Lowell	4
Eggleston	3
Howard	3
Roberts	3
Biddle	2
Burke	2
Spooner	2
Breckinridge	1
Ranlet	1

The only zeros were Brewster,Mackie,Newbold,and Shipman.Try to get at least one,friends,by next time.

MONDAY (Cont'd.) FISHING.

YAMMERSCHOONER.	WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTH.	EREBUS.
A.M.G.	T.F.V.	J.A.L.	P.S.F.	S.M.R.
Andrew	Clarke	Eggleston	Hines	Mackie
Biddle	Breckinridge	Newbold	Farnsworth	McLain
43 perch	4 bass		22 perch	2 bass
1 bass	3 perch	TERROR.		1 perch
1 pout		Howard		
		Gignoux		

Total number of fish, 77.

Not a record, but a good day's work, especially as no one stayed out to supper.

Mrs. Biddle came over during the afternoon to see Nick, but as he was far away, helping to catch forty-three perch, she decided to try again in the morning.

SOCCER.

Side-Hill-Badgers.		Dingwalls.
Bemis	c.f.	Davidge
P.Chase	i.r.	R.Collins
Sherburne	i.l.	Corning
James	c.h.	Hammond
P.Curtis	r.h.	Liggett
Wheelock	l.h.	Payson
Putnam	o.r.	Lowell
Roberts	o.l.	Stackpole
Auchineloss	r.f.& i.f.	Spooner
Sylvester	g.	Ranlet

The game was a good one. The Dingwalls won, 3-1.

A select group built boats in the shop, with results of very varying excellence. Half-inch chisel marks in the bottom of your boat are likely to interfere with its speed, Shippy.

After supper came Digestion Club, and then half-past eight Boston. The man who called Auchineloss J.A.L. needs to learn how to observe.

An effective fish-cleaning squad got all the fish done before 8-35. We haven't the exact time, but it was worthy of Old Crow Bill.

The half-past niners had a thrilling though painful evening, with the smelling game. The ammonia bottle was particularly powerful, and ether was not mild. We give on the next page the list, and some of the wrong shots.

MONDAY (Cont'd.) SMELLLING LIST.

Name.	MISTAKES.
Whiskey.	Brandy, cocoa-nut juice, syrup.
Alcohol.	Mucilage.
Ammonia	Sulpho-naphthol.
Ether	Creosote, chloroform.
Witch-hazel	Coffee, alcohol, vanilla, camphor.
Peppermint	Smelling-salts, vanilla, camphor.
Sulpho-naphthol	Iodine.
Iodoform	Gasoline.
Carbolic	Creosote
Paregoric	Licorice, ipecac, new-skin, camphor.
Citronella	Whiskey.
Chloroform	Kerosene, ether.
Camphor	Varnish.
Turpentine	Camphor, paint.
Cocoa	Cinnamon.
Cloves	Wintergreen, peppermint.
Vinegar	Salad dressing.
Onion	No mistakes.
Kerosene	Gasolene.
Coffee	No mistakes.
Molasses	Ink, iodine, syrup, paregoric.
Oil of Tar	No mistakes.
Lemon	Vanilla.
Vanilla	Cocoa, citronella.

A.M.R.	20
R.R.	19
P.S.P.	15
James	13
C.F.B.	12

C.F.B. said that for a while all he could smell was fish, and no wonder.

We have left the weather to the last, because it needs special mention. All the afternoon there were big showers round us, but we got little but spatters. While we were up in the shop Digesting, however, the real thing came down, with wonderful lightning, and such thunder that we had to wait for it now and then. We came down for a Boston in an interval when it was only raining, not pouring, and all the evening it rained or poured. The sharpest flash of lightning, with thunder which sounded as if it had struck the Mammoth, did strike the barn at the corner, and burned it to the ground. There was a fire in Mt. Vernon, too.

Arrived → Russell Chapin.

TUESDAY Aug.21 B.29.10 T.68' Hazy W.N.W.

Mrs.Biddle came over this morning and stayed to dinner.

Everyone is learning to dive these days,or at least trying to.Nelson,the point is to get your head in before your feet.

BICKFORD MILL.

OUANANICHE.

OUT.		IN.
A.M.R.		C.F.B.
Auchincloss		Andrew
Sylvester	**ABOL.**	Spooner
Liggett	**OUT.**	Corning
Davidge	J.A.L.	Donald
Stackpole	Sherburne	Ranlet
Eggleston	P.Chase	Newbold
Mines	R.T.B.	P.Curtis
Breckinridge		McLain
Putnam	**IN.**	James
	F.S.P.	Shipman(pass.)
	Roberts	
	Clarke	
	Chapin	

BELGRADE MILL.

OUT.		IN.
YAMMERSCHOONER.		**YAMMERSCHOONER.**
T.F.V.		R.M.R.
Payson	Payson	R.Collins
J.Chase		Lowell
WILLIWAW.		**WILLIWAW.**
S.M.R.		S.S.H.
Wheelock		Bemis
Mackie		Farnsworth

We used to do this kind of thing on the Little Pond trip, on set of crews going up Meadow Brook,the other going up the Tiber and walking;and the formation reversed for the return trip. But Ouananiche to Bickford Mill sounded rather steep.Still,when people found that they did not have to carry the Ouananiche up the hill they felt better.

The out-bound crew started off merrily against a light head wind,and rounded Stony and Snake Points successfully.Then the questionwas,where to land.We tried various places,but the only reason for calling them land was that they were too thick with

TUESDAY (cont'd.) bushes and cat-tails to paddle through.At last,right on the front of the Big Bog, we got on fair sphagnum walking, and started in single file,leaving Skipper in the boat.Very soon we heard the shouts of the other party up to our left, whereby we judged that they were in the cat-tail place that we had thought too wet.We met two men picking blueberries and asked them how the going was ahead.They said it was poor, and they were right.They did not tell us that they had got across on logs,but we found it out after it was too late, when we overtook them on the slopes of the hill,carrying their berries home.(The berries in those parts are as fat as Tweedle.) Soon we came to a sort of creek,or bayou.It seemed to reach indefinitely in both directions,so we plunged in, knee-deep or waist-deep,according to our height.We were afraid ~~Ferg~~ Frog and Stack might go out of sight,but they squattered through somehow.Sylvester took off his shoes,but there did not seem to be much point in that when you were going in above your knees.At last,after crossing several such places, we reached dry land.The leaders of the other party,audible though invisible,hailed us to know if we were all right.We surely were,and said so.And that was the last we heard of our friends till we met on the piazza.We struck a road up through the woods,and landed just north of the top of the hill.After that it was plain sailing,along the usual road, and through the best pasture road.We were the last ones home but Skipper stretched the time a bit,and we had a swim.We were so dry,you see.

The return crew made good time on their walk,and plunged boldly down the back of the hill and into the cat-tails.

TUESDAY (cont'd.) They got deeper in than we did, especially Newby, who crawled over a good many obstacles, and occasionally fell his full length. They were all gay, however, and as the wind had died, they had an easier paddle to make up for being wetter. Both crews voted the trip a fine one, though not recommended for patent leather and white duck.

The rowboats landed at the Pine Island landing, and the outgoing crew pulled their boats up so carefully that the return party were inclined to curse them. They stopped on top of the hill to admire the view and have some wrestling. Lowell wanted to fight everybody, but was finally downed, and had to climb a tree and imprint a kiss upon the tin countenance of a gentleman on a sign. They met the return party on the north slopes of the hill.

The return crews had no special adventures to report, except that they wished people would not pull up boats so far.

After supper it was Digestion Club, and then Dumb-Crambo. The words were spill, Slot, Stair, and kiln.

And then the decks were <u>cleared</u> (this is wrote sarcastic, as Artemus Ward would say) for Indoor Scouting.

SIOUX VS. APACHES.

All three games were exciting, and as usual the number of runs increased towards the end. The Sioux won all three; for though the runs were even in the second game, they out-shot their rivals.

Individual performances were brilliant. R.K.R., J.A.L., and Spooner each made four runs in one game. J.A.L. and Spooner each made seven runs in the evening.

As for quiet, it was about as great as could be expected, when Skipper added all the big piazza chairs to the other obstacles at the end of the first game. R.K.R. got into the waste basket, and the brooms added a fine touch. Altogether it was a fine set of games.

Apaches

	I Killed	I Shots	I Runs	II Killed	II Shots	II Runs	III Killed	III Shots	III Runs
R. H. R.	X				•	1111		••	11
Bennis	X		1	X			X		1
Corning	X		1			11	X		1
P. Curtis	X	••	1	X	•	1	X		
R. Collins		•	1	X		1	X		
Sherburne	X	•		X	•		X		1
Spooner			11	X		1			1111
	5	4	6	5	3	9	5	2	9

Sioux

	I Killed	I Shots	I Runs	II Killed	II Shots	II Runs	III Killed	III Shots	III Runs
J. A. L.	X	•••			••	1111			1111
Chapin	X		11			1			111
S. M. R.	X			X			X		1
T. F. V.		••	1111	X			X		
P. Collins	X				•••	1111		•:•	
Farmer			1111	X				•	11
R. T. B.			111			11			11
	4	5	10	3	5	9	2	5	12

WEDNESDAY Aug.22, B.29.30 T.62' Clear N.

Two camp weddings to-day,and don't we wish we could be at both of them.Laurence McKinney,whom we used to call Biddy,is married to Miss Alice Williams,and Harry Fay to Miss Sarah Binn.The best of good wishes to both couples!

This morning we had an active surgical dressings squad. We are making 13 X 13 centimetre compresses,which in our measure are five inches square.It is pleasant work,and they are much needed.

The Bob White is being given a real roof,to keep out rain and snow.

FIFTH JUNIOR BASEBALL GAME.
EUCLID AVENUE VS. PINE STREET.

This game was close for one inning.In the fourth,when Pine St. had twelve men up,and scored nine runs,it began to look like a farce.But with J.A.L. pitching,Wheelock catching,and Bemis at short things began to tighten up,and then the tide began to turn. In the sixth Chapin was weakening,and in the seventh and eighth Euclid Ave.scored pretty freely.At the end of the eighth the score stood 17-17;and in the last of the ninth Euclid Ave.won,18-17,by a walk with the bases full.So it was exciting after all.

There was a great deal of hitting,including five first-rate two-baggers and one triple.

Hammond	1,000.
J.A.L.	.750
Bemis	.750
James	.666
P.S.P.	.500
Putnam	.500
Chapin	.500

While the game was in progress we heard the murmur of Anderson's Ford,and there was L.O.Z..Glad to see him back? Well,we rather think so.

All who were not playing or chasing chickens built boats.We ought to be pretty nearly ready for the race this year.Of course

WEDNESDAY We never expect to have evryone entirely ready.
(Cont'd.)
After supper came Games on the Mill, and a few hasty
rehearsals. . . . . .

Euclid Ave vs. Pine S.E. of Aug. 22 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
0	0		1	J. Chase	9	1-3	K											6	4	1
0	5		2	Bernier	1													4	5	3
2	1		3	J.A.	6				K		1-2							4	4	3
7	0		4	P.S.P.	3	K		1-3			K							6	1	3
15	1		5	Wheeler	2													3	0	0
0	0		6	R. Collins	7													4	0	0
2	0		7	P. Curtis	5													6	0	1
0	1		8	James	8													5	3	3
1	0		9	Pearsons	4													6	1	1
			10																	
			11																	
27	8		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	2	2	2	3	0	2	4	4	1				43	18	15
Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				6	12	1-b. on errors.													2	1

Pine SC. vs. Euclid Ave of Aug-22 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
1	1		1	Pulsifer	4									K				4	3	2
2	2		2	Davidge	5	1-2												6	3	1
10	0		3	Harwood	3													6	4	6
4	7		4	Chapin	11													6	2	3
9	1		5	S.M.R.	2													6	0	0
0	0		6	P. Chase	6													4	2	1
0	0		7	Corning	7													3	1	0
0	1		8	Payson	8													5	1	0
0	0		9	Liggett	9													5	1	1
			10																	
			11																	
26	12		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	2	2	4	6	9	10	12	17	17	17	17		45	17	14
Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
	11			12	4	1-b. on errors.													3	

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.)

EIGHTH SING-SONG.

1. Overture,"Chopsticks".....Hammond,Wheelock.
2. Songs.....L.C.Z.
3. Duett,"The Little Caporal.....A.M.R.,P.Curtis.
4. Merryweather Quartette...L.C.Z.,S.S.K.,C.F.B.,R.K.R., T.F.V.,P.S.P.,S.M.R.,J.A.L.,
5. Choruses.....Sit up,Napoleon,Fishing Song, Camp Chantey.
6. Song,"Abdullah Bulbul Ameer"..R.K.R.
7. Stunt,"Ode the My Infant Son"..R.K.R.,A.M.R.,J.Chase.
8. Stunt.....P.Collins,R.Collins, Hammond,Bemis,Payson.

CAMP SONG.

The familiar strains of our overture found us in our seats two minutes ahead of time.Was ever such punctuality?

L.C.Z. gave us "Gunga Din",which we have not had since C.K.R left us last year.It was good to hear it again.For an encore he gave his own version of the episode of Brillig,which we give further on.No one wanted to stop at that,so he ended with the stanza about Camp Runoia,which has already appeared in the Log.

We haven't had "The Little Caporal" for a good while A.M.R. and Chubbard used to play it when Chubbard was a little boy,and now he is father of a family;so you see it has been going for some time.

Our first stunt was a familiar one,but we surely have never had a funnier poet than R.K.R.His parted hair,his glasses,his neck-tie,were perfect delights;and his expression shewed all the dreamy and ethereal quality that one expects in a poet.Johnny Chase was not so noisy an infant as some we have seen,but he gave to the part a fine impish flavor that we suspect is partly natural.,even if he was playing angel in charades the other night.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) Our quartette was an even eight to-night. Dome, who has persistently kept out, saying that he never sang in quartettes, yielded to pressure, and joined the glad throng. They gave us "The Bull-frog", with an extra verse, and "The Pope". Perhaps there were at times signs that rehearsals had been few and hasty, but the spirit is everything.

Our second stunt was a wild melodrama. In the first scene Hammond and Bemis, plotting dark things, were overheard by the Collinses, who happened to be on a rick behind them. Dick slipped, and fell into the middle of them, with many apologies, but Pom lay low; that is, as low as one can lie on top of a high rock.

In the second scene came the counter-plot; the Collinses planning to defeat the scheme of the rascals. They slid cautiously down the trap-door, ready for business.

The third scene brought on the villains again. They got the better of Payson with politrness and a doped cigarette, and proceeded to crack the safe. But they had reckoned without the Collinses, who came in through the upper window and lassoed them from the rafters. It was very fine, even if Dick did throw down the end of his rope instead of the loop.

And then we continud the adventures of Mr. John Clenam, with Mam steaming his throat in the corner, looking like the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.

OCCASIONAL VERSE.

Oh the prefect on the slip,
Little Shippy in the tree;
Says Shippy to the prefect,
"Where can my towel be?"

BRILLIG.

(Tune, "Kenzo".)

Oh Brillig wa'n't a sea-gull,
That's what Brillig wa'n't, tiddy-hi!
Likewise he wa'n't a seagull,
So haul the fishbone, haul.
He was just a tarnal plain fish-hawk;
When we found him first he could ~~hardly~~ only walk,
And he tried to fly but could hardly squawk,
So haul the fishbone, haul.

Now Brillig had a sister—
That's what Brillig had, tiddy-hi!
I guess he really missed her,
So haul the fishbone, haul.
But her bloomin' claws were so long and lank
That we left her a-settin' the bank,
A-lookin' as fierce as blankety-blank,
So haul the fishbone, haul!

We kept him in a basket—
That is what we done, tiddy-hi!
Gave him bass when he cared to ask it,
So haul the fishbone, haul;
And his wings they growed a foot a day
And he got in everybody's way.
We was scared the critter had come to stay,
So haul the fishbone, haul!

We thought his ma'd forsook him—
Gosh, that's what we thought, tiddy-hi!
But say, she come and took him,

So haul the fishbone,haul.
She flapped around and kinder cawed,
And Brillig up and away he soared,
No even stoppin' to pay his board,
So haul the fishbone,haul!

L.G.Z.

THURSDAY Aug.23
B.29.20
T.65'
Calm
Cloudy
Rainy
p.m.

This morning Lawrence James left us.Too bad we coudn't have scouting while he was here,but at least he got a good batting average.

This morning we learned to tie a Matthew Walker.At least,some of us did.Matthew requires care and a firm hand.

Our bean crop is coming on so fast that we can't keep it eaten fast enough,even when we have salad for S.S.H.,so we are sending a lot to the Fairfield sanitarium.

The Jumbo oak was finished this moening.P.S.P. and Chapin did the sawing,and then came the question of how to break it off.The lasso didn't quite work;and the first time a rope was got round it broke at the first pull,being part old rope.Then L.C.Z.,by aid of a ladder held upright,put the rope over with a pick-pole;a new rope this time.All hands got a good hold,and after a couple of good pulls,down she came with a fine crash.There is a neat stump left,plenty high enough for Jumbo.

All the morning we tried to think that it would clear off for scouting;but instead it began to rain.Not a down-pour,but rain enough to make scouting impossible.Well,we did our best to get in a game with both captains.And the weather,as Zadoc Pine allows,is a good thing to take as it comes.So we settled to boat-building and soccer.

In the middle of the afternoon a great race was started,between the Bumboat,the Becky Sharp,and the 440.It is a little difficult to report in much detail,as all three persisted in tipping over, no matter how many times they were set up.The 440 finally sailed twenty-five yards or so,at a good rate of speed;and as neither of her rivals could stay up at all,she may be declared the winner. Very likely the wind was too light.

Just after this race was over,down the hill came Mr.and Mrs.

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) Charles W.Hubbard jr.,by motor from Portsmouth.

Dorothy B. Hubbard Charles W. Hubbard jr.

Chubbard has not been here for six years,and Mrs.has never been here at all.Some day we hope to see the rest of the family here too.

CREWS ROUND OAK.

HALF-PAST-NINE.		HALF-PAST-EIGHT.	
P.S.P.	J.A.L.	Andrew	Auchincloss
S.M.R.	Chapin	P.Chase	R.Collins
Payson	Hammond	Corning	P.Curtis
Howard	Spooner	Liggett	Ranlet
Bemis	P.Collins	Wheelock	Sherburne.
C.F.R.		L.C.Z.	
Mrs.Hubbard,pass.		L.E.R.,pass.	

As will be seen,these crews were made up strictly on the basis of age,with fifteen as the dividing line.

Unfortunately the time of the 8-30 crew was lost.Just before they reached Oak a motor-boat was seen off the boat, her crew trying hard to pull a canoe out of the water.It looked as if there had been an accident,so C.F.R.,who was timing,gave the watch to A.M.R.,asking her to get Skipper to hold it,while he and P.S.P. went to see if they could help. Skipper,who had just come out,did not know that a crew had started,and set the watch back,ready to start!Wasn't that sad?

The 9-30 crew came round in 22 m.22 3/5 s.Last year's time was 21-26-3/5,almost a minute faster.But some of the crew are not long off the pest squad,so it was pretty good time,and better than the time made in 1914.

While the 8-30 crew was out,we heard a Ford come down the hill.Who could it be?Tom Curtis? Pop Corning?Mr.Anderson after the beans? And lo and behold,there was the Chief Musician,T.L. himself.And if that wasn't a sight for sore eyes, we are all Dutchmen. Turning Lynes

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) At supper, alas, R.H.R. appeared in his go-away clothes, and all too soon came the sound of the Ford again. No pleasant surprises this time, but we must make the best of it. We gave him a good cheer, and all went out with horns, and almost everyone went up the hill to say goodbye again at the top. And kind frineds had seen that <u>everything</u> was in his dress-suit case. Good luck to him, wherever he goes!

After supper came Digestion Club, followed by Indoor Wolf, and then Earth, Air, and Water.

The half-past niners played that game which, for some mystic reason now lost, we call Foot and Mouth. We did eyes, and then hands. There wasn't time to do noses too.

C.F.B.'s side won both times, in spite of the smuggling in of T.L. on the other side, to put his hand over. This might be objected to; in fact it was. But remember the time Andrew was called in from the kitchen to take part; and was mistaken for Anna Gardiner, too.

And right in the middle of the game, if we had been listening instead of watching, we might have heard once more the stealthy note of an approaching Ford. For before we realized that anything was up, there in the doorway was George Abbot—our very own Chick-weed! He found he could come, so he just came, uniform and all. That is the way to do.

Geo. E. Abbot

FRIDAY Aug.24, B.29.00 T.72' Rain. E.

A thoroughly wet day;so that there was no real hope of its being anything else.

Russell Shapin left this morning,and the Hubbards this afternoon.Russell meant to go by the morning train,but as no one had ordered Anderson,strange to say he did not come.So Buster had to wait till noon.

We had a good sing before squads,with T.L. at the piano.

The afternoon was spent chiefly in boat-building,of course,but there were some other doimgs.

SUPPERS OUT.		CUB REPORTERS.		ROOFERS.
T.L.	S.E.A.	P.S.P.	J.A.L.	Howard
P.Chase	Davidge	Biddle	Mackie	Burke
Clarke	Donald	Lowell	Sylvester	
Hines	Newbold			
Roberts	Ranlet			
Wheelock	Stackpole			

The roofers worked on the roof for the shelves by the ice-house,which are not just what they ought to be.

The reporters went out to catch a fish and cook it.

J.A.L.'s crew caught a bass at 4-50.They had meant to still-fish,but as Nelson forgot the proper hooks they had to troll.Nelson caught,the fish,though.They landed on Cook's beach and got the fish cleaned and the fire started,but did not have time for the cooking.

P.S.P. and company also caught their fish late,but got it cooked.They landed on the point,where P.S.P. made the fire while the others cleaned the fish.

The two supper-out parties went to the usual places;T.L. to the pine parlor,S.E.A. up above Fourway.Both had successful meals.T.L.'s people made a fire long enough to sling all their kettles over,and had room for the frying-pan besides. They also boiled their potatoes before frying them.

S.E.A.'s men served their meal in courses,and did not

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) boil their potatoes.

Both parties got too much water in their mush, also in their apple-sauce, but they evidently had plenty to eat, and a good time.

Major and Mrs. Mackie dropped in for a minute, but finding that Nelson was just starting out fishing, they went away, to come back and get him to-morrow for a bit.

After supper we had Digestion Club, and began The Brick Moon.

Then came two hot rounds of "Going to Jerusalem", the first won by Donald, the second by P. Chase.

Thd few remaining minutes were taken up by ping-pong ball races.

First Heat.

Andrew
Lowell
Wheelock
Brewster

Andrew won by a fine sprint, with Lowell a good second. The others got out of breath, and did not finish.

Second Heat.

P. Curtis
Biddle
Burke
Payson

Curtis led from the start, going over the course at a high rate of speed. Biddle was a good way behind. Unfortunately we did not have time for the finals.

Then came reading, for the first time in several days.

And as we were reading, a step was heard, and a form appeared on the threshold. That slender form—those flaming locks—'tis he! Our Hero is once more among us!

Ranlet Miner

SATURDAY Aug.25, B.29.0 T.72' Rain. S. During the night it poured, and the early morning was very wet too. The Infirmary was almost surrounded by water, and the "hosptal orderlies" very nearly had to wade. But it stopped, and cleared after a fashion, though it was more or less overcast all day.

The possibility of the boat-race got some brethren out of their beds at an extraordinarily early hour. But the wind was light, and inclined to die out. Besides, trials revealed a good many defects.

Marcy Eager, who has been adorning the Infirmary for a couple of days, is up and about again, though he doesn't mean to paddle round the Horn or swim to Oak Island just yet.

Johnny Chase and Shippy are in hospital, but feel pretty lively, and hope to be up soon. It is Johnny's second appearance in the Infirmary.

This morning C.F.B. showed us how to tie, or rather make a grommet. Most of us got one done; and some of us mean to try again till we get a really pretty one, for it is a very pretty thing when done well.

This morning Mr. amd Mrs. Clarke and Miss Clarke came over to see George, and spent a good part of the day.

Early if the afternoon Miss Agnew arrived, to see Auk. We shall see her again, as she is spending some days at Snug Harbor.

The Mackies came over just after swim, and took Nelson off for dinner.

Now for more permanent arrivals. In the middle of the

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) morning came Dr.and Mrs.Swaim;only till to-morrow, alas,but that is so much better than nothing.

Madeleine G. Swaim Loring T. Swaim

Just as we had finished dinner came Francis Perkins,after a complicated journey from Northeast Harbor.All those places are hard to connect with from here.

F. D. Perkins

And in the afternoon,while the meet was going on,appeared two older brothers,to wit: Clarence H Cornish Philip B Stockholder

So we are having a very gay time,marred only by the departure of C.E.A.,who has to report at Ayer shortly.But it was fine to have him,even for two days.

TRACK AND FIELD MEET.

The only trouble about the meet was the number of non-combatan cripple and absence cut Class down to two,and there were five out of class C ,including J.Chase,who ought to have done well.But it is getting so late that we don't dare to do any putting off.Class B was the most complete,Davidge being the only one missing.

Class A	Class B	Class C
Payson	Andrew	Biddle
Spooner	Auchincloss	Breckinridge
	P.Chase	Clarke
	R.Collins	Donald
	Corning	Eggleston
	P.Curtis	Farnsworth
	Howard	Hines
	Liggett	Lowell
	Ranlet	McLain
	Sherburne	Newbold
	Stackpole	Putnam
	Sylvester	Roberts
	Wheelock	
	NON-COMBATANTS.	
Bemis	Davidge	Brewster
P.Collins		J.Chase
T.Curtis		Burke
Eager		Cignoux
Hammond		Shipman

SATURDAY (Cont'd.)

Class A Running High Jump.

Name.	Handicap.	Height.
Payson	5"	4'7"
Spooner	2"	4'4"

Class A Running Broad Jump

Name.	Handicap.	Distance.
Payson	Scratch	13'11 1/2"
Spooner	8"	13'9"

Class A Shot Put.

Name.	Handicap.	Distance.
Spooner	2'	23'4 1/2"
Payson	2'	23'1I

Class A HundredYard Dash.

Name.	Handicap.	Time.
Payson	10'	13 s.
Spooner	15'	

This was a good close race, Payson leading by about two feet at the tape.

Class A Four-forty Yard Run.

Name.	Handicap.	Time.
Spooner	3 yds.	1 m.9 4/5 s.
Payson	Scratch	

Spooner's handicap certainly did not win this race for him, for he pulled away from Payson, and led by a good distance at the finish. He evidently could have gone faster, too, if he had had to.

Altogether we want to congratulate the two contestants, for making a really interesting series of events out of what might easily have been rather slack. It would have been easy to say, "Oh well, there are only two of us, so what's the use?" But they worked hard, and did very well, even if they did not break any records.

SATURDAY
(Cont'd.)

Class B Running High Jump.

Name.	Handicap.	Height.
R.Collins	Scr.	4'1 1/2"
Liggett	Scr.	4' 1/2"
Ranlet	5"	4' 1/2"
Sherburne	4"	4' 1/2"

It is always satisfactory when the scratch men get first place.Ranlet and Sherburne counted as tied for third,being very near the same handicap.

Class B Running Broad Jump.

Name.	Handicap.	Distance.
R.Collins	Scr.	13'5 1/2"
Andrew	1'	12'11"
Wheelock	2'3"	12'9 1/2"

P.Chase,who was also scratch,did not get placed.

Class B Shot Put.

Name.	Handicap.	Distance.
Wheelock	Scr.	28'4"
P.Curtis	4"	27'4"
Corning	1'	27'1 1/2"

Wheelock certainly earned his first,as his best mark was over a foot ahead of the best actual put made by any of the others.

Class B Hundred Yard Dash.
First Heat.

Name.	Handicap.	Time.
P.Chase	3'	14 3/5 s.
Sherburne	Scr.	
Stackpole	5'	

The leaders came in neck and neck,obviously only trying to qualify for the finals.They came near running it too fine,for Stackpole was working hard,and almost beat them.

Second Heat.

Name.	Handicap.	Time.
R.Collins	1'	14 3/5 s.
Andrew	2'	
Ranlet	12'	

Collins was not working particularly.Ranlet was rather outclassed,even with his handicap.

SATURDAY (Cont'd.)

Third Heat.

Name.	Handicap.	Time.
Corning	2'	14 3/5 s.
Liggett	2'	
P.Curtis	7'	

Liggett got second place more than half way down the course, and Curtis sprinted into third at the very end. Corning led from the start. The time of all three heats was the same, which is unusual.

Final Heat.

Name.	Handicap.	Time.
R.Collins	Scr.	13 3/5 s.
Corning	2'	
P.Chase	3'	

A very pretty race. Corning and Sherburne led till the very last, when Collins drew ahead, beating Corning by about five feet.

Class B Four-Forty Yard Run.

Name.	Handicap.	Time.
Sherburne	Scr.	1 m. 12 s.
Liggett	Scr.	
P.Chase	10 yds.	
Stackpole	12 yds.	
R.Collins	4 yds.	

Stackpole was leading at third base, and kept his lead round the back-stop. Then Sherburne passed him, and Liggett and P.Chase followed suit. It was a very good race.

Class C Running High Jump.

Name.	Handicap.	Time.
Putnam	Scr.	3'9 1/2"
Donald	Scr.	3'8 1/2"
Hines	5"	3'6 1/2"

Putnam and Donald were well ahead of the rest.

Class C Running Broad Jump.

Name.	Handicap.	Distance.
Putnam	Scr.	11'8 1/2"
McLain	11"	11'6 1/2"
Eggleston	1'4"	11'6"

Eggleston made third place on his handicap, more or less, as others did better actual jumps.

SATURDAY (Cont'd.)

Class C Shot Put.

Name.	Handicap.	Distance.
Putnam	Scr.	20'10 1/4"
Lowell	6"	20' 3/4"
Clarke	1'4"	19'

Lowell would have been second even without his handicap.

Class C HundredYard Dash.

First Heat.

Name.	Handicap.	Time.
Donald	Scr.	15 2/5 s.
McLain	1 yd.	
Hines	2 yds.	

Donald had a good lead of about four yards.

Second Heat.

Name.	Handicap.	Time.
Lowell	Scr.	15 1/5 s.
Roberts	2 yds.	
Clarke	1 yds	

Lowell led by about three hards. Clarke was only a few inches behind Roberts, though fouled by Eggleston, who ran on the bias all the way.

Third Heat.

Name.	Handicap.	Time.
Putnam	Scr.	15 1/5 s.
Farnsworth	2 yds.	
Biddle	3 yds.	

Farnsworth was only a yard behin at the tape, with a good lead over Biddle.

Final Heat.

Name.	Handicap.	Time.
Putnam	Scr.	12 3/5 s.(?)
Donald	Scr.	
Lowell	Scr.	

A very satisfactory race, with three scratch men in the lead. It looked as if Donald had it, but he looked round too much to see what was happening behind him. The time seems improbable, but so far no error has been proved.

SATURDAY Class C Four-Forty Yard Run.
(Cont'd.)

Name.	Handicap.	Time.
McLain	4 yds.	1 m!22 1/5 s.
Lowell	Scr.	
Roberts	Scr.	
Donald	4 yds.	
Hines	4 yds.	

Lowell jumped ahead very early, and held his lead for a good while. Then McLain forged ahead, and won, with Lowell a very good second, and Roberts an even closer third.

POINT WINNERS.

Name.	High.	Broad.	Shot.	100.	440.	Total
Class A.						
Payson	5	5	3	5	3	21
Spooner	3	3	5	3	5	19
Class B.						
R.Collins	5	5		5		15
Liggett	3				3	6
Wheelock		1	5			6
Sherburne	1/2				5	5 1/2
Corning			1	3		4
Andrew		3				3
P.Curtis			3			3
R.Chase	2					2
Ranlet	1/2					1/2
Class C.						
Putnam	5	5	5	5		20
McLain		3			5	8
Lowell			3	1	3	7
Donald	3			3		6
Clarke			1			1
Eggleston		1				1
Hines	1					1
Roberts					1	1

So the cups go to Payson, R.Collins, and Putnam. Congratulations to all; winners, losers, and officials, on a most successful meet.

And wonderful to relate, we got through on schedule time and were able to get clean and ready for supper without scrambling.

Charade planning is a serious matter when it is the last charade night, but we got ready by half past seven, and

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) began.

FULCRUM. We are not sure whether the first scene was "full" or "fool."Eiether would suit,for the dress-suit case was certainly full,without the stone which they crammed in by sheer force;and the innocent traveler was thereby fooled.Hammond as our excellent Charles Anderson was a life-like portrait.For the second syllable we had a breakfast scene,with the whole party Hooverizing to the best of their ability.The one sinner who left a piece of dry cracker was made to finish it to the last crumb.For the whole word we had a lumbering scene,that almost equalled the handling of the big oak stump.The huge(?) log was finally rolled of the inclined plane, but one groaned in sympathy with the exhaustion of the toilers.

MASTICATE. For the first scene Mr.Eager's class-room was like all our charade class-rooms,a scene of riot.Miss Corning,very charming in a blue blouse,was rather a centre of excitement.But when little Mary Miner,also in blue,came in,followed by her lamb, the excitement rose to fever pitch,and school finally broke up. In the next scene,when Curtis took precautions against flies he little thought what he was going to get.Not a fly,but J.A.L.,as a terrible and ruffianly burglar.He sat in one piece of fly-paper, and put both feet in the other,and had to be carried out by the police.(He also had to go and change his breeks,lest he stick up all the chairs.)"Ate" showed the shocking manners of L.E.R.'s boarders.They certainly did gobble like pigs.But the whole word showed what can be done by litstening to Dr.Fletcher.They chewed so industriously that they had no chance to talk.(Spooner was timed in the matter of chewing some weeks ago.He then averaged a hundred bites a minute ,by the watch.)

SUBMISSION. In the opening baseball scene,the batter was so hopeless that a sub had to be put in.That meant a home run,and we

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) suppose the winning of the game.The last two syllables were acted together.Bemis,haggard and careworn, sat by the besdide of his sick child.No work,no food--what was he to do? But the entrance of R.T.B.,with food and medicine,brought relief,and we hope that all went well.Then came burglars again,rather small ones this time.They got the safe open,but their courage was not equal to their skill for when the police rushed in they instantly threw up their hands and surrendered.

CHARADE. Enter the Shah of Persia (L.T.S.),with two tall guards in scarlet,pages,and attendants generally.He received and embassy from the Akhond of Swat (good boy,Payson,to remember the name),and rewarded the ambassador with the order of the Silver Eagle.Then he sent for the slave that got a pig.C.F.B. and P.S.P. strode out,and returned in a moment dragging the trembling form of Tweedle,while behind stalked Ranlet as the executioner.We have no reason to believe that executioners wear bright green,in Persia or anywhere else,but it was a good bit of colour.As for the fate of the sinner,it happened behind the scenes,so we cannot say exactly what it was.From Persia we adjourned to a gambling den,where a sinister gang,headed by C.F.B.,drank, played cards,smoked cigarettes,and otherwide disported themselves.Suddenly there came a whistle,and the police rushed in,headed by L.T.S. The ensuing scrimmage was lively, especially between the leaders,but justice finally was satisfied.The whole word was a bit complicated.Half the side came in as audience,while the other half acted a charade:" "lunatic".For the first syllable McLain flapped across

SATUEDAY (Cont'd.) the stage as a loon, for the second and third a party had difficulties with wood-ticks, and for the whole word L.T.S. did his wonderful performance of the lunatic trying to escape from his keeper.

As there was still time, A.M.R. and C.F.B. did "gladiator"; and I assure you that when a scarlet tiger of that pattern comes at you, you feel like running. The whole word was a thrilling combat with swords between L.T.S. and C.F.B.

Well, all this was very exciting; and then by way of a rest we took to clothes-pins. The side adorned by Mr. Curtis won the first game by twelve pins, the second by six. Then we changed formation, sat down, and passed the pins behind our backs; an exercise especially recommended for the torture of malefactors. This time Mr. Miner's associates won by twelve.

Blackboard relay ended the evening with joy, if not exactly with peace—no, it didn't. After we had sprained our brains, and knocked down Joe Davidge's belongings enough, we had time for "The Sending of Dana Da." So the evening ended in peace after all. Here are some of the relay gems.

Why do you sing badly?

Who is that sick Rube?

We are very nice now. (A doubtful compliment.)

It is a man now. (What was it yesterday?)

I am a big goose.

So are the old cats. (Very mystic.)

The big hen eats grain like the little red dog.

Now we will go to town for a red book.

The last two were double relays, of course.

SUNDAY,Aug.26 At last the weather has changed.It is cold
B.29.10
T.61' but we don't care,as long as we can see a clear
Clear
W. horizon and a blue sky.And lat in the morning the wind got up to canoe test pitch,and T.F.V. passed it.As he had already been out for a long practice,he had a strenuous morning.Many congratulations to the Gentleman from Indiana!

Miss Agnew came over to take Auk off for dinner,and Mr.Clarke came and borrowed George.Both boys were on hand for the picnic,though.

The voting for desserts was rather quiet this year.We have fewer poets than last year,and we have been very busy. There were some speeches,and a few notices on the door, which we give.The voting resulted as follows:

1.	Roman Nose	38
2.	Apple Pie	36
3.	Jam Tails	34
4.	Blueberry Pie	31
5.	Bananas	27
6.	Rice Pudding	25
	ICE CREAM.	
1.	Vanilla,maple cow	30
2.	Chocolate	18

Two ice-creams will be an innovation,but a welcome one to most.

Canoe test and voting made dinner late,and it was a long meal,in spite of the grace and dexterity of the Faculty Butlers.(By the way,this morning the Tink at last succeeded in keeping still,and the faculty buttled at breakfast.)

The afternoon was spent in boat-building and trials,and then the grub,with L.E.R. and R.R. as passengers,went round to Merryweather Beach in the Ouananiche,the rest of the crowd walking.Just before we started the Swaims left us.But think of L.T.S. having got R.R. so fixed that she could go to a picnic!

SUNDAY (Cont'd.) Fire and food kept us busy for a long time,but we had some good singing.It was lovely with the moon on the water.Then the paddlers paddled,and the walkers walked home,marching in fours and singing almost all the way,right into the main room.("John Brown" is the best song for the hill,as you can get a little breath in the pauses.)

After hymns T.L. played for us till the dormitories were quiet, and then we had "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney."

BY WIRELESS.

Cairo,Egypt. "A newly discovered inscription of Thutmose III has been deciphered,and reads thus:

"In the latter years,in the northern lands where the weather is merry and the hearts of men are uplifted,it shall come to pass that the people shall eat Puddings made of Rice.And they shall wax strong thereby,and valiant,that no manmay compare with them in strength.In the strength of that meat shall they go forth and conquer,until all nations,peoples,and languages shall fall before them.

I see,and I testify,and

So Shall It Be.

Thutmose,the Great King,Lord of Lands and Waters.

THE IMMIGRATION PROBLEM SOLVED.

This country has long been faced by the problem of foreign labour,which has run our native workmen because it could subsist so much more cheaply.American scientists have at last invented a food which is at once delightful to the palate and economical to the purse.If the birthrights of our fathers are to be protected,if our country is to be saved from the Yellow Menace, every patriotic and highminded man must eat rice pudding,eat it more often,eat more of it.

SENATUS POPULUSQUE MERRYWEATHERIENSIS!

Nunc est tempus cum omnes recti,honesti sapientesque cives veres colores monstrare debeant,seseque ut virtuti amici,ambitui corruptioni inimici faciant.Proveniant omnes pii it pieoci,circum vexillum nostrum neant ut commune periculum e litoribus Merryweatheriensibus expellant.Nam non ad honesto suffragio,non verbis et persuasione,sed etiam violentia,fraude,lucto,vi et armis,Ricepuddingienses victorias referunt.

Ei qui stent nobis in hostibus in partis tres divisi sunt.Primo,ei qui vero Ricepuddingum ament,pauci,sed loco et potestati potentiores;secundo,ei qui animas et suffragium pro pecunia vendiderunt;quie MERCEDEM anter virtutem ponant; tertio,sunt qui nec cordia,virtutem,conscientiam habent,nil sed unum magnum timorem Facultatis Ricepuddingiensis,qui pro virtute ambitum et favores et super omnia salutem preferunt.

Merryweatheriensesi Surgite,et corde fido altoque spirito frangite potestatem sceleratorum,monstrate ei rei, huic,compositioni glutinosae eam locum in honestis non habere.Pii fuistis,este nunc pii,tunc gloria Castri Merryweatheriensis super orbem repandeat.

S . P . Q . M .

If there are errors in the above I am sorry;but Latin, when scribbled in very fine pencil,is not always easy to copy.

MONDAY Aug.27, B.29.32 T.60' Clear S.W.

This morning T.L. told us about his journey home from Europe with Ambassador Gerard and his party. Perhaps the thing that surprised us most was the duke running the engine, by way of a compliment. Spain must be a queer place.

Shipman and J. Chase, who have been under the weather for a couple of days, came back to their regular quarters this morning. Johnny tried to get into the Infirmary again by cutting his finger in afternoon reading, but did not manage anything more than a good big bandage.

This morning we finished "The Voyage of the Discovery". It is always like meeting old friends to read it. Surely never was there a finer group of men on any expedition.

Early in the afternoon Mrs. McLain arrived, to take a look at her John. She approved of him, and is coming over to-morrow to see more of things.

FOURTH SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

Often it is absurd to say "We must do this or that." But to-day everyone knew that we must scout if it was in any way possible. The weather was good, though a little warm in the sun in the first game.

The Iroquois came back strong after their defeat of last time, and won all three games.

In the first the shots were almost tied, the Iroquois having the advantage by one. Runs were not so close, for they won 12-7.

In the second game the firing was heavier, and the the runs fewer. Again the Iroquois had a lead of one in shots, and scored six runs, while the Algonquins failed to reach the boundary.

In the third there were not quite so many deaths, but both

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
T.L.	X			X✓			X		
S.S.H.	X			X					/
P.S.P.	X	•		X✓	✓•		X		/
J.A.L.	X	•	/	X✓			X	•	
A.M.R.	X	••		X✓			X	••••	
Andrew	X			X✓	✓•		X	••	
Auchincloss	✓			X✓					//
Bemis	X		/		✓•		X		
Burke	✓			X✓			X		/
Clarke	X		/	X✓	✓•••				//
Curtis, P.	✓			✓✓✓✓			X		/
Davidge			/	✓✓				•	//
Eager	✓			✓				•	/
Farnsworth	✓			✓			✓		
Hammond	X			X✓	•		X		
Hines	X	•		X✓	•			•	//
Liggett		•	/	X✓	•		X	•••	
Lowell	✓			X✓			X		
Mackie	✓				•		X		
Newbold	X			X✓			X		
Putnam	X			X✓			X		/
Ranlet	✓			X✓			X		
Roberts	X	•		X✓					/
Wheelock		••••		X✓			X		
	13	12	5	18	17		16	13	15

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
L.C.Z.	X			X✓			X		
C.F.B.	X	•	/			/	X	•••	/
T.F.V.		•	/			/			///
C.H.C.			/	X✓	✓•	/		•	///
S.M.R.	✓			✓				•	
Batchelder, P.	X		/	X✓					//
Breckinridge	X	•		X✓	✓••••			••	//
Brewster		•				/			//
Chase, P.	✓			X			X		
Collins, P.			/	X✓	✓•		X	••	
Corning			/	✓					//
Donald	X		/	X	✓•✓		X		
Eggleston	✓			X✓			X		
Gignoux			/	X✓	✓•				//
Howard	X	•		✓			X	••••	
McLain	X	•		X			X		
Miner	X	•	/	X	✓✓•		X		
Payson			/	X✓					//
Perkins	X		/	X✓			X		/
Sherburne		•••••			✓•	/		•	
Spooner	X		/	X	✓•	/			//
Stackpole	X			X✓			X		
Sylvester		•		X✓	✓•		X	••	
Biddle	X			X✓			X		
	12	13	12	17	18	6	13	16	22

MONDAY (Cont'd.) scored heavily, the Iroquois west of the ridge and the Algonquins east of it. The Iroquois won, 22-15. C.H.C. and T.F.V. each scored three runs, and a good many scored two, as did several of the Algonquins. The score for the season is now tied! Hi for the next one!

Breckinridge shot six in one game, Sherburne five, and A.M.R., Howard, and Wheelock, four each. (Excuse me; Wheelock killed five.)

Altogether it was a tremendous afternoon, and almost everyone played with all there was in him.

In spite of the note, "Beware of Brothers", posted at the foot of the list on the door, "Mr. Batchelder" and "Corning" were both tried in the last game, and were directly responsible for four runs. As one of the unlucky marksmen was a guard, and was shortly killed by C.F.B. on the return trip, there is no saying how many runs his error was indirectly responsible for.

Non-combatants were fewer than last time. Their names are not given on the score card, simply because with so many visitors it would have been rather crowded. R. Collins, J. Chase, and Shipman were the unlucky ones; besides, of course, T. Curtis.

After supper we retired to our tents for talking things over, and then had Digestion Club till eight. The fact that many of the younger scouts went to bed at eight shows how well-fought the afternoon had been.

Then came Quiet Games, and last, to our great satisfaction, "The House of a Thousand Candles." We didn't go to sleep, but we were very comfortable.

SCOUTING.
(After Wordsworth.)

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That bumps along upon the hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd
Of Iroquois that ran like rills,
Beside the lake,beneath the trees;
I shivered till I thought I'd freeze.

Continuous as the frogs that pine
And whistle on the baseball field
They stretched in never-ending line,
No matter how my eye I peeled:
Twenty saw I all at once,
Crawling along with sniffs and grunts.

The waves beside them danced,but they
Kept crawling onward up to me,
Along the path,the easiest way,
Till I misnamed the first,by gee!
And then a whisper from that host,
So I became a wretched ghost.

And so,upon the boneyard high,
In blackened and in cursing mood,
I kick myself,and wonder why
I ever was with joy imbued.

--Moral--
Scouting never should be tried
Unless you know the other side.

T.L.

SCOUTING 2.

Behold him, single in the field,
Yon solitary Andrew thing!
Crawling, or lying by himself;
His feet are fluttering.
Alone he plucks and chews the fern.
(His maxim is to live and learn)
O list! A snore! The Boneyard's crowned
With ghosts that waver at the sound.

T.L.

TUESDAY Aug.28 Fair, Warmer, S.W. Did I lose it? Or didn't it get made? Anyhow, when I came to look for it, it wasn't there at all. But the wind was strong from the southwest, in spite of Bill Payson's views to the contrary.

A perfect day for the yacht race! Quite so; and we should have been mighty glad to run it off in the morning. But so many boats were unfinished that it was out of the question; and with a doubtful feeling we waited.

Good old Tommy Tweedle left this morning, to join his mother. She doesn't come home from China very often, and they want as much time together as they can get. He leaves a big hole, physically and otherwise.

Mrs. McLain and Miss Agnew were over to dinner to-day. The former left during afternoon reading, but the latter spent most of the afternoon.

And here I am going to cut loose from chrnological order more or less. You see, the report of the boat-race should be continuous; but we have not had it all yet. So I am going to finish the day's doings first, and then put in the race as a whole.

When the race began the wind was lightening, and shifting to the northwest. This made a good deal of trouble. We ran the eight preliminary heats, with more or less success, and the first sem-demi-final. Then the wind had dropped so much that it was simply a drifting contest, so the rest was called off.

After supper came games on the Hill, and then as wild a game of Towel as it has ever been our lot to take part in.

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) No one was killed,and no chairs were broken,but there were narrow escapes.We cooled off with Predicament and Cure.

Then came our story.I wish I had kept count of the number of times Larry Donovan has said "Bah! These women! "It is a good many, and he often says it when no women are in sight,and no women have been mentioned.It seems to be his way of relieving his feelings.

Two arrivals this evening.Bobby Paine we knew was coming;and it is very good to have him.He has been with us so long that the first summer without him seems decidedly queer.He says he hasn't grown much,but he looks enormous. Robert T. Paine Jr.

As for the other,we had expected him,but the last word was apologies that he couldn't possibly.But he was suddenly given a furlough,about fifteen minutes more or less before train time,so he jumped aboard the train,and here he is,sailor clothes and all. When in doubt,come along. Richard P Hallowell 2nd

MERRYWEATHWERYACHT RACE.

LIST OF ENTRIES.

Name.	Owner.
Amberoideen	Corning
Flying Dutchman	Liggett
Cinch	Sherburne
Dipper	Sylvester
Ching	P.Chase & Corning
Sea-Gull	Biddle
Hispaniola	Stackpole
Mess 2	Auchincloss
Albatross	P.Chase
Pelican	P.Curtis
440	Burke
Brillig	Bemis
Jopom	Davidge & P.Collins
Bob Roy II	Spooner
Mudlark	A.M.R.
Ancient Mariner	Ranlet
Mudhen	Putnam
Bomerang	Andrew
Firefly	R.Collins
Krazy Kat	Payson
Bob-tailed Nag	Payson and T.Curtis
Becky Sharp	Hammond
Popova	S.M.R.

TUESDAY	Hot Dog	Eggleston &.Breckinridge
(Cont'd.)	Hostess	J.Chase
	Yaller Dawg	Payson
	McBuster	McLain & Brewster
	Josephus	Davidge
	Saracen	Farnsworth
	Bumboat	J.A.L.
	Go-Go	W.A.G.

FIRST PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Dipper
Amberoideen
Flying Dutchman
Cinch

Wind unsteady,light,west.Just as the boats were starting it shifted so that the starters had to hoist anchor and shift positions.This may have jarred the nerves of the boats,for all went over early.The Cinch stayed up for a while,but once over,all the king's horses and all the king's men could not set her up again.The Dipper,on the contrary, though she went over now and then,went strong between tips, and finally crossed the line in good for.The Dutchman could not be made to fly,and the Cinch was,alas,a cinch to beat.

SECOND PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Sea-Gull
Ching
Hispaniola
Mess 2

More sea than wind.The Sea-Gull leads,Hispaniola second. The Ching sprung a leak and had to be withdrawn,while the Mess lived up,or down,to her name from the start.The Sea-Gull was fast,and finally crossed the line,in spite of a strong tendency to steer the wrong way.The Hispaniola,after many settings-up,had to drop out.

Third Preliminary Heat.

440
Pelican
Albatross
Brillig

The wind improving a little.The Pelican leads,but goes

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) over.440 goes well for a while.The Albatross didn't really go at all,and the Brillig seemed to copy our late pet before his mother taught him to fly.After many capsizes the 440 suddenly struck her pace,and crossed the line in great style.The Pelican, however,had had more submergence than anything but a submarine could stand.

FOURTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Bob Roy II
Jopom
Ancient Mariner
Mudlark

The Bob Roy was the only boat that stayed up at all, and even she went over more or less.The Jopom went up and down till she had to be given up.The Mudlark seemed to be seeking her native mud,and the Ancient Mariner probably felt the curse of the Albatross hanging heavy on him.The Bob Roy came right in to the float, executing a very neat manoeuvre.

FIFTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Bomerang
Krazy Kat
Mudhen
Firefly

The Firefly was out of it at once.The Mudhen was crippled by the loss of her rudder,and had to be abandoned.The Kat and the Bomerang (that is the way the name was spelled on the list) had a hot contest for a while.The Kat seemd the steadier,the Bomerang the faster.Finally the Kat took to upsetting and sailing in circles.As this is not the way to get across a line,she was taken out,and the Bomerang,after many adventures,was declared the winner of the heat.

SIXTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Becky Sharp
Bob-Tailed Nag
Popova
Hot Dog

Breeze a little better,but all went over at the start. The Popova,after being set up,went well for a bit,but then changed

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) her name to Flopova.The Hot Dog got cold feet pretty early.The Becky Sharp,in spite of accidents,won first place,and the Bob-tailed Nag,after she had apparently been out of the running for some time,took a start,and came in a dashing second.This was the only heat in which two boats finished.

SEVENTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Yaller Dawg.
Hostess
McBuster

Wind fair again,but the Yaller Dawg was the only one that proved seaworthy.The McBuster bust her spar,we hear, and the Hostess was unreliable.The Yaller Dawg,sedate,but with great staying power,finally crossed the line.

EIGHTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Go-Go
Josephus
Saracen
Rumboat

It was good to see that grand veteran of a hundred races,the Go-Go,start on her course.She was the only one that could be seen long,as all the others tipped over with painful frequency.In fact they all had to give up,and the Go-Go finished alone.

FIRST SEMI-DEMI-FINAL HEAT.

Dipper
440
Sea-Gull

Breeze lighter again.All three boats stood up,but could hardly do more than drift.Then the 440 and the Dipper took four hundred and forty dips,more or less,but were set up every time.The Sea-Gull did not tip over,but she preferred to steer for Pine Beach.In consequence she lost the race,as she sailed straight away from the line,while the Dipper and

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) the 44s came in respectively first and second.

(At this point the wind had died absolutely.The remaining heats were therefore put over to the first favorable weather.We shall give them here as soon as they come off,for the sake of dramatic unity.)

SECOND-SEMI-DEMI FINALS.

Becky Sharp
Boomerang
Bob-Tailed Nag.

This heat and the next were run Friday morning.There was a good little northwest breeze,which gave evry prospect of freshening—till we started the races.Then it died as quickly as it could.The Becky Sharp was the only boat that stayed up all the way.The other two were up and dow.The Becky led (we remember that her namesake was always fast);and though the wind slacked so much that at one time she was going sidewise,she finally crossed the line.The Boomerang sprung a leak,which made her very unseaworthy, but she was finally nursed into second place.The Nag finished,but tipped over in the act of crossing the line.

THIRD SEMI-DEMI-FINALS.

Go-Go
Bob Roy 11
Yaller Dawg

The Go-Go led at first,then the Bob Roy pulled ahead,but steered toward the shore.The breeze was perhaps a little better, but very little.The Go-Go very cleverly took the outside,where she got all there was.The Dawg,to everyone's surprise,tipped over,but was immediately righted.The gallant Go-Go won,amid the cheers of all hands.The Bob Roy had all kinds of trouble,going over backwards, but finally made second.The Yaller Dawg was third.As the Go-Go is not eligible for the cup,the holders of second and third place both enter the next round.

At this point the wind was not only dead but buried,so the races were called off again.A great tournament among the four starters

resulted badly for C.H.C.,who had to tow the other three in. It was a fine sight,and L.C.Z.,T.L.,and S.M.R. took their ease in their boats like so many admirals.

(SATURDAY we had so much to do that it did not seem possible to do any racing.But the wind was so good that it was a crime not to.So we came home from the pine parlor as soon as we finished dinner,and went to it.The dismantling of the Sea-gull by Riddle before he left made a change;and in consideration of the Hostess' fine performance before she lost her rudder,it seemed only fair to give her another chance. So the three semi-demi-finals of Friday morning were cancelled, and two semi-final heats,of four each,were arranged.The Go-Go,not being eligible for the cup,and having proved her unfailing stability,withdrew.)

FIRST SEMI-FINAL HEAT.

440
DIPPER
BOB ROY II
YALLER DAWG.

A good southwest wind,and a very fast start.At one moment all were over,but after a little setting up drill the 440 won by a long lead.The Dipper was a fast second,and the Bob Roy a fine third.The Yaller Dawg was a bit outclassed.

SECOND SEMI-FINALS.

Becky Sharp
Hostess
Boomerang
Bob-tailed Nag

Also a fast heat,though there was some capsizing.The boats came across the line in the order named;but the Nag was given a chance in the finals,as she collided with the Bob-Roy,and could not be started again till a rangeley came up.

FINAL HEAT.

HOSTESS
BOB-TAILED NAG.
BECKY SHARP
DIPPER
440

For a short time the Nag led,but the Hostess was too much for her.The way in which this gallant craft sprinted into first place and tore down the course and over the line was worth seeing.Then came the Nag,hot on her heels,with every rag of canvas drawing.It was a great duel.The Becky Sharp,though not quite so fast,was a very good third.

So ended the race,at last.We have never before had the occasion spread over more than two days.But it was worth all the putting off to get a real wind at last,and to see those two boats come driving down before the wind.

WEDNESDAY Aug.29, B.29.33 T.62' Rain N.E.

It didn't rain absolutely all day,but it came nearer to doing it than we liked.We had hoped to do various things,which had to be put off on account of the weather.But never mind.It will have to clear off some time.

One thing we did manage,in spite of the wet and the dark.We got a graduate group taken,as there were nine graduates in camp.We lost two of them shortly,though,for Phil Batchelder and Francis Perkins left by the morning train.

It was so dark in morning reading that we had to have a lamp.

Swim was limited to half-past niners,but it was a very lively swim,for all that.

We had a good sing before squads.

Miss Agnew came over this morning for a while.

As it was too wet to do any of the things we had wanted to get done in the afternoon,we had a rousing game of soccer. The score was 6-1.Bemis,P.Chase,and Sherburne all shot goals.

A group of about a dozen,with C.F.B. and A.M.R.,took a walk.The road was so greasy with mud that in some places a good many slid instead of walking,but it was good fun.We sent a couple of telegrams for Skipper,and then walked down to the fish-hatchery,which a good many had never seen.We saw all the fish,including a tank full of albino salmon,who look like turnips,as someone said.We also learned a good deal about the working of things.Every tank has to be salted for an hour every morning;and the fish eat three hundred pounds of meat a week.They are fed three times a day,just like anybody else.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) Just before supper T.L. and T.F.V. came in with seven good bass.

Total number of fish,7.

NINTH SING-SONG.

1. Overture,"Chopsticks"....P.S.P.,Hammond.
2. Stunt,"Abdullah Bulbul...Brewster,Stackpole,Putnam, Lowell.
3. Duett,"L'Arlesienne".....T.L.,A.M.R.
4. Choruses.....Merryweather Races,Merryweather Boys, Merry Merryweathers.
5. Stunt,"The Crows' Nest...P.S.P.,J.A.L.,S.M.R.
6. Merryweather Quartette...T.L.,L.C.Z.,C.F.B.,T.F.V., S.S.H.,P.S.P.,S.M.R.,C.H.C.
7. Stunt,"The Briery Bush"..T.L.,L.C.Z.,T.F.V.,Curtis, Miner.

CAMP SONG.

Our Chopsticks team had no chance to practise;in fact P.S.P. was asked to take the upper part at the moment we began to get seated.But it went with great dash and brio.(Like that word?I think it adorns the page,myself.)

We have never had "Abdullah" acted before,but it is a splendid song for dramatization.Brewster sang,clearly and well,as the tragedy unfolded itself before our eyes.

First came Put as Abdullah;a brilliantly Oriental figure,with the touch of scarlet here and there that marks the East;at least, in stunts and charades.Then came Stackpole as Ivan Petrovski;a much more sinister figure,with his bristling black moustache.He did not have time to display all his accomplishments,but we have no doubt he possessed them,if one may substitute the bugle for the Spanish guitar.

The fight was terrible in its intensity,and terrific in its climax,when the two bold warriors fell dead.Then the curtain hid the stage for a moment.When we saw the field again,we were far north;and Lowell,as the Muscovite maid,knelt in silent anguish, with clasped hands,thinking of her lost lover.It was a notable

WEDNESDAY performance.
(Cont'd.)

Choruses were very lively.And I might as well say here that as we began early,we had time to sing "October" at the end,before the Camp Song.

"The Crows' Nest" was a very vivid representation of the life led by the prefects.There they were,as the alarm clock rang,all in their,little beds,except for S.M.R.'s feet which were plainly visible.The clock was cursed for going off so early a s 6-50,and they threw things at it till it gave up.Then came peace for a while.Then--"Are you here still?" "Yes". "No,you aren't,because you made a noise."Groans from P.S.P.,whose pajamas were a sight to see,at the idea of jokes at three minutes of seven in the morning.The tooth-brush and dipper were passed round.Then came comments on the sounds from the float and slip."That splash must be Payson." "I guess they are putting Curtis in." "That rip must be Payson's pajamas tearing",etc.When Skipper called "Half a minute",there was a wild scattering,and we hope they got to breakfast some time.

The quartette gave us all sorts of old camp songs.They were a varied group in appearance,for P.S.P. and S.M.R. were still in pajamas,and S.M.R. had added a large pair of rubber boots,for the sake of comfort or elegance.As for C.F.B., he had an old corduroy fishing hat,his collar turned up,and a pair of spectacles.

We had "I've been guarding up a Hemlock",two of the many miz-tree songs,and the undershirt verse of "I'm dreaming now of Merryweather.".

Then C.F.B. did L.T.S.'s circus song;the one that goes just as fast as you can get the words out,with no time for

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) breathing unless you take it by force.He lost the words once or twice,or pretended to;but L.T.S. never got through it all without tripping.It is as hard to remember as it is funny.

They ended with "Way Down Yonder in de Cornfield."

Our last stunt (think of having three in one evening) was the Briery Bush."T.L. was a most unresisting,and at the same time hopeful victim.He had hopes of his father,but L.C.Z. seemed perfectly indifferent to his fate,if not glad to get rid of him. Curtis as the brother was equally callous.The hangman,T.F.V,began to get impatient at all these false alarms,when in came Miner, the true love,(in pink gingham),with the gold.This meant freedom. And the rescued gallant went off with his lady slung over his shoulder.This daring climax brought the house down.

Then,as I said before,came October and the Camp Song,which brought us through just on time.

We ended the evening with a lively game of "Boston".Many played in stocking feet,so it was quieter than it sometimes is.In fact the only real racket was when Howard,who had just come in,was called Curtis because he had on a sweater.

THURSDAY Aug.30 B.29.34 T.62' Cloudy Rain p.m.

Not the weather we had hoped for;but it was only foggy in the morning,and peopled began to suspect something when a yard squad was put on in reading time.

We finished "Two Noble Lives",and are now having part of "The Minor Moralist",with a good deal of discussion.

CANOE AND BOAT RACES.

I. SENIOR SINGLES,1st and 2nd Heats.

&. JUNIOR RANGELEYS,1st Heat.

3. JUNIOR DOUBLES,1st Heat.

4. JUNIOR RANGELEYS,2nd Heat.

5. JUNIOR DOUBLES,2nd.Heat.

6. JUNIOR RANGELEYS,Finals.

7. SENIOR SINGLES,Finals.

8. DIAMOND SCULLS.

9. JUNIOR DOUBLES,Finals.

10. SENIOR DOUBLES,STANDING.

11. JUNIOR FOURS.

12. SENIOR FOURS.

This was the actual order of events,which we give partly for the use of the committee of arrangements next year.It was a most successful schedule,and in spite of a late start and a wind which made the lining up difficult,we finished the whole thing in plenty of time to get ready for dinner.

In reporting the races we shall give all the parts of each event consecutively;that is,first heat,second heat,and finals,as it is clearer and more interesting to read that way.

The wind was southerly,and strong enough to count for a good deal.Many boats headed up into the wind on their way out

THURSDAY and one had to be towed to place.The rain,fortunately,
Aug.30,
(Comt'd.) held off till the next to the last race was starting.

SENIOR SINGLES,STANDING.

FIRST HEAT.

SQUANNACOOK,P.Curtis Time,3 m.58 1/5 s.
HECUBA,P.Collins.
GRAYLING,Spooner.
PINK,Payson.

The course was out round Pickerel and back.The Grayling delayed the start badly,but at last they got off.The Squannacook sprinted at the start,and led going out,with the Pink a good second.These two made the best turn.All steered wild coming home. The Squannacook won by several lengths.The Pink capsized near the line,leaving second place to the Hecuba.The Grayling was third.

SECOND HEAT.

PINK,Bemis. Time,4 m.1 2/5 s.
GRAYLING,Howard.
SQUANNACOOK,Miner.
HECUBA,R.Collins.

Much easier to line up.The Pink got away in the lead,the Squannacook guarding the dangerous rear.The Grayling headed far up to windward.The Pink turned first,in good style,and won by several lengths.The Grayling came second,the Squannacook sprinted into third place,and the Hecuba came last.

FINAL HEAT.

GRAYLING,Bemis. Time,3 m.56 4/5 s.
PINK,P.Curtis
HECUBA,P.Collins.
SQUANNACOOK,Howard.

A good start.The Pink shoots ahead,the others close. The Pink turned first,but all were close.The Squannacook was wild coming in,and the Grayling gained,while the Hecuba fell back.The Grayling sprinted into first place and won by a length,Pink dashed into second place,Hecuba a good third.Altogether a very spirited race.

THURSDAY (Cont'd.)

JUNIOR RANGELEYS.

FIRST HEAT.

YAMMERSCHOONER, McLain. Time, 1 m. 45 s.
WILLIWAW, Farnsworth.
IDENTICAL, Hines.
PANTASOTE, Lowell.
EREBUS, Shipman.

The Erebus had to be towed to her place, and then had to be withdrawn because it was evident that she could not either go or stay anywhere. The course was from the rock in, and the lining up was not easy. The Yammerschooner started best, and won by four lengths. The Williwaw was second, with a lead of three over the Identical. The Pantasote kept stopping to steer, which delayed her considerably. The Identical pulled a block loose, so her place was taken by the Terror.

SECOND HEAT.

EREBUS, Biddle. Time, 1 m. 45 s.
WILLIWAW, Burke.
YAMMERSCHOONER, Cignoux,
PANTASOTE, Brewster.
TERROR, Mackie.

The Erebus was the fastest from the start. The Terror, blown down the wind pretty badly, did not finish. The Williwaw came in second, the Yammerschooner a deliberate third. The Pantasote, after heading north of the float till she was almost ashore, came round it and made fourth place.

FINAL HEAT.

PANTASOTE, Biddle. Time lost.
WILLIWAW, Farnsworth.
YAMMERSCHOONER, McLain.
TERROR, Burke.

The Pantasote led from the start. At first the Terror was second, but at the last minute the Williwaw sprinted into second place. A close and pretty finish. The time was not taken, because so much had to be done on the float at the moment of starting (the start being at Pickerel) that no one knew when the exact moment was. Too bad, but it was a good race, any way.

THURSDAY
(Cont'd.)

JUNIOR DOUBLES.
FIRST HEAT.

SQUANNACOOK, Sherburne & Eggleston. Time, 3 m. 37 s.
GRAYLING, P. Chase & Stackpole.
HECUBA, Andrew & Ranlet.

The course was out round Pickerel and back. The Hecuba gave great trouble at the start, circling round and round her flag about fifteen times before she could head anywhere in, particular. The Grayling headed up into the wind. The Hecuba led at first. Squannacook came up and passed both, making the first turn. The Hecuba steered very wildly coming in. The Grayling led for a good while, but the Squannacook, by a fine sprint, crossed the line three lengths to the good. Grayling second, Hecuba a slow third.

SECOND HEAT.

PINK, Corning & Clarke. Time, 3 m. 40 3/5 s.
SQUANNACOOK, Auchincloss & Putnam.
HECUBA, Sylvester & Roberts.

A much better start. The Pink led first, then the Squannacook passed her. The two turned almost simultaneously at the rock, the Hecuba somewhat slower. The Pink won by three lengths, Squannacook second, Hecuba a fairly moderate third. Corning, by the way, was the only one of the three stern paddlers, who kept stroke all the way in.

FINAL HEAT.

HECUBA, Sherburne & Eggleston. Time, 3 m. 36 2/5 s.
GRAYLING, P. Chase & Stackpole.
SQUANNACOOK, Auchincloss & Putnam.
PINK, Corning & Clarke.

Very close going out, The Hecuba led, then the Squannacook passed her, but all four made the turn practically at the the same moment. By the way, the plan was to have only one crew qualify in each heat, but they were so close that it seemed better to include two from each heat in the finals. The Grayling led most of the way in, the Hecuba sprinting to first place at the last minute. Grayling second, Squannacook a close third. The Pink spilled Corning out just before crossing, and did not finish.

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) DIAMOND SCULLS.

WILLIWAW, Donald. Time, 3 m. 55 s.
YAMMERSCHOONER, Breckinridge.
PANTASOTE, Newbodl.

Course, out round and back. The Williwaw showed the best seamanship all the way, both going straight and on the turn. She led from the start, and won by a long lead. The Yammerschooner was second, the Pantasote, after hitting the Pieplant and almost ramming the float, finished third.

SENIOR DOUBLES, STANDING.

HECUBA, Miner & P. Collins. Time, 3 m. 31 2/5 s.
SQUANNACOOK, P. Curtis &. Howard.
PINK, Bemis & R. Collins.
Grayling, Payson & Spooner.

Lifeboats were warned to stand by in this race, for obvious reasons. The Hecuba led, with the Squannacookssecond. The latter nearly went over on the way out, but escaped. The Grayling was very cautious, but went over at the turn, and did not finish. The Hecuba maintained her lead, and finished with two lengths of open water between her and the Squannacook. The Pink was a good way behind.

JUNIOR FOURS.

EBEN.	ABOL.	TOGUS.	CORKER.
F. Chase	Sherburne	Corning	Auchincloss
Stackpole	Ranlet	Donald	Putnam
Hines	Roberts	Eggleston	Clarke
Breck.	Andrew	Newbold	Sylvester

Time, 3 m. 25 2/5 s.

A very pretty start. The Abol led, then the Togus (that is what the stream is always called. Wonder we never thought of it before.) sprinted ahead, with the Eben almost even. The Togu and the Eben were even on the turn, the Abol a shade slower. Finally the Abol sprinted past the Eben, and won with less than a length of open water. The Togus was a close third and the Corker a very fair fourth. Altogether a splendid race.

THURSDAY (Cont'd.)

SENIOR FOURS.

EBENEZER.	ABOLJOCKAMEGUS. Time, 6 m. 58 1/5 s.
Bemis	Payson
Howard	Miner
R. Collins	P. Collins
P. Curtis	Spooner

The Abol got the lead on the first lap, but lost it on the turn. The Eben got a good lead on the second lap. The Abol gained a bit on the third, but the Eben could do her on the turn every time. It was a fine race, the Eben winning by a length and a half of open water.

Well, it was a splendid morning's work, and we went in to dinner wanting to cheer evrything. Even the rain deserved our thanks, for it had held off long enough to make the races possible. We couldn't have started them in a downpour.

Do you observe that we have begun saying P. Curtis again? Yes, T. Curtis is back again. His head is still bandaged, and he won't be able to do much. But we would much rather have him in bandages than not have him at all.

After reading (Skshetuski got out of Zbaraj this afternoon), we had progressive ping-pong for a while, with the following results:

Paine beat Putnam.
Putnam beat Bemis.
Davidge beat S.M.R.

There was also a good little bean-bag match, but we forgot to get the score, and at the moment of going to press it is not very easy to get it. Sorry.

At three-thirty all hands were piped aft for instructions in Indoor Scouting, and then the great series began. The occasion was felt to be so momentous that Dick Liggett, who has been in the Infirmary, was allowed to get up and come in to watch.

UTES VS. PIUTES.

The first game went to the Utes by one run, though they

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) lost more heavily than their opponents.Capt.Curtis made three runs.

In the second game the Piutes had their innings,with nine runs to eight.In this game the obstacle committee added all the big rubbish baskest to the hazards of the course.

In the third game a solid wall of interlocked horses and chairs was built across the middle of the room.In spite of this the tribes made seven runs apiece,the Piutes winning the series by five shots to four.Of these five Capt.Bemis made four.

NAVAJOS VS. MOQUIS.

Only two of this series were played,as the Navajos outplayed their rivals twice in succession.In the first game seven Moquis were killed before one Navajo corpse appeared, and all were killed early.

In the second game the Moquis made a better showing, but were beaten thirteen runs to six.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF NORTH BELLGRADE.
PIUTES VS. NAVAJOS.

In the first game of this tremendous finale the shots were even,but the Piutes won,eight runs to five.

In the second game the obstacles were augmented by two long logs.One of these had an end on the mantelpiece,which was held by C.F.B.,and along it were strung several horses. T.L. stood in the middle of the field and put back any obstacles that got out of place.Donald and Sylvester stuck on the log.This time the Navajos won.The shots were tied again, runs nine to seven.

When the third game started the field was an appalling sight.Across the middle ran a solid wall nearly six feet

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) high.The frames was the two long logs,the filling a mass of chairs,table-legs,and baskets.The warriors fully expected Moab full of water,and someone asked if barbed wire had been brought in. Yet Capt.Payson,Brewster,and Miner made two runs apice,and Capt. Bemis scored three!It was a mighty struggle,won finally by the Piutes,nine runs to six,though they lost more men.Hail to the champions!

And then came a run to the sand-slide,led by L.C.Z.The following came in first:

Bemis
Davidge
Sherburne
Corning
Paine

After a hasty swim everyone was ready for supper.Do you wonder,after such a strenuous day?

At Digestion Club we finished "The Brick Moon",and read "99 Linwood St."

Then came half-past eight Boston,the chief feature of which was the mistaking of C.H.C. for Payson.

While we were at supper the sun broke through in the west with a wonderfull blaze of glory.And when we went to bed therewwas a good northwest breeze,and a wonderful moon.Boat-race and scouting to-morrow,says the Dopester.

OTES

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
Curtis (capt.)		•	III	X				•	II
Paine.	X			X		I	X		
Collins P		•			• •	II	X	• •	I
Eager	O	O	O	O	O	O	O	O	O
Stackpole	X	•		X			X		
Chase J.	X			X				• •	
Putnam	X					II	X		
Roberts	X				•	I	X		I
Biddle	X					I			
Farnsworth	X		I			I			III
	1	3	4	4	3	8	5	4	7

PIUTES

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
Bemis (capt.)		•	I	X	•	II		• • •	I
Minier		•	I			II	X		
Collins R	X	• •			•		X	•	
Clarke					•	I			I
Sylvester	X	•				I			I
Donald					•	I			I
Ranlet				X					I
Herbold		•	I	X					I
Breckinridge	X					I	X		I
Gilpatrick		•		X		I	X		
	3	7	3	4	4	9	4	5	7

Navajos

	K	S	R	K	S	R	K	S	R
Rayson[illegible]	X	•	/		••	////			
Davidge		••	//	X		/			
Howard		•	//		•	//			
Chase P.		••		X		//			
Auchincloss		•	//	X					
Eggleston			/		•	/			
Lowell			/			/			
Brewster			//	X	••	/			
Mackie	X	••				/			
	2	9	11	4	6	13			

Moquis

	K	S	R	K	S	R	K	S	R
Hammond	X			X	•	//			
Corning	X			X		/			
Sherburne	X		/	X	•				
Spooner	X			X					
Andrew	X			X					
Hines	X				••	/			
McLain	X	••		X					
Burke	X					/			
Shipman	X					/			
	9	2	1	6	4	6			

PIUTES

	K	S	R
Bemis (c)	X		/
Miner	X		/
Collins R.	X	•	
Clarke			//
Sylvester	X		
Donald			/
Ranlet			/
Newbold	X		
Breckinridge		•••	/
Gignoux	X	••	/
	6	6	8

	K	S	R
	X		X
			//
	X		X
			/
			/
			/
			/
			/
			/
			/
			/
	4	7	7

	K	S	R
			///
		••	/
		••	
			/
	X		
		••	/
		••	/
			/
			/
			/
			/
	2	6	9

NAVAJOS

	K	S	R
Payson (c)	X		
Davidge			//
Howard	X		
P. Chase	X		
Auchincloss	X	••	/
Eggleston	X		
Lowell		•	/
Brewster	X	••	/
Mackie		•	
	6	6	5

	K	S	R
	X	•	
	X		/
	X		/
		•	/
		•	/
	X	•	/
			/
			//
			/
			/
	4	4	9

	K	S	R
		••	//
	X		/
			/
	X		
	X		
	X		
	X		
			//
	X		
	6	2	6

FRIDAY Aug.30 Fair N.W.

Put,you are the poorest weather man we have had.This is the second time you have forgotten to give us any report.

Dick Liggett,who has been in the Infirmary for a couple of days,came in to breakfast this morning.Congratulations.

Nick Biddle left this morning,making a last turkey-gobble for us as the car started.Good old Peanut!

Class B Chinning.	
Hines	15
Andrew	9
Stackpole	8
Farnsworth	6
Clarke	5
Gignoux	5
Donald	5
Howard	5
McLain	5
Putnam	5
Spooner	5
Sylvester	5
Auchincloss	3
Lowell	3
Burke	2
Eggleston	2
Ranlet	2
Roberts	2
Breckinridge	1
Brewster	0
Mackie	0
Newbold	0
Shipman	0

Only four failures!

The following notcie created excitement this morning:

In consequence of having recited correctly the names and dates of the rulers of England,Joseph Sylvester is entitled to order his tutor around the 440 any reasonable number of times.

Whole camp welcome.
A.M.Goodale.

A.M.G. was not the only unlucky member of the faculty.C.F.B. played Farnsworth on the float,to see if Bud should go in thirty-six times or he should go in with his clothes on,and lost.He was not wearing much but running shirt and khakis,but the principle is the same.

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) Various visitors this afternoon,temporary and otherwise.Jigs Cary came,to stay through.Hope he won't get broken anywhere this time. Andrew F. Cary

Mrs.Davidge and Mrs.Eggleston came,and alas,they are planning to take the boys off Sunday.

Miss Bailey,Miss Barstow,and Miss Witham came out from Gardiner for a call,but could not stay long,as they had to get back .

FIFTH SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

Weather was anything but good,as the wind was a minus quantity,but needs must when the devil drives.

It was an Iroquois day again,with three straight victories.Yet the games were close in some respects.

In the first the runs wre tied,8-8,but the Iroquois won 14 shots to 11.

In the second game there was much less successful running,2-2,but the discrepancy in shots was greater in favor of the Iroquois.

In the third the shots were tied,19-19.This means that only four Iroquois and five Algonquins were left alive at the end.A good many of the Iroquois scored,however,before they were shot,and they won,on runs,11-4.The best the Algonquins can do now is to tie the season.

S.M.R. killed eight in the afternoon,Bemis seven.For a single game Davidge made the best number of shots,with five to his credit.

C.H.C. and Paine each made two runs in the last game.

After table clearing and de talk it was boats;the moon was so lovely that it was a sin to stay ashore,except for

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
T.L.	X✓	••		X	•		X✓		
A.M.G.	X✓	•		X		/	X✓		/
S.S.H.			/	X	•		X✓		
P.S.P.	X✓				•		X✓	•	
J.A.L.	X✓		/	X		/	X✓		
A.M.R.	X✓			X			X✓		
Andrew			/	X			X✓		
Auchincloss	X✓			X			X✓	•	
Bemis	X				••••			•••	
Burke	✓			✓			X✓		
Clarke	X✓	••		X			X✓	•	
Curtis, P.	X✓		/	✓			X✓	•	/
Davidge			/	X			X✓	•••••	
Eager		•		✓			✓		
Farnsworth	X✓	•		X				•	/
Hallowell	X✓			X			X		
Hammond	X✓				•		✓		
Hines		•		X			X✓		
Lowell			/	X			✓		
Mackie	X✓			X			X✓		
Newbold		•		X			X✓	•	/
Putnam			/		•		X✓	••••	
Ranlet		••	/	✓	•		X✓		
Roberts	X✓			X			X✓	•	
	14	11	8	16	10	2	19	19	4

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
L.C.Z.	X	✓		X			X		
C.F.B.	X			X		/	X	✓	/
T.F.V.		✓✓	/	✓			X	✓	/
C.H.C.			/	✓				✓✓	//
S.M.R.	X	✓✓✓			•		X	✓✓✓	
Breckinridge		✓✓✓		X	••		X	•	
Brewster	X				•		X	✓	/
Chase, P.	✓				••••		X		
Collins, P.	X			✓			X	✓✓	
Collins, R.	X	✓		X	••		X	✓	/
Corning	✓			✓			X	✓	
Donald			/	✓			X		
Eggleston			/	X			X		
Gignoux			/	X			X		/
Howard	X		/	✓				✓	
McLain	X				•	/	X	✓✓	/
Miner	X			✓			X	✓✓	/
Paine			/	X	•		X		//
Payson	✓			X	•		✓		
Sherburne		✓✓✓	/		•		X	✓	
Spooner	X				•		X		
Stackpole	X			X			X		
Sylvester	✓			X	•		✓		
	11	14	8	10	16	2	19	19	11

FRIDAY (Con't.d) those who had rehearsals or other important business.Is there anything pleasanter than a boat of some kind,a congenial crew,and the moon on the water?

After the younger brethren had gone to bed it was more or less go-as-you-please.Some went to bed;some went out in boats again.And alas and alack! Our two dear Lowells went two Waterville to take the ten o'clock train.An urgent and particular wedding called them home,and we ~~rae~~ are left lamenting,like Lord Ullin.

Those who were on deck had an athletic meet,which has been covered for us by our assistant sporting reporter.

TURNING ROUND STICK,BLINDFOLDED.

The game was to turn round ten times,stooping,and then open your eyes and try to walk straight.Payson was particularly happy at this.(So were the spectators.)

KNOCKING CORK OFF BOTTLE.

You knocked the cork off as you walked by;at least you tfied to,but we understand that practically no one did.

CANDLE LIGHTING.

This was the usual lighting of one candle from another, while trying to balance on something round.The successful performers were A.M.G.,Sherburne,P.Curtis.

BLINDFOLD CORK DUEL.

No,you did not blindfold the cork.You burnt it,and then were blindfolded yourself,and tried to black your opponent before he could black you.The climax was the contest between T.L. and A.M.G.,in which the latter won by brilliant strategy.

SATURDAY
Sept.1
B.29.50
T.59'
Cloudy
Calm.
Spatter
p.m.

It did not stay calm long,as you can see by turning back to the account of the finish of the yacht race.

The squad list was a puzzle to the dopesters.What were the Burning Sapphos to burn?Were the Whiz-bangs anything to do with fireworks?Or were they to gather shells?And what kind of Phunny Bizniss was T.L. up to,that took so many?Were the Needle-wielders to get pine boughs for decorations?

But soon everyone found out.The Whiz-bangs were the pine bough and cat-tail committee,the Phunny Bizniss was a big rehearsal, and the needle-wielders were the sewing squad.As for Burning Sappho--well,have you ever read "The Isles of Greece?"They were to skim the isles of grease from the sink-holes.Hence the name.

As for the people whose name headed an elaborate menu,they guessed at once that they were lunch squad.

Soon after swim the advance guard went up to the pine parlor, where they got the fire going,and made the cocoa,so that there might be no delay in getting to business.We can recommend Bobby Paine as a cocoa-mixer to anyone.

Most of the crowd walked,but the grub,having few legs,came in a boat.And R.R.,having either very little back or too much,came by boat also.And then her Rolls-Royce limousine took her up the bank in style.That surely is a good car.

Well,we ate and drank,and kept on eating and drinking,and then ate and drank some more.There were cocoas to the fourth power,and the company got away with two whole strips of bacon,besides nine cans of beans.Great are the August appetites.

Then we came hurrying home for the races,which went off with a whiz-bang.For further particulars,look back to the continuous

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) account. Suffice it here to offer our congratulations to Johnny Chase, the youngest winner of the cup on record.

Then came senior ball, and decorating. C.F.B. and C.H.C. took the latter in charge, and a pretty sight our room was when it was done, with pine bouhs all above and on the walls, a wall of cat-tails at the south, and great bunches of golden-rod on the mantel-piece.

LAST SENIOR BASEBALL GAME.
SNAGS VS. SNIGS.

We had only seven innings, as there was, to put it mildy a good deal doing. But it was a good game. For a while it looked as if it might be uneven, for the Snags ran in three scores in the fourth, and the Snigs had still one solitary run to their credit. But in the sixth T.L. started things off with a two-bagger, and that and a couple of passes brought the score up. So it ended 5-3.

Outfield catches are so rare that we mention the two that were made. Putnam caught Carey's long high fly in the second, and Davidge nipped the hopes of S.S.H. in the third.

Dick Hallowell heads the batting list, with 1,000. P.S.F comes next, with ,666, and Hammond had .500.

So ended what has on the whole been a good ball season. We began badly, smashing up A.M.C. in the first game, but since then we have had no serious injuries. The batting averages for August and the season will shortly be posted. The junior averages are done already.

And all this time I have not mentioned that Joe Sylvester left this morning. Many apologies! He made A.M.C. walk round the four-foty eight times.

Snaps vs. Snaps of Sept. 1 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base bits.	Sacr. hits.
0	0		1 Pedersen	R	K		6-3 4-6-3	2-3		K							4	0	0	
13	0		2 S. M. R.	2				K		K							4	1	0	
2	3		3 P. S. P.	1			K										3	1	2	
3	0		4 L. C. Z.	3	K												3	0	0	
1	2		5 T. F. V.	5					K								3	1	1	
1	0		6 P. Chase	6	6-3												1	1	0	
1	0		7 Davidge	7		9-5		K									3	0	0	
0	0		8 Carey	4		9-8			K								3	1	0	
0	0		9 Conway	9		K				K							3	0	0	
			10																	
			11																	
21			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	2	2	2	3	5	6							27	5	3	

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base bits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
	2			6	11	1-b. on errors.				
Puffed	Missed	Muffed	Muffed	Wild	Passed					

Snaps vs. Snaps of Sept. 1 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base bits.	Sacr. hits.
1	0		1 Pedersen	8	K	K			K		5-3						3	0	0	
3	0		2 T. L.	3			K				4-3						3	1	1	
0	0		3 S. S. P.	1			9-7				6-4						1	1	0	
12	1		4 A. M. & G.	2	K		K			9-6							4	0	0	
1	2		5 R. P. H.	6	1-3			4-3									2	0	2	
0	1		6 Hammond	4				9-2									2	1	1	
0	0		7 Olivier	7		K		K		K							3	0	0	
0	0		8 P. Curtis	9					K								2	0	1	
1	0		9 Bemis	5		9-3			K	9-1							3	0	0	
			10																	
			11																	
18	4		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	0	1	0 1	0 1	0 1	2 3	0 3						23	3	5	

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base bits.	3-base bits.	Home runs.
				2	14	1-b. on errors.		2		

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) We had supper in our evergreen bower, and then scattered to our various green-rooms. The Infirmary became a wild place, with Indians to be painted brown, and Poles and Tartars growing all kinds of fierce black moustaches. Out in Sunshine Alley veiled figures flitted; and everywhere was heard the cry for more safety-pins.

At last all was ready, and the line started, more or less as follows:

Macbeth	L.C.Z.
First Witch	A.M.R.
Second Witch	S.M.R.
Third Witch	Eager
First Apprition	Roberts
Second Apparition	Shipman
Third Apparition	Brewster
Fair Ellen	R.T.B.
Her Father	A.M.C.
The Bridegroom	Spooner
King Arthur	P.S.P.
Queen Guinevere	R.R.
The Miller	T.Curtis
First Lady	Miner
Second Lady	Mackie
First Courtier	Payson
Second Courtier	Andrew
Third Courtier	Newbold
Whopsy Whittlesy	S.S.H.
Michikee Moo	Donald
Wah Wah Bocky	Liggett
Ching Gach Gocky	Brewster
Peeksy Wiggin	Eggleston
Squawpan	Putnam
First Brave	Auchincloss
Second Brave	P.Collins
Third Brave	R.Collins
Fourth Brave	Howard
The Ringmaster	T.F.V.
The Juggler	T.L.
The Clown	Hammond
The Trained Pigs	Gignoux
First Acrobat	McLain
Second Acrobat	J.Chase
Third Acrobat	Hines
Fourth Acrobat	Farnsworth
The Fat Man	Ranlet
Exhibit A	Burke
Ballet-Dancer	Clarke
What is It?	Breckinridge
Vender of Popcorn etc.	Stackpole

SATURDAY (Cont'd.)	Zagloba	C.F.B.
	Volodyovski	Sherburne
	Bogun	C.H.C.
	First Pole	P.Curtis
	Second Pole	P.Chase
	Third Pole	Bemis
	Fourth Pole	Corning
	First Cossack	Carey
	Second Cossack	Spooner
	Third Cossack	Davidge
	Fourth Cossack	R.P.H.

Of course it was not quite like this in the march.The king and queen reviewed the procession,and the First Witch was at the piano.Two of the apparitions marched as a court lady and an Indian sqaw,and we rather think Macbeth marched as Lochinvar,by the simple process of changing his coronet for a cap.

Well,it was a brilliant and inspiring sight,and they marched round and round several times.Then came the first dance,a 1-7 step,as it was announced.It looked as if some were taking seven,too.

Then came the first two stunts,and then a wonderful Portland Fancy.Of course a good many had to be turned and shoved,but we all got to the right places more or less on time,and anyhow it was great fun.

GOOD KING ARTHUR.

This delightful opera had a cast of characters worthy of it. Can we say more?T. Curtis was a weary Miller,toiling along with his barley-laden sack.As he slept,in came the King.He seemed dispirited,but the sight of the meal revived him,and he capered off with his booty a new man.R.R. as cook and queen was all that any king could desire;and the scene when the royal couple planned the pudding was capital.As for the banquet,it reminded us of picnics,and chocolate lines,and fourth helps of ice-cream,and other pleasant things.So it ended merrily with a dance.

SATURDAY (Cont'd.)

MICHIKEE MOO.

This tragic ballad of love and hatred is new to our stage, and probably to many of the audience. S.S.H. was a fine and terrible figure, as he stalked up and down the stage. And his squaws! How they capered and danced! The grace of the young fawn, the dark eyes of the young gazelle! Espedially, of course, Michikee Moo. No wonder Whittlesy Whanko loved her best. But the passions of the savage are quickly roused, and terrible to see. The hatred of the other squaws burned within them, and as they made their plots they were a sight to curdle the blood. But retribution came, swift and terrible. We did not see the fate that overtook them, but we know what it was. And we saw the fiendish glee of the braves as they came back from accomplishing their horrid tasks. And we left the big chief happy with the bride of his heart.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

Here was nothing more tragic than anger and disappointment, but plenty of thrills. From the moment Lochinvar entered with his gallant steed, our sympathies were all with him, and we fully agreed with everything that the ballad says about him. The wedding party were all impressed, and no wonder, at his daring. It takes courage to face A.M.G. when roused, and especially when he is armed with the sword of the Great Lord of Luna. But Lochinvar was nothing daunted. With a graceful mixture of daring and courtesy he made his request, with a side-glance and a compliment to the bridesmaids that set those lovely young things all a-fluttering. Each one doubtless though, "Does he mean me?". As for the bridegroom, he stood and looked foolish and vexed, while the father stamped

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) and raged silently.At last came the surprise.The minuet, so calm and graceful ended with a sudden dash,and they were off. "Oh,then and there was hurrying to and fro",as the Graemes,Fosters, Fenwicks,and Musgraves got to horse and pursued.The bridegroom's horse was wild,like Tugai Bey,and finally bolted with him in the wrong direction.We caught one more glimpse of pursuers and pursued,but the lead was a long one,and we knew that all was well.

THE CIRCUS.

We have never had a circus before,except the one that old Si Hubbard and his friend went to in the song,and the one that Joshua Ebenezer Fry and Ma attended,when they wanted to see the tattooed man.There was no tattooed man in this,but there was almost everything else.The opening march,with its crash of drums,its blare of trombones(we prefer the plural),and its scintillating brilliancy of costume,was a sight to remember long.T.F.V. had all the dash that makes the real ringmaster.If he gets tired of the law,he might try a circus,and we would all come.Stack sold his wares all about, and sounded exactly like a professional.The fat man was fat beyond the power of safety-pins to hold,and had to be repaired now and then.Hammond was a capital clown,withhhis trained pig.We were sorry for Master Piggy when he was lathered with flour paste,but it was washed off before it had time to dry.The ballet-dancer capered charmingly with her green tights (not so very tight,to be sure) and the What-is-It puzzled us all.The acrobats were a brilliant quartett,doing many difficult feats of daring and grace. And when they finally came in with "Exhibit A,the Monster of Europe",whom they had captured,it brought down the house.T.L. as Machiavelli,the juggler and strong man,struck awe to all hearts as he lifted heavy weights and did other things that seemed impossible.And then Johnny Chase picked up the biggest weight and ran

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) off with it,to everyone's great delight.So the great show ended,with trombones and drums,as it had begun.

MACBETH.

This was a ghastly scene throughout,with lights lowered, and black-draped figures pacing and crouching round their cauldron.What hell-broth it contained was not visible,but as each dread ingredient was thrown in,the fire flared up,blue,red, or livid green.Macbeth,a kingly figure,but already cursed with the burden of his crimes,approached.His questions must be answered.And one by one,in the glare of the fire,arose the pallid figures that could foretell all.No,not all.One question could not be answered;and with a wild yell the witches vanished.(We wish to express our special thanks to the fire-builder.It is something,when you are trailing round in robes of utterly inflammable stuff,to know that your fire is perfectly safe,and that someone is watching with a pail of water handy in case a corner of a veil should go astray and get into trouble.)

FIRE AND SWORD.

It was a great change to turn to the clash of swords and the struggle of a fight.First Bogun entered with his men,triumphant at having caught Zagloba.They tied him hand and foot,with his sabre under his knees and through the rope, and left him,with jeering promises of what was to happen to him by and by.Then they went outside,and settled down to drink and dice.And then Pan Zagloba got to work.Back and forth he rocked,hitting the end of the sabre evry time and driving it a little further,till at last it slipped out and left the rope loose.Cautiously he rose to his feet.Would they hear?He listened at one of the chinks in the barn wall.

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) No;they were dicing away,never guessing who was watching them.Then where to escape?No way out;no corner big enough to hide in.Aha! The ladder! And with cat-like tread,his sabre held in his teeth,he climbs to the loft,and crouches there.Soon the guards came in.Horrors! "No Pole! They hunted desperately,and at last the ladder told the tale.Man after man tried to scale it,but was hurled to destruction by the keen sabre and the strong arm behind it.Bogun raged wildly.They were about to fire the roof, when in rushed the Polish army,led by that master of masters, Michael Volodyovski.The duel that followed was thriiling to behold. Bogun was so tall! But the dashing little knight in green was a match and more for any giant,and at last Bogun fled.And then,with a smile of triumph,Zagloba came down the ladder,stepping over the corpses of the men he had killed.All we can say is that we wish Sienkiewicz could have seen it.

Well,it was a great climax to the evening's stunts.And then came the reel.Even dancing it double,it took 39 m.30 s.Skipper was timer and clerk of the course,C.H.C. starter,C.F.B. judge at the finish.And they had their hands full,with Nelson Mackie having to be turned by hand all the way down the twenty-odd couples,and Shippy following.In fact Shippy was so hopeless that he was called out,for fouling everything and everybody in sight.

After the reel came wonderful pink ice-cream,and then Taps, in three circles.

Sweeping,table setting,and all the other necessary performances were got through,and most of us got to our tents before midnight.But dear old Tom Curtis took the two o'clock train from Waterville,so there was not much sleep for him,and those who sat up to see him off were pretty consistent night owls.

SUNDAY Sept.2 Cloudy Cool Rain p.m.

Not a very pleasant day,and after last night no one was in any great hurry to get up.We had breakfast at half past eight,and at nine Joe Davidge and George Eggleston left by motor.Eggs had his thin jersey on.His sweater was not lost;it just wasn't found.(We found it afterwards with a lot of dirty clothes.)Here's hoping he wasn't cold.Too bad they couldn't stay for the last picnic and the last scouting.

Photographing went off well,and we hope for good results.

At afternoon reading we finished "Fire and Sword",and Pan Yan is married to his Helena.You may be interested to know that they had thirteen children,twelve boys and a girl. The four oldest were Yeremi,Longin,Michael,and Yan.

PICNIC AT HEMLOCK POINT.

TOGUS.	ABOL.	OUANANICHE.		EBEN.	CORKER.
T.L.	T.F.V.	L.C.Z.		R.F.H.	F.S.F.
Putnam	P.Chase	Andrew	Hammond	Sherburne	Corning
Roberts	Clarke	Auchincloss	Liggett	Stackpole	Donald
A.M.R.	Remis	Breckinridge	Howard	Curtis	Miner
		Eager	Ranlet		
		R.Collins	Newbold		
		L.E.R.			
		R.T.B.			
		McLain			

YAMMER.	WILLIWAW.	TERROR.	EREBUS.	IDENTICAL.
C.F.B.	C.H.C.	A.M.G.	S.S.H.	S.M.R.
Paine	P.Collins	Spooner	Carey	Payson
R.R.	J.Chase	Brewster	Farnsworth	Burke
R-R.	Shipman	Mackie	Gignoux	Hines

R-R. is the Rolls-Royce;which is to say,the green chair in which R.R. gets about when it is too far for her to walk, or too rough.This time they landed her at the point itself, and C.F.B. and L.C.Z. took her right to the big tree in her chair,so that she did not have to walk at all.

All except fire and cocoa committee went up for Wolf, and a game followed that was lively enough to dry all the

SUNDAY (Cont'd.) wet garments, of which there were a good many.

Well, food was good, and there was plenty of it. We had not much time for singing, but after a couple of lively choruses we had the "Merryweather Light", and then all hands round for Auld Lang Syne.

And by this time it was raining, so we made what haste we could by lantern light to our boats. We were afraid of a williwaw on the way home, but there was no wind to speak of, and soon the rain held up. It came down fairly hard while we were singing hymns, but we didn't care then. And when we went to bed the moon and stars were out.

Our story? "The Maltese Cat", to be sure. There is nothing better, if R.P.H. and P.S.P. did have a little peaceful duet on the floor towards the end. (How about L.C.Z.? He was just outside the door, on the piazza, with his martial cloak around him; at one time it looked as if that warrior was taking a pretty thorough rest.)

Most of us tried to get to bed pretty promptly after table setting, but A.M.G. and T.F.V. did the Infirmary account of stock; a horrid job, especially at that hour of the night.

MONDAY Sept.3, Fair, Cool N.W.

An ideal day for almost anything;except perhaps a long-distance swim.The pond grows cool apace.

The morning was of course devoted largely to the packing of trunks.Holes and corners were ransacked for the killed,wounded,and missing garments;yet we know that dozens of things will be left behind,as usual.

LAST SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

No non-coms this time,thank goodness.J.Chase was to play slowly,however.A glance at the score card will show how slowly he played.The absentees were much missed,but with visitors to swell the ranks the numbers were about even.

Once more the Iroquois took all three games,establishing a new record,of nine games straight.

The first game was won by runs and shots both.

The second game wasthe closest of the afternoon in one way,for though the Algonquins did not make a run,the shots were tied.

In the third game the Algonquins tried a desperate plan which has sometimes come up as an interesting theory.They put a big party in the swamp,almost up to the north boundary line.Of course the danger lies in the long wait for a relay, when one can be shot but cannot shoot.Most of the party scored,but the Iroquois had the shore clear very soon;and the shore is quicker going than the swamp.C.H.C. and Carey made four runs apiece,and several other men made three.

Only once before has the season been won by nine games. That was in 1914,when the Algonquins won,12-3,and three games were tied.

So the cup remains at the north end for another year.

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
T.L.	X	•		X			X	–	
A.M.G.	X				●●●●			●●●●	/
S.S.H.		•	/	X				–	/
P.S.P.	X			X				●●●	/
A.M.R.	X	•		✓			✓	–	
Andrew	X				•		X ✓	–	
Auchincloss	X			X			X ✓	–	/
Bemis	✓			X	•		X ✓	–	
Burke	X	•		X			X ✓	•	/
Clarke	X	••		✓			X ✓	–	/
Curtis, P.			/	✓			X ✓	–	
Eager	X			X				•	
Farnsworth	X			X	••		X ✓	–	/
Hallowell	X	•		X	••		X	•	
Hammond			/	X	••		X ✓	–	/
Hines	X			X	•		X ✓	●●●●	
Mackie	X			X			X ✓	–	
Newbold	X			X			X ✓	–	
Putnam		•		X	••		X ✓	●●●⊙	
Ranlet	X			X			X ✓	••	
Roberts	X			X			X ✓	–	/
Liggett	X	●●●●		✓			X ✓	•	/
	17	12	3	16	15		17	21	10

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
L.C.Z.	X	•		X ✓	•		X		
C.F.B.		●●●	/	X ✓	●●●●		X		
T.F.V.	X			X ✓	••			••	/
C.H.C.			/		•		X		////
S.M.R.	X	●●●●		X	•		X		
Breckinridge	✓			✓			X	⊙⊙	
Brewster	✓			X ✓		/	X		
Carey			/	X		/	X	•	////
Chase, P.	✓			X			X		
Collins, P.	X	•				/	X		///
Collins, R.		•		X ✓			X		/
Corning	X			✓				••	
Donald	X			✓			X	•	///
Gignoux	X			X ✓		/	X		
Howard	✓					/	X	•••	
McLain	X	•			•	/	X		
Miner	X	⊙		X	•		X	••	
Paine			/	X			X	•	///
Payson		•		X ✓	•		X	•	///
Sherburne	X	⊙		X	•		X		
Spooner			/	X ✓	•		X		/
Stackpole	X			X	•			••	///
Chase, J.		•	/		•		X		
Shipman	X			X ✓			X		///
	12	15	6	16	16	6	21	15	29

MONDAY (Cont'd.) In shooting for the day the following lead:

A.M.G.	9	
C.F.B.	8	
Putnam	6	(besides a stray, which is not to his credit)
S.M.R.	5	
Hines	5	
Liggett	5	

In running, these are the best:

Carey	6
C.H.C.	5
P.Collins	4
Paine	4

So it was all over but the shouting; and though the Algonquins wish that at least it had been closer, they can most heartily congratulate the Iroquois on a brilliant finish to the year.

At supper the prizes were given out as follows:

Promethean prize; for general skill in fire-lighting and building, pitching a camp, etc.	Sherwood Davidge.
Sewing Prize	Henry Putnam
Honorable mention,	Nicholas Biddle.

All members of the squad were given the degree of Able Sewman, which reads as follows:

This is to certify that ----------, having duly and properly sewed on four buttons, darned a barn-door tear, (re-inforcing same with a patch) and made a button-hole, is hereafter entitled to the degree of

ABLE SEWMAN,

with all the privileges attendant on the same.

The members of the squad were Biddle, Newbold, Ranlet, Putnam, and Shipman.

Then came the three dormitory prizes:

First Prize	Philip Chase.
Second Prize	John Sherburne.
Third Prize	John Chase.

Honorable mention, Bemis, Davidge, P. Collins, Hammond.

MONDAY
(Cont'd.)

TRACK AND FIELD PRIZES.

Class A . . . Payson.
Class B . . . R.Collins.
Class C Putnam.

After these had all been awarded,with applause,the scouting cup was passed round,and T.L. made the openeing speech.He spoke of the season as he had seen it in the last two weeks,and the energy with which both sides had played.The best side had won,beyond a doubt.He asked everyone to remember that the result of the game was not the thing that counted,so much as the spirit of the game. And then he passed the cup to the captain of the Iroquois,"who is a darned good one." (So say we all of us.)

L.C.Z. spoke warmly of his menand the way in which they have been able to play without having everything doped out for them. Even those who have showed low scores have done splendidly.He had never had a team which followed orders so well and played so hard. He complimented the Algonquins,remarking that "an Algonquin is never dead till you have buried him".There were as many Iroquois captains as there were faculty members.T.F.V. heads the list for runs,and S.M.R. guarded seven straight games out of the last nine. "There are Iroquois and Algonquins following what they learned in scouting in the outside world now--team play,and respect and honor for their adversaries." He had never played against a better-feeling and fairer team;one more absolutely unable to take an advantage.And so he proposed cheers for the Algonquins and their two captains,R.H.R. and T.L.

T.L."The Iroquois,and one of the best captains ever."

H.R. "All Merryweathers now in service."(A big number,brothers.)

And then came the silent toast to our dear scout who left us ten years ago.

MONDAY (Cont'd.) Later T.L. proposed "The Ladies."

Carey: "The faculty."

Remis: "The Prefects."

Then we all sang the Chanty, to an accompaniment of lighted sparklets; a new idea, and a very pretty one. Then the graduates got together and sang the Graduates' Song. And so ended a very good time.

Here is the list of Iroquois who did specially well, outside of the faculty:

NAME.	K	S	R	
Brewster	8	9	11	
J.Chase	2	4	2	(played only twice.)
P.Chase	9	16	4	
P.Collins	13	20	8	
Corning	8	11	5	
Howard	8	14	5	
Payson	9	11	9	
Sherburne	11	16	5	

Soon we were all up round the bonfire, which was a beauty. When it had burned down a little we sang "Auld Lang Syne" and ran round it in a big circle. Then the whole circle sang Taps, and the younger ones and others who felt inclined went to bed.

But a good many stayed and sang, in a pleasant mixture of firelight and moonlight. And when we stood up to sing the Camp Song, lo and behold, we were just "twenty boys together."

TUESDAY Aug.4 Fair Cool N.W. A glorious day for all our travelers.

Breakfast was a rather mixed meal,as usual,with the faculty heaving trunks,and helping people to find their things.Billy Breckinridge was in a desperate way,having packed all his collars and sent his trunk off,but Dick Collins lent him one,so he was able to get off.

Phil Chase packed his good trousers,and had to leave in his khakis,and neither Chase had a hat.

On the other hand three gentlemen were so dressy that there was a great beauty contest,between Frog and Stack at the big table,and Nelson Mackie at the Tink.Stack's shoes,which were buckskin and tied with marline,queered him,and Nelson finally was given the palm of victory.When it comes to a silk shirt,and faultlessly creased trousers,it is going some.

Well,Rockland left first,in Anderson's Ford;R.P.H.,Miner,Carey, Howard,and Roberts.Dick had several fish in a bottle,to put in his aquarium.He still has one horn pout from the original lot that he took home with him years ago.It must be quite a pout by this time.

C.H.C.,Corning,Donald,and Burke went to Oakland,to catch the Bar Harbor express,and Mr.and Mrs.Bemis (did I say that they came ove for a few minutes yesterday?) took Gregg and Ham off with them.

The hay-riggings and a Faculty Ford made the trip over in good time,and all went well,except that two Seal Harbor trunks had gone to Boston,where they will be less useful.

Soon the train came in,and all hands piled on board,Beef still in sweater and khaki,with the patch on his knee pinned on with two safety-pins.It was a lively crowd,and we doubt if A.M.G. and S.S.H got much sleep on the way.Good luck go with them all,now and always!

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) Well,we came back in the Ford and the hay-rigging. The three hay-riggers walked in from the corner,and found that much sweeping and clearing out had already been done. The eight dollars that Johnny McLain had left had been found and his watch too.Bill Payson had left camera and books,and there were many little tokens all about.

We swam,briefly but gaily,at the usual time,and then had another departure.R.T.B. meant to stay on a few days,but Roger's regiment may be off for France any day,so she had to fly by the noon train.We miss her dreadfully.

At afternoon reading we began"A King in Khaki".Ask C.F.B. the details of the opening chapters,if you didn't hear them all.

Then came more clearing up,and late in the afternoon a Ouananiche crew took some beans over to the Gleasons,and got the mail.

In the evening we had music,and more reading,and went to bed a bit early.L.C.Z. and C.F.B. finished off with a moonlight swim,but they didn't stay in very long.

As for the food Carlyle is giving us,it is so good that we shall either get very fat,or die of over-eating;or both,which is a painful thought.

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WEDNESDAY Another wonderful day, tough cool swimming. L.C.Z. and
Sept.5
Fair A.M.R. were the only ones that braved the perils of the deep
Cool
N.W. at elevn, and they didn't stay in very long.

Much clearing up this morning, and burning of rubbish; also stock taking.

While we were at dinner we saw two young men outside; and there was that excellent man, the Dormouse, with a friend. They are camping down at Cobbossee, and Dormouse wanted to come up and see what we were all up to. Does he still make toast?

About the same time Mrs. Bradstreet and her grand-daughter dropped in. Mrs. Bradstreet had a "No votes for Women" poster on the back of her car. This reminded Skipper of the election, so he is going in, Tuesday to vote for suffrage for women. Poor Mrs. B.!

Good letters to-day from A.M.G., Marcy Eager, and Reuben; also a postal from R.H.R., showing him in his uniform. Everyone was fed, and either met or restored in some way to his family. We wish we could have seen Marcy scouting at full length on the floor of the car, with his feet in a chair and his head under it.

In the afternnon C.F.B. and A.M.R. got the mail, by canoe, and T.L. and T.F.V. went fishing.

Total number of fish, 7 bass.

POST-SEASON SING-SONG.

1. Duett, Unfinished Symphony.....T.L., A.M.R.
2. Flute Solo.....T.F.V.
3. Vocal Duett.....T.L., L.C.Z.
4. STunt, Forfeits.....T.L., L.C.Z.
5. Assorted Rounds. L.E.R., A.M.R., R.R.

Not a bad programme, eh? The unfinished Symphony is one of the most heavenly things ever written. It makes one wonder whether the rest would have been so beautifl, if poor Schubert had lived

WEDNESDAY to finish it.
(Cont'd.)

T.F.V. gave us two flute numbers, both delightful, in very different styles.

The scouting version of "The Briery Bush" is a wonder. We only wish that all good Algonquins and Iroquois had been here to hear it.

"Forfeits" puzzled most of us, but when we came to think it over, after being told, it was clear as day. Each had two fits (we thought T.L. would break his neck), and twice two makes four. And then they spun a butter-plate for a platter, and had to pay forfeits.

The rounds were some of the less familiar ones: May comes singing, Wind gentle evergreen, and The Merry Christ-church Bells.

And then we had more of "A King and Khaki", and went to bed early.

THE RASPBERRY PATCH.

T.L. Oh, Skipper, stay thy towel,
And stay it for a while,
For I fancy I see belated Algonks
Just over the middle fence stile.

L.C.Z. Oh Skipper, stay thy towel,
And stay it for a while,
For I fancy I see my Iroquois guards
Are out of their places a mile.

Chorus: Oh, the raspberry patch,
That makes my knees so sore!
If I ever get out of the raspberry patch
I'll never get in any more.

Both. Oh, Skipper has waved his towel,
And waved it with a smile.
So now we must run as far as we dare,
Then drop to the ground for a while.

Chorus: Oh, this raspberry patch,
Its brambles make me sore.
If I ever get out of these thistles again,
I'll neve get in any more.

T.L.

T.L. planned another song, beginning "Oh Clenzo was a drain-pipe", but the inspirition stopped there. Toobad!

THURSDAY In spite of the unpleasant weather,a robin was
Sept.6
Cool singing this morning.
S.W.
Rain. We didn't feel like singing,though,for we lost L.C.Z. by the morning train.He goes straight to Ayer,for Y.M.C.A. work among the soldiers.They have got a good one,surely.

Letters to-day from Stack,R.P.H.,Pelamon,and Jigs Carey.Dicky didn't say whether or not the fish got through alive.

The account of stock progresses.We shouldn't wonder if it got finished some day.

C.F.B. did all sorts of things with ashes this morning, putting them on the bean patch by way of fertilizer.It has been a great patch this year,and we want it to be even better next year.

The roof of the Bob White comes on apace.Pretty soon the shingling will begin.

It cleared off late in the afternoon,but was too rough for going out on the water.

This evening we finished "A King in Khaki"leving virtue triumphant,and villainy more or less repentant.

The wind was roaring when we went to bed,and there had to be some tightening of tent ropes,lest we fly away entirely during the watches of the night.The Identical did fly away;at least,she chewed her painter through,and came down on the beach below the Quananiche slip.She is the third boat to turn up there.

HEIGHT STATISTICS.

NAME.	HEIGHT.	GAIN SINCE 1916.
Eager	5'11 1/4"	
Spooner	5'10 7/8"	
T.Curtis	5'9 7/8"	4 1/8"
Hammond	5'8 1/2"	
Bemis	5'7 1/8"	
Harris	5'6 5/8"	
Payson	5'6 1/2"	1 1/8"
Liggett	5'6 1/4"	3 15/16"
P.Curtis	5'6"	4 3/4" (ties record)
Howard	5'5 5/8"	
Wheelock	5'5"	2 5/8"
P.Collins	5'4 3/4"	
Sylvester	5'4 3/4"	
Auchincloss	5'4"	2 1/2"
R.Collins	5'3 3/4"	
Andrew	5'3 1/2"	3 7/16"
Davidge	5'3 1/4"	4 1/2"
Newbold	5'3 1/8"	2 1/8"
Corning	5'2 5/8"	2 7/8"
Breckinridge	5 2 1/8"	2 7/8"
Ranlet	5'1 7/8"	
Shipman	5'1 1/4"	
P.Chase	5' 1/4"	1 3/4"
Eggleston	5' 1/4"	2"
Roberts	5' 1/4"	1 3/4"
Sherburne	4'11 7/8"	
Donald	4'11 1/2"	
Lowell	4'11 1/2"	
Putnam	4'10 3/4"	
Clarke	4'10 5/8"	1 5/8"
Riddle	4'10 1/2"	
Burke	4'10"	
Austin	4'9 3/4"	
Farnsworth	4'8 1/2"	1 7/16"
Mackie	4'8"	1 1/2"
McLain	4'7 7/8"	
Stackpole	4'7 3/4"	1 3/4"
Gignoux	4'7 5/8"	
Brewster	4'7 3/8"	
Haskell	4'6 1/2"	
Hines	4'6"	
J.Chase	4'5 1/2"	
Wilson	4'----?(Not measured.)	
H.R.	5'11"	
L.C.Z.	5'10 3/4"	
C.F.B.	5'11 15/16"	
R.H.R.	5'11 1/2"	
A.M.G.	6'	
S.S.H.	6' 7/8"	
T.F.V.	5'10 7/8"	
P.S.P.	5'9 5/8"	
J.A.L.	5'10 3/8"	
S.M.R.	6' 3/4"	
T.L.	5'10 3/8"	
C.H.C.	6'1 3/8"	

Best gain, F.Curtis, 4 3/4"

Total lengthof camp,

97yds., 11 15/16 in.

WEIGHT STATISTICS.

NAME.	FIRST WEIGHT.	LAST WEIGHT.	GAIN OR LOSS.
Spooner	122 1/2	135	12 1/2
Davidge	92 1/4	103 1/2	11 1/4
Mackie	68 3/4	76	7 1/4
Andrew	93	100	7
Roberts	81 1/2	88 1/4	6 3/4
Farnsworth	67 3/4	73 1/4	5 1/2
Howard	108 1/4	113 3/4	5 1/2
Sylvester	104 1/4	109 3/4	5 1/2
Clarke	77	81 3/4	4 3/4
Auchincloss	100 1/2	105	4 1/2
P.Chase	88 1/2	93	4 1/2
Payson	128 3/4	133	4 1/4
Stackpole	76 1/2	80 3/4	4 1/4
Corning	98 1/4	102 1/4	4
P.Curtis	115 1/4	119 1/4	4
Lowell	85 1/2	89	3 1/2
Biddle	70 1/2	73 3/4	3 1/4
Sherburne	77 1/4	80 1/2	3 1/4
McLain	76 1/2	79 1/4	2 3/4
R.Collins	107	109 1/2	2 1/2
Hammond	136 1/4	138 1/2	2 1/4
Liggett	112 1/2	113 1/4	1 3/4
Hines	62 1/4	64 1/2	2 1/4
Burke	74 1/4	75	3/4
Putnam	77 1/2	78 1/4	3/4
Wheelock	143 1/2	144 1/4	3/4
J.Chase	63 1/2	64	1/2
P.Collins	99 1/2	100	1/2
Gignoux	75 3/4	75 3/4	
Eggleston	88	87 3/4	1/4
Breckinridge	97 1/4	94 1/2	2 3/4
Ranlet	104 1/4	100 1/2	3 3/4
Brewster	78 1/4	74 1/4	4
Newbold	124	115	9
ONE MONTH.			
Donald	94	97 1/4	3 1/4
Wilson	69	70 3/4	1 3/4
Austin	80 1/2	80 3/4	1/4
Shipman	85 1/2	85 3/4	1/4
Haskell	67 1/4	67 1/4	
Bemis	115 3/4	115	3/4
Eager	99 3/4	98 1/4	1 1/2
Harris	170	167 1/4	2 3/4
T.Curtis	129 3/4	Absent	

JUNIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR THE SEASON.

NAME.	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	2	3	4	S.O.	B.B.	Ave.
C.F.B.	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	1,000
J.A.L.	5	24	19	18	7	3	0	1	3	.750
Hammond	5	25	8	16	6	0	0	1	1	.640
P.S.P.	5	24	10	14	3	2	0	2	3	.583
Bemis	2	9	8	4	1	0	0	1	4	.444
S.M.R.	3	14	7	4	3	0	0	2	1	.286
Harris	3	14	2	4	0	0	0	2	0	.286
Davidge	5	25	12	7	0	0	0	0	1	.280
Putnam	5	22	8	6	0	0	0	3	5	.273
R.Collins	4	17	1	4	0	0	0	4	5	.235
J.Chase	4	14	6	3	0	0	0	2	7	.214
Wheelock	5	15	5	3	1	0	0	1	10	.200
Stackpole	4	10	3	2	0	0	0	1	5	.200
P.Chase	5	25	12	4	0	0	0	4	3	.140
P.Collins	3	15	2	2	0	0	0	9	1	.133
Liggett	5	19	3	2	0	0	0	7	4	.105
Payson	5	20	7	2	0	0	0	5	2	.100
Corning	5	18	9	1	0	0	0	3	5	.055
P.Curtis	5	24	2	1	0	0	0	3	0	.042
Lowell	2	6	0	0	0	0	0	5	1	.000
Spooner	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	3	2	.000
VISITORS.										
Thayer	1	5	1	4	0	0	0	0	1	.800
James	1	5	3	3	0	0	0	0	1	.600
Chapin	1	6	2	4	1	0	0	0	0	.500
Bennett	1	3	1	1	1	0	0	1	0	.333

Compiled by P.S.P. Jr.

JUNIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR AUGUST.

NAME.	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	2	3	4	S.O.	B.B.	Avg.
J.A.L.	2	9	6	7	2	2	0	1	2	.778
Hammond	2	10	4	7	2	0	0	0	1	.700
P.S.P.	2	11	2	7	1	1	0	2	1	.636
Bemis	2	9	8	4	1	0	0	1	4	.444
Sherburne	2	9	3	3	0	0	0	1	1	.333
Stackpole	1	3	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	.333
Davidge	2	12	7	3	0	0	0	0	0	.250
Donald	1	4	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	.250
Putnam	2	9	4	2	0	0	0	2	2	.222
J.Chase	1	6	4	1	0	0	0	1	1	.167
P.Chase	2	8	4	1	0	0	0	4	3	.125
Liggett	2	8	1	1	0	0	0	4	1	.125
R.Collins	2	9	1	1	0	0	0	2	3	.111
P.Curtis	2	10	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	.000
S.M.R.	1	6	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	.000
Payson	2	8	2	0	0	0	0	1	1	.000
Wheelock	2	5	2	0	0	0	0	1	7	.000
Corning	2	6	3	0	0	0	0	3	3	.000
P.Collins	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	4	0	.000
VISITORS.										
Thayer	1	5	1	4	0	0	0	0	1	.800
James	1	5	3	3	0	0	0	0	1	.600
Chapin	1	6	2	3	1	0	0	0	0	.500

Compiled by P.S.P. JR.

SENIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR AUGUST,

NAME.	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	2.	3.	4.	S.O.	B.B.	Ave.
Hammond	3	10	2	5	0	0	0	0	1	.500
P.S.P.	3	11	3	5	0	0	0	5	0	.454
J.A.L.	2	7	4	3	1	0	0	1	2	.428
A.M.G.	2	7	2	3	0	0	0	2	0	.428
T.F.V.	3	11	1	3	0	1	0	3	0	.272
S.S.H.	3	10	3	2	1	0	0	3	4	.200
J.Chase	2	6	0	1	0	0	0	5	0	.166
L.C.Z.	3	12	1	2	0	0	0	3	0	.166
Wheelock	2	7	1	1	0	0	0	3	2	.143
Corning	2	7	2	1	0	0	0	3	0	.143
R.H.R.	2	8	0	1	0	0	0	3	0	.125
S.M.R.	2	8	4	1	0	1	0	3	1	.125
P.Chase	2	8	2	1	0	0	0	3	2	.125
Putnam	3	10	3	1	0	0	0	6	3	.100
Davidge	3	11	1	1	0	0	0	4	2	.090
Bemis	3	9	4	0	0	0	0	5	1	.000
Sherburne	3	10	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	.000
P.Curtis	2	5	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	.000

VISITORS.

R.P.H.	1	2	0	2	1	0	0	0	1	1,000
Thayer	1	4	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	.500
T.L.	1	3	1	1	1	0	0	1	0	.333
H.M.N.W.	1	5	3	1	1	0	0	2	0	.200
J.G.C.	1	4	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	.000
Carey	1	3	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	.000
Miner	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	.000
Train	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000

Compiled by R.P.H.

SENIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR THE SEASON.

NAME.	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	2	3	4	S.O.	B.B.	AVE.
A.M.G.	3	8	2	4	0	0	0	2	0	.500
J.A.L.	5	15	10	7	3	0	0	3	3	.466
P.S.P.	6	21	5	8	1	0	0	7	2	.380
Hammond	6	19	4	7	0	0	0	3	3	.368
S.S.H.	6	20	5	6	3	0	0	5	5	.300
T.F.V.	6	23	3	6	2	1	0	8	0	.260
L.C.Z.	6	22	3	4	2	0	0	6	2	.181
J.Chase	3	11	0	2	0	0	0	6	0	.181
P.Chase	5	19	3	3	0	0	0	10	2	.157
Harris	3	8	0	1	0	0	0	5	3	.125
Corning	5	16	3	2	0	0	0	9	1	.125
P.Curtis	5	16	1	2	0	0	0	8	1	.125
Putnam	6	21	4	2	0	0	0	10	4	.095
Davidge	6	23	1	2	1	0	0	10	2	.087
S.M.R.	5	18	6	1	0	1	0	6	2	.055
R.H.R.	5	18	0	1	0	0	0	8	2	.055
C.F.B.	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	.000
Sherburne	6	19	0	0	0	0	0	6	2	.000
Bemis	3	9	4	0	0	0	0	5	1	.000
Liggett	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	.000

Compiled by R.P.H.

FRIDAY Sept.7 Fair Cool N.W.

We tried to find the water thermometer this morning,to get the temperature in figures,but it was not to be found.Never mind.We know that it was the coldest water this year,by a good deal.

Inland,however,in the sun,it was warm and quiet,so we could change our climate at will.

Sumner left this morning,to cruise up to Boston and go to Gus Thorndike's wedding.We hope he won't be late,like Renzo.

Good letters to-day from Bill Payson,Phil Chase,Freddy Roberts,and Tom Curtis.The mail is the most interesting event of the day just now.

In spite of the cold,A.M.R. and T.F.V went swimming at eleven.

Beans go on strong,and apples are ripe enough to pick for sauce,though we should be sorry to eat them raw.

Skipper and C.F.B. put in the whole afternoon on the Bob White.One side of her roof is now shingled,and looks very fine.

T.L. set glass and soldered leaky lanterns.

T.F.V. continues with the account of stock.Perhaps the oil and paint corner of the shop is about as unpleasant as any part of it.But cheer up.The nails and screws are still to be weighed,to say nothing of the staples.

We have plunged into "The Man without a Shadow",and Muggleby is on the war-path.

SATURDAY Sept.8 Fair Cool S.W.

It was overcast in the morning,but by noon it was a beautiful day.

The Bob White's roof is all shingled,and all that remains is putting the boards along the ridge.

This morning Miss Ruth Richards came out by motor,and stayed to dinner.That is she stayed for the first course.Before she got to pie Mrs.Bradstreet,who had left her at Cook's and then gone on to Smithfield,came for her.It was too bad,for the pie was good.

Just after dinner,to our great delight,in walked the Wigginses. They had said they would come Saturday or Monday,so we hadn't been quite sure.The sooner the better.

SUNDRY STUNTS.

HECUBA.	PEDESTRIANS.
T.L.	C.F.B.Jr.
T.F.V.	A.M.R.

The Hecuba went to Bog Brook,and pursued that delightful stream as far as the fish-hatching place.Here her crew disembarked,and proceeded overland to the bridge.They saw several blue herons,and a great many ducks,black and another kind,not positively identified.They also ran on a stub and made a hole in their boat,but mended it with the adhesive plaster which T.L. had on his sneaker. Cyrus Harding (see "The Mysterious Island") could not have done better.

The pedestrians went to find the road from Bickford Hill into the bog,and the log crossing of which some of us had heard from a couple of stay blueberry pickers.They found it;and if you want to find it too,here is the course of procedure.Go over the top of Bickford Hill and turn in to the left,through a lane under

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) a clump of big locusts, opposite a farm-house. Follow this lane down through the woods, and when it dies out, keep right on till you reach the edge of the bayou, creek, or lagoon; that is, till it gets too wet to go on. Then turn south, and keep close to the water till you see a log which has plainly been trodden a great deal. There are two or three bushes with their branches broken to mark the place. This log leads to another, and the trail is perfectly clear till you get well out into the sphagnum and huckleberries. After that you don't need it because you can see the coast, and can get to your boat easily.

If you are coming by boat, land on the coast, wherever it is solid enough to walk on, and head south till you see a conspicuous but not very large canoe birch on the eastern edge. Head for that birch, and you will strike the trail; after which you invert the terms of the divisor, and proceed as in multiplication.

C.F.B. and A.M.R., however, had no boat; so they walked straight across the bog, and came out on the shoulder of Snake Point. This is not recommended for Sunday clothes, as the water along the western edge is wet, and at times there is nothing to step in but water, and moss so soft that it is hardly more than green slime. But we didn't get in more than knee deep, and it was great fun.

It is distinctly a late summer trip, as earlier in the year, with higher water, one might get <u>really</u> wet.

Letters to-day from Hammond and R.T.B. The latter says that Roger has sailed, and that J.R.'s regiment is in the same division. God be with all our boys!

SUNDAY Sept.9 Fog, Clearing to fair. Rain at night.

The fog was only a pretty white one,with clear sky above; and at eight o'clock we were off for Mt.Blue.

EXPEDITION TO BLUE.

FIREBRAKE.	BUGGLEBERRY.
C.Anderson.	M.Gleason
H.R.	C.F.B.Jr.
C.W.	T.F.V.
L.E.W.	A.M.R.
T.L.	

Was not that a merry company?Sempronius Atratinus—I mean L.E.R. and R.R. were left in charge at home.

We went by way of Smithfield,as the road is really better, though longer.All went well,and the view was wonderful all along.

The first real excitement was at New Sharon,where we found the bridge still unfinished.They have their steel work up,and the road way is coming along,but it won't be open for traffic for a good while yet.So we turned violently down the steep place,expecting to share the fate of the swine of Scripture.But fate was kind.

When we came to the great hill of all,the hill where we had the collision last year,we should have had no trouble,but there was another Ford stuck half way up.Of course we had to stop,as he was in the middle of the road,and we had to do a little shoving to get started again.

The road up to the Ultimate Farm is still fierce,especially the upper part.The lower half has obviously been worked on a little,and looks more or less like a road.The Firedrake,with a good deal of assistance,finally reached the farm.The Buggleberry, feeling more conservative,stayed a little below.

The Hillgroves have moved away,and the house is occupied by some young French lumbermen and their families.Alas! They are to cut off all the spruce and var on the north side of the ridge.(If you don't know what var is,it means fir.)

SUNDAY (Cont'd.) We dined in the usual orchard, and dined very thoroughly. This time the coffee was hot, and did not taste of iodoform.

When it came to the climb, five were ready. Skipper was still feeling the effects of his cold too much, and L.E.W. did not feel in traning. Anderson allowed he had been up that mountain once, and it was very fine. Millard said that he was sothin already that he didn't dare to take so much exercise. They went as far as the beginning of the trail with us, and then turned back, while we said "Excelsior."

It was a beautiful climb, up and up through the wonderful woods. We found the spring in fine condition, and had as much of a drink as was wise, with a good deal of climbing still ahead of us. It was more than we thought, for that is a most deceptive mountain. Again and again someone would remark that this was the last real steep pitch; and then there would be more, and again more.

But at last we reached the top, and the great rows of mountains all around. It is too wonderful to say much about.

The lean-to, wherein we got so wet last year, has been burned, so one would get even wetter in it now, as there are only a few charred poles left.

We saw various hawks circling about, so close that we could see the spots on their breasts. And we ate chocolate, and shared a banana before starting down.

On the way down we got more or less lost, and C.W. found himself on top of a nice large mass with precipices for sides. But he got down safely, and the rest of us avoided his course industriously. Finally we reached the spring, and then we knew the rest was easy.

SUNDAY (Cont'd.) We got down ahead of time, and then all went up to the high pasture, to look at the lovely view across the pond.

We got down all the hills safely, and so into the main road.

We came home through Farmington, instead of West Farmington, and saw the Abbot School, which is a sweet sight. It is as homely as Steve Brodie, who once went to it for a year.

The only incidents of the trip home were the putting on of more garments, as the sun got lower, taking the temperature with it. We had plenty, so we kept good and warm.

We reached camp at the unprecedented hour of 6-45. Did you ever? Then came a much-needed wash; for the dust had been flying, and we were heavily powdered.

A.M.R. to C.F.B.--Is my face as dirty as yours?

C.F.B.--Wll, I hope-----

He didn't go on. Perhaps he didn't dare to.

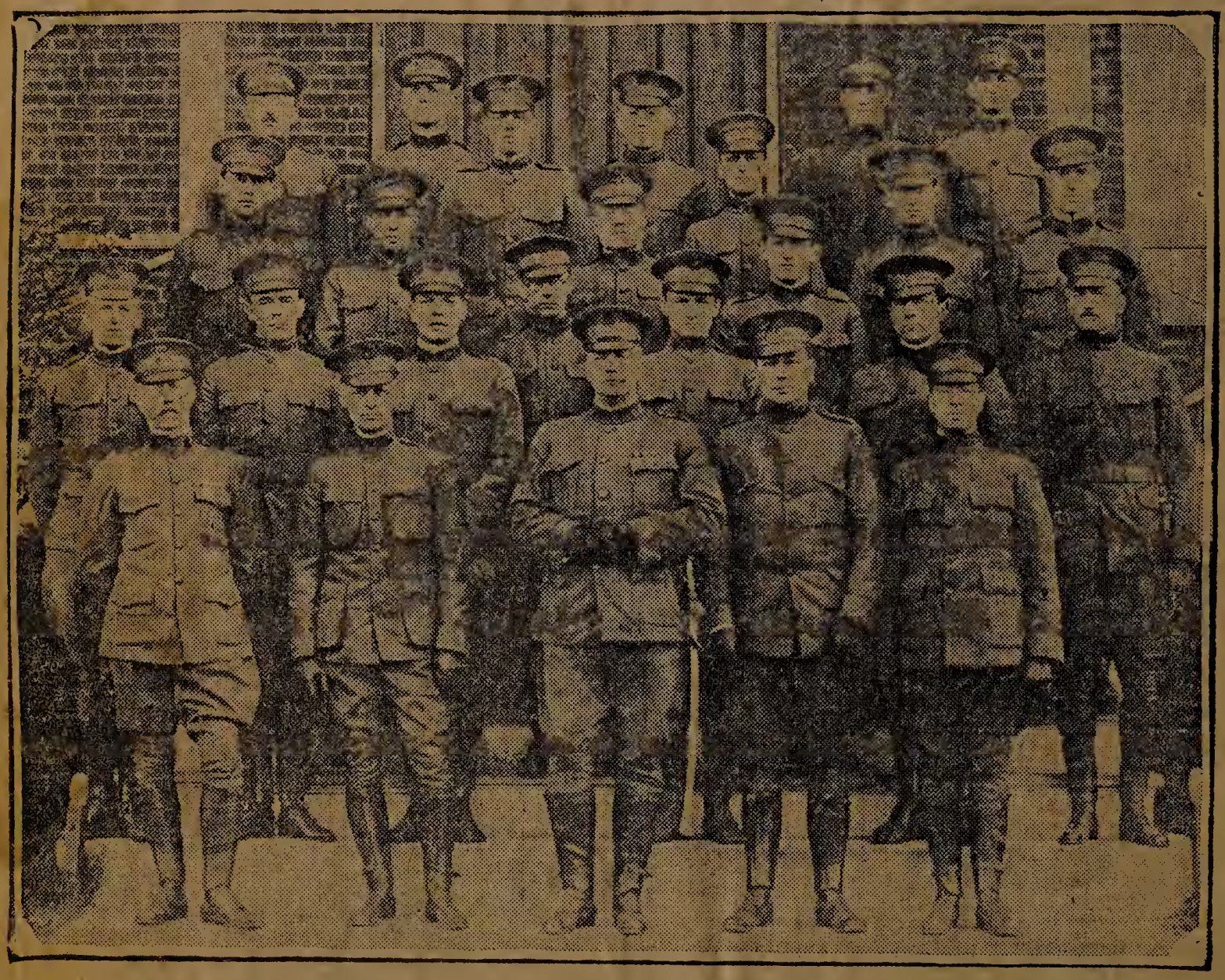
Soon we were seated round the table, which groaned under the weight of ducklings, potatoes, corn, scalloped vegetables, and other things. Add pineapple ice-cream, and the wonder is that we did not groan louder than the table before we got through. But we settled peacefully on our pillows, and had some adventures with Alexander Duggleby before we finally sang Taps and went to bed.

Someone says that it rained in the night, and I believe it, as things were wet in the morning. But after such a trip one doesn't know much of what goes on at night.

'VE GOT IT NOW, I CAN SEE THE TIE PLANT!
WHEN STANDING ON THE FLOAT FACING THE OTHER WAY, WHY - I ASK YOU - DOES IT NOT LIE YONDER?
BUT IF THE SUN RISES THERE AND WE ARE HERE IT STANDS TO REASON CAMP IS TAITHER
YALE '08
FUTILE ARGUMENT ON MOUNT BLUE - Sept 9th

The point was,that as you can see Blue plainly from the pond you must be able to see the pond plainly from Blue.But A.M.R.,when appealed to,unkindly pointed out that what we see so plainly from the pond is not Blue at all but Bigelow. At this point the argument came to an end.

Kansas City Officer of Base Hospital No. 5, a Victim of German Bomb---Report Oscar Tugo of Boston and Two More Killed



STAFF OF BASE HOSPITAL NO. 5, UNDER MAJ PATTERSON AND MAJ CUSHING.

Bottom Row, Left to Right—Capt Augustus Reynolds, Maj Harvey Cushing, Maj Robert U. Patterson, U. S. A.; Maj Roger I. Lee, Maj Robert B. Osgood.

Second Row, Left to Right—*————, Capt Reginald Fitz, Capt George S. Derby, Capt Walter Boothbay, Chaplain Malcolm E. Peabody, *————.

Third Row, Left to Right—Lieut George P. Denny, Capt Percy Brown, Capt Walter B. Cannon, Capt Elliott B. Cutler, Lieut James L. Stoddard, Lieut Gilbert Horrax.

Top Row, Left to Right—Lieut Frank Ober, Lieut Thomas R. Goethals, Lieut Edward B. Towne, Lieut A. R. Rock, Capt Harry Forbes, *————, Lieut John J. Morton.

*Unidentified.

O.H. Patterson

MONDAY Sept.10 Fair N.W.

A big basket of beans was picked this morning,to send in to the Children's Home in Gardiner.

T.F.V. took the mail in the Pink this morning.While he was out the wind came up strong,but he got back as far as the point all right.There he decided that discretion was the better point of valor.

Irving left this morning.He is a good boy,and we wish him all success.He is going to Norwich University.

The Bob White's roof was finished to-day.

The greens came down this morning.We miss them,but they were beginning to drop a good deal.

H.R. went in town to-day to vote.

The account of stock for the shop was finished to-day.

C.F.B. put two new painters in to-day;a horrid chilly job,as it has to be done on the float,in the teeth of the booming gale.

This afternoon we finished "The Man Without a Shadow." A good tale.

In the evening we read "Back therein the Grass",and "Andy Coggin."

Letters from Ranlet,C.H.C.,Brewster,Sherburne,Putnam, and Newbold.People are being very good about writing.

TUESDAY Sept.11
Fair
Cool
S.W.

This morning R.R. and L.E.W. came in to breakfast singing the following new verse to a familiar tune:

Oh Skipper stay your horn,
A couple of minutes more;
For I fancy I see my hair-pins and combs
A-tumbling overthe floor.
Oh this safety-pin!
It makes my fingers sore.
If I ever get into this clean dress again,
I'll never get out any more.

At noon to-day the dear Wigginses and T.L. left.Eheu fugaces!

EXPEDITION TO EAST POND.

WORRSOMONTOGUS.

C.F.B.Jr.
A.M.R.

We started off at twenty minutes of ten,and carried over by way of Damren's stream to Ellis Pond;C.F.B. carrying the Togus, A.M.R. the paddles and grub.The wind was fair up Ellis and McGraw, and we made the north end of the latter ahead of time.We sat and considered a few minutes,interrupted only by a very startling explosion.It sounded as if the Germans were coming,but it was only some men blasting rocks,to improve the road.

Soon it was all aboard for the Itchfield carry;and they will have to spend a good deal of money on dynamite if they want to improve that road much.All the way up it was full of clods and sods, and pretty soon we met the road machine,heaping more clods in the middle of things.It was enoughtto make the ghost of Macadam weep. The very top of the hill is fairly smooth,but we couldn't stay there long.The farther slope is <u>all</u> stones,of sizes ranging from a

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) walnut to a prize pumpkin, and there is a sort of crevasse, the result of heavy rains, running down, sometimes in the middle, sometimes along the side, so that you have to shift and move from side to side. As for dirt, there isn't any. I see no way of improving it short of leveling the whole hill.

The launch into East Pond was a bit boggy, and we got rather wet and muddy. In fact when we reached a good beach in the lee, C.F.B. waded in and washed his shoes and socks. We built a fire in a fire-place that we found ready made, had dinner, and did what we could to dry shoes, stocking, and feet before starting off again.

We had a head wind on East Pond, but not a bad one, and before long we were in the stream. The low water shows a good deal of mud, but it is a pretty stream all the same. The marigolds are in blossom, in lovely banks and patches. We saw two muskrats' houses, evidently newly built, as the wild rice with which they were thatched was still fresh. We also saw ducks, and two great blue herons, the second just as we rounded the point and turned into the lovely wooded part of the stream.

The Smithfield carry is a short one. But when we were ## just launched on North Pond, C.F.B. had a brilliant idea. "Let's go by way of Little Pond and the Tiber, and not go down Meadow Brook at all." Little Pond is always worth a visit, and it looked as if we might strikea head wind from the mouth of the brook to Stony Point, so we paddled across North Pond, and found the right place among the rocks that guard the mouth of Little Pond. Submarines would have a poor

TUESDAY time there.
(Cont'd.)

The entrance to the road is blind till the last minute. You see nothing but wooded shore; and suddenly there is a tiny bit of beach, and a long shady tunnel through the trees. "How pretty!" says A.M.R. all innocent-like. Oh yes, it is pretty. And at first it was perfectly decent walking, except for an occasional peeled poplar tree lying across, waist-high. These were handy for carrying the canoe over. And gradually we realized that it was damp underfoot; wet; sloppy; swimming; a slough of despond. How G.F.R. and the Togus got through I do not see. He went in up to his knees several times; and when I happened to hit his track I went in pretty deep too. It really was fierce.

But we got out after a while, and sat and reflected on the ways of wood-roads, in a nice dry pasture. And from there to the Tiber it wasn't very far.

We had afternoon tea, or rather chocolate, on the shore of the Tiber, and then embarked. After that it was plain sailing, with a fair wind. The sun had come out clear, and we came gaily home at 5-55, after a wonderful trip. I had begun to think that I should never get to East Pond; and now I have been.

As for the road from Little Pond, future travelers are advised to do it with rubber-boots and snowshoes.

Supper and a fire were pretty good. And by way of a cheering tale, we began "The Ebb Tide."

WEDNESDAY Sept.12
Fair Warmer S.W.

When I say warmer I don't mean that it was hot by any means.And the water is cold for keeps. Still,four of us went in before breakfast,and two at eleven.

Fred Lord and Plummer Meserve came out this morning, and went right to work.Their first job was to get the shop back into place.It appears that it has been sliding down hill.Wouldn't it be painful to have it come coasting down into the boat-house?

This morning the roof was finally put on the Bob White and a fine roof it is.Now she is ready for anything.

The rangeleys are up on the float,like turtles basking on a log.The Corker and the Rip have taken up winter quarters in the South,to make room for them.

But when C.F.B. put the pails in a neat row along the slip to dry,he didn't allow for the wind.You would think a galvanized iron pail a bit solid to blow away,but that is what two of them did.One went to the bottom and had to be fished for,but the other went sailing off like a baby Moab, as far as Pomander Walk.

C.F.B. has put the hammock in commission again,and in the early afternoon it was warm enough to sit in it.We have done most of our sitting round the fire lately.

The East Pond expeditioners are very glad they went yesterday.To-day's south wind would have been poor at the end of a long trip."You can't fool the Old Crow."

In the evening we made a long reading,and finished the Ebb Tide.A cheery work!

THURSDAY Sept.13 Fair Warm Calm.

A heavenly day,but marred by the departure of C.F.B. When you take one from six it leaves a big hole;and when that one is the Old Crow--,well,it is a crevasse.

A.M.R. swam to the Point this noon,and was therby late to dinner.

The main building has had the kink taken out of it,and a new post put in,to replace the old one,which had rotted badly.

All boats are now in,except the Chub,which is ready for emergencies.The barrels have been taken out from under the float,and all but three of the tents are in their bags.No,all but four.The Hutch still stands firm.

Two of the big chests,the book trunk,two bicycles,and a box of books for the soldiers went off to-day.

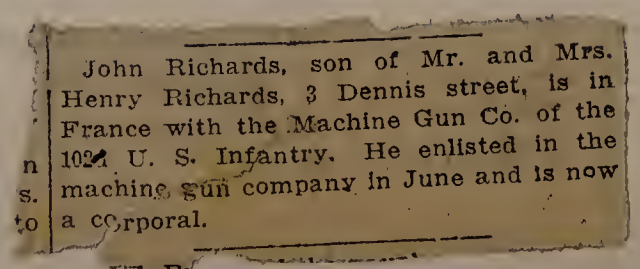
The ladies' slip and the lubbers' landing are up,and with the Pie-plant all over the place too,Sunshine Alley looks rather like a lumber-yard.

All the "leavings",watches,shirts,pajamas,music,etc.,are done up and ready to go.There were three watches to send.But we can't send the cameras,because we don't know whose they are.

Late in the afternoon we had guests for a few minutes:Mrs. Hollingsworth,Mrs.Lowell,and Miss Gardiner,out from Gardiner by motor.

Well,not much to say these quiet days.But we look at the pond, and work,and think a great deal of the friends who are scattered.

"We are the masters of the days that were."



John Richards, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Richards, 3 Dennis street, is in France with the Machine Gun Co. of the 102d U. S. Infantry. He enlisted in the maching gun company in June and is now a corporal.

FRIDAY Such a heavenly day that it is hard to realize how
Sept.15
Fair we shivered and hugged the fire a few days ago.
Warm
Calm. To-day the outgoing mail was so big that it had to go home in a barrel---that is to say in a clothes-basket. George Eggleston's box was the biggest,but there were a good many fat packages.

The float and slip are in,also the Ouananiche slip,and the Ouananiche house is boarded.I think one end is covered with the floor of the hutch,but I am not sure.

Calls this afternoon from Mr.and Mrs. Teller,of Camp Arcadia,and from Millard and his wife,with their youngest daughter.She is a very nice baby.

Shutters are going up,and the third chest is half packed.

And now,as my Hutch has come down,and my big tent too, it looks as if I had better be jogging.Anderson comes for me right after supper,and Duke and I must go "back to the army again."Mr.Duke was washed to-day,to get ready for the trip.He was very miserable while it was going on,but feels as proud as a peacok now.And I am in about the same state of mind.I don't want to begin school;but I know that when it begins I shall be glad.

And so goodbye "to the camp of proved desire and known delight".May we all meet here again next summer!

Friday evening, Sept. 14th the Editor left us, taking Dukey with her. It isn't much of a Camp without her, but we do our best. We Left Over; to wit, H.R. LEK, R.R. and J.J.V. (What we should have done without the latter, we do not know!)

Song.

They took away the Editor,
They took away the tent,
They took away the typewriter,
Our packing all intent.
They took away the Editor,
They took away the dog;
It's all up now with
The Unexpurgated Log!

Golden may the sun shine,
And blue roll the river;
There's no one left to tell the tale
Of many hearts and brave.
Shut the door: turn the key:
Homeward let us go!
It's all up now with
The Unexpurgated Log!

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The last peaceful moments